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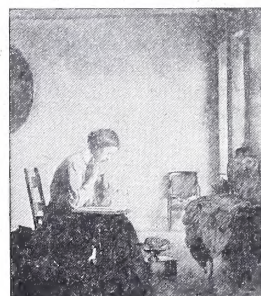
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in fact to this day, with certain exceptions,
all so-called English porcelain is not a
true porcelain in the Chinese sense, but
an artificial porcelain, intended to imitate
the effects of the Oriental models.

The collections in the Cleveland Muse-
um have been weak in English and
Continental ceramics, and the gift of
forty carefully chosen pieces from the
collection of the Rev. Alfred Duane
Pell of New York, makes an important
nucleus for a ceramic collection. By the
bequest of Mrs. Mary Warden Harkness
in 1917, a beginning was made through
the acquisition of a very important
group of Bow, Bristol and Chelsea figures.

Dr. Pell's gift is interesting because it
contains pieces from various European
factories of different periods. There is a
fine cup and saucer of the earliest true
Meissen porcelain, and examples of later
periods; a piece of *pâte tendre* from St.
Cloud, and an early piece of Sevres;
and also examples of later work. There
are three pieces from the royal manu-
factory of Petrograd, a plate of Tournai
ware, an example of Viennese china, and
a fine group illustrative of various English
factories: Bow, Chelsea, Derby and
Worcester.

The above note by the Curator of
Decorative Arts, William M. Milliken,
appears in a recent bulletin of the Cleve-
land Museum of Art.

TWO PORTRAITS BY JOSEPH BLACKBURN

Two portraits painted by Joseph Black-
burn have recently been purchased by
the Cleveland Museum, and are now
hung in Gallery I. This artist has until
recently been known by the name of
Jonathan B. Blackburn, in spite of the
fact that all of his signed works thus far
discovered, bear, with one exception, the
signature I. Blackburn. As I and J were
in Blackburn's time used interchangeably
the writer was in doubt as to which was
the initial of his Christian name, until
he discovered last spring in a private house
in Brooklyn, New York, a portrait signed
Jos. Blackburn, which settled the point.
No portrait by him has been found bearing
a date earlier than 1754, and none after
1761, and it is the writer's opinion that
he was, judging from his name, of lowland
Scotch birth or ancestry, and from the
character of his work that he was English-
taught, and that these two dates confine
the period of his sojourn in this country.
Neither his birth nor death dates have
been found, nor is it known whether he
went after leaving nor why he left, but
the suggestion that his departure may
have been hastened by the increasing
fame of Copley may be not without
foundation.

The two portraits from his brush now
acquired by the Museum were painted
toward the end of his career on this side
of the water and represent two members
of the New England aristocracy of the
time. One is a portrait of John Browne,
the other of Mrs. Theodore Atkinson.
John Browne was a son of Benjamin and
Eunice (Turner) Browne, of Salem,
Massachusetts, where his birth occurred
July 21, 1735. His mother is the subject
of one of Smibert's most pleasing portraits,
and his sister and her husband, Timothy

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Fitch, both sat to Blackburn. Browne was born to wealth and high social position and moving to Boston early in life he still further strengthened his position by marrying, in 1779, Martha Allen, a member of a prominent Boston family. The only instance of his activity in public life seems to have been his election to the office of selectman of Boston in 1776. He died in 1789, leaving a widow, but no children. Of his family, Colonel Benjamin Pickman, of Salem, writing in 1793, says: "I would observe that the family of the Brownes has been the most remarkable family that has ever lived in the Town of Salem, holding places of the highest trust in Town, County and State, and possessing great riches."

Browne's portrait, which measures 48½ inches in height by 39 inches in width, was painted about 1760, and shows him as a slender young man of high colour with an expression pleasant and care-free, seated in a mahogany chair and dressed in a suit of ashen plum colour, embroidered with silver braid. His wig is powdered, his stockings white, and at his wrists are well painted thin muslin ruffles. His left leg rests upon his right knee and his right elbow upon a table, with the hand partially thrust into his waistcoat. The left hand is pressed against his hip. At the left of the canvas hangs a golden brown curtain which lies in folds upon the table, on which also is an unopened letter with a red broken seal. The background is of very dark warm tones.

In the portrait of Mrs. Atkinson we see depicted a Colonial leader of social life who, if she did not have "all the blood of all the Howards," had its New England equivalent, since she was the daughter of a royal governor of New Hampshire, sister of another, and wife of the chief justice and richest man of the province. Her pose and expression suggest that she felt sure of her position in society, but it must be admitted that her face is not particularly patrician. Her parents were John Wentworth and his wife Sarah Hunking, and she was born in Portsmouth, July 4, 1700. She married first, Samuel Plaisted, a member of an influential family, who died in 1730, and in the following year Hannah Plaisted became the wife of Theodore Atkinson, fourth of the name and a Harvard graduate, who acquired great wealth through fortunate investments in New Hampshire real estate. As an Indian fighter, secretary of the province, councillor and chief justice, he held a position scarcely inferior to that of the governor, his brother-in-law; and his popularity was such that although a Tory during the Revolution, his property was not confiscated. Mrs. Atkinson died in Portsmouth December 12, 1769, her only son having pre-deceased her by six weeks. It is interesting to note that Blackburn also painted portraits of her husband and son, and Copley one of the son's wife, and that all of these portraits are now in public ownership.

Mrs. Atkinson's portrait, which measures 48½ inches in height and 39½ inches in width, is signed and dated 1760, and shows her erectly seated, wearing a white satin gown and a white muslin kerchief. On her head and falling upon her shoulders is a white scarf, under which her very dark brown hair is brushed

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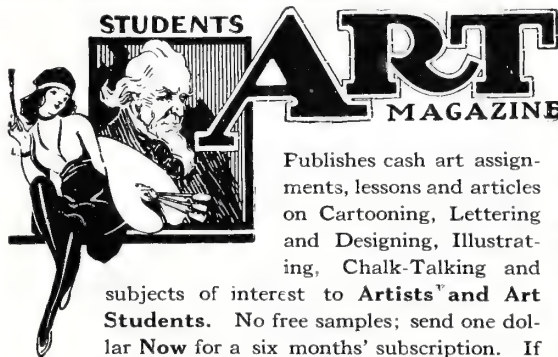
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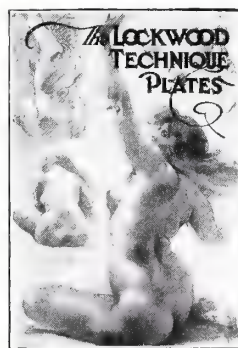
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back from a low forehead. Her complexion is ruddy as from exposure to the rigors of many New Hampshire winters. Pearl earrings and a pearl or crystal necklace with a pendant under her double chin, add to the interest of the costume. The sleeves are finished with a white muslin ruching. A bow at her breast and the lacing of the bodice are of blue, and a changeable silk scarf of greys, browns and bluish greens crosses over the right shoulder, falls upon the lap where the left hand holds it and reappears at the side of full skirts. The right hand, raised to the level of the breast, holds the scarf with a light touch. In the background at the right is draped a dark green curtain, and at the left is an opening in a dark brown wall, through which is seen a tall tree, with dark blue sky and sunset-tinted clouds. There is a startling similarity in pose and arrangement of costume between this portrait and Blackburn's portrait of Mrs. Gillam Phillips, painted five years earlier, which suggest that both pictures were painted from a lay figure and that the sitters posed only for the head.

A reprint from the Cleveland Museum of Art bulletin of November. The description of the two portraits is by the Curator of Colonial Art, Lawrence Park.

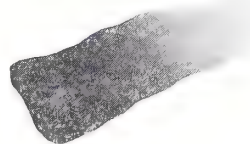
A COLLECTION OF PRINTS BY ALBERT DURER

The Curator of Prints writes as follows in the January *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art*:

THE Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently acquired the Durers gathered by Junius Spencer Morgan during many years of patient, devoted, and daring collecting. Every authentic plate by Durer is represented by at least one very fine impression. There are also approximately two-thirds of the woodcuts, as well as two original woodblocks. The collection is now being arranged and consolidated with the Dürers already in the Museum, and will, therefore, not be immediately available for public examination. In February, at which time a more detailed notice will appear in the *Bulletin*, a selection from the Dürers in the Museum collection will be placed on exhibition in the print galleries.

As in life, so in the appreciation of art there come times when one must stop and take thought. A great vocabulary of appreciation has been built up, and it has proved as elastic as men's mouths; for today it is almost meaningless. Great words, words which, were we circumspect, we should but rarely use, are lavished upon mean and trivial things. Qualities, in fact, so rare that their appearance is epoch-making, are "appreciated" in work the sole merits of which at best are sartorial. And the result is that when something really great, really important, becomes the subject matter of conversation, the wise are reduced to silence, the appreciative to oaths, and the generality to boredom.

Now, after all is said, and the patient know how much that is, a print is not merely an impression, lines swimming in a bath of ink thin spread upon a piece of paper. It is a picture, an expression of a man and all that is in him, and, contrary perhaps to much current thought, it is the better for the greater effort, the greater



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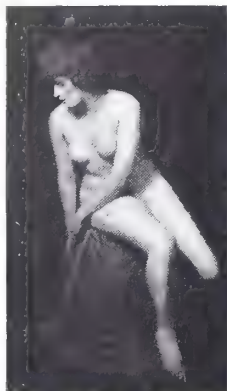
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thought, the greater experience of life, that go into its making. Merely clever men, however expert with their hands or sharp with tongue, cannot make great prints; for prints are deeds, and deeds that are worthy of remembrance are the product of character, evidences of manhood.

Without exception the makers of great prints have been men who thought, who suffered, and who made their work so intensely personal, so much a record of their mental lives, that we turn to it as we turn to the work of the greatest poets, to find in it something of the common humanity that is in us all. Here is more than mere freshness of ocular vision, more than mere skill in handling or pleasant formula, there is the record of a man's soul, and however much we may talk of line, of composition, of draughtsmanship, that takes more than these. For these can all be taught, in the schools and by sedulous imitation, and, however proficient in them a man may be, if with them he have nothing great to say, his performance is but an exhibition for a summer's day.

Four assuredly have made great prints, prints that are beyond cavil, prints of such greatness that no longer is there question. And time is essential to their art, for years and the passing of generations alone transmute opinion into fact.

Of these is Dürer not the least.

ART AND THE LAYMAN

IN the midst of a world of beauty, of the endless procession of the seasons and the pageant of human fervor and human energy, the layman lives and moves and has his being. And in his midst and from his number, now and then the poet and the artist, feeling these things not more strongly but rather more singly than the layman, come into existence. These are here to perceive and to invite the layman to look more closely into the beauties which are the common possession of all.

In the course of time the business of looking out for the beauty looking in for the significance, and looking about for the mystery of things, the business of inviting those who are chiefly concerned with other responsibilities in the world's work to pause and make holiday and consider for a moment what order and loveliness there is on every hand—in the course of time this perfectly normal and common and essential business, which we call art, becomes a more self-conscious and highbrow affair, becomes a cult, and at this moment some painter of pictures dipping his pen in the writing ink (where it has no business to be), indites a few lines to the effect that "Art is not for the common man," that "Art," with a thoroughly capital A, "seeks the artist alone." Now so far as the painter is concerned (if he has really hit upon the truth regarding his own work, and if what he paints has really graduated from the service of the world at large), he may as well betake himself to some secluded corner of his choice and there weave his little webs for his own pleasure, letting them catch the dewdrops when the sun is down and vanish altogether when it shines again. For so far as we are concerned, he need

(Continued on page 10)

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(See photo next.)

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THE "KINSAY" OF NEW YORK BY MARRION WILCOX

IN an ever-interesting chapter of the narrative of his travels during the thirteenth century, Marco Polo perplexes us by his description of the oriental wonder-city (or wonderful *part* of the city, let me rather say) called "Kinsay." He charms us indeed by his warm praise of it, so long as his commendation keeps within the bounds of good taste; but then he asserts that it "is beyond dispute the finest and noblest in the world."

When first I read that assertion I held it to be not quite beyond dispute; and it seems likely that the unfavourable comments of some of those readers who, during the six hundred years which have come and gone since the Venetian traveller visited the Far East, have questioned Marco Polo's veracity, were due to the natural resentment such browbeating superlatives aroused. If he had written simply that "Kinsay" was fine and noble, six centuries might not have looked down on his description as a whole; but *finest and noblest* was and is a phrase proverbially odious, in the sense that such comparisons were and are unpopular in every other metropolis—in every metropolis so expressly excluded from pre-eminence.

Is there not a hint in this for the benefit of those who to-day employ browbeating superlatives when characterising the Fifth Avenue section of New York City?

Well, the glory of "Kinsay" departed so long ago that we can not tell with absolute certainty why it was not more permanent; but a manuscript, in part hitherto unpublished and still in my possession, would make it quite probable that, when the once-famous oriental city became overcrowded, its inhabitants began to erect in the

wonderful section, in that brilliant district called "Kinsay" *par excellence*, many large buildings, each designed to shelter a number of celestial families—the ancient variety of those structures, useful in their own way and proper place, which we know as apartment houses and hotels. Thereupon those orientals who not only valued such common blessings as abundant light and air and elbow-room, but also clung to the æsthetically approved old ideals of architectural beauty, especially beauty of sky-line, protested in vain.

We can imagine the tone of appeals and protests. They must have taken this form, approximately: If the fate of the admirable and renowned avenue and the adjoining streets concerned "Kinsay" alone, it would be a sufficiently serious matter to deserve the devoted thought and action of our citizens; but when you endanger our civic beauty you touch not only "Kinsay" but the whole empire and all of Asia, for one of Asia's jewels is threatened with defacement.

In spite of such protests, the intrusion of high buildings continued; eventually huge multiple dwellings occupied all of that once-beautiful residential district, the "Kinsay" of Marco Polo's immortal book. Thus, in "Kinsay's" prime, one might have found in the section between its principal museum of art and the more thronged portions of its chief avenue many residences containing large private art collections, of which one at least was more valuable than a group of small tropical islands in the eastern sea; and for a great distance—throughout its upper part, in fact—the avenue, running between rows of strikingly individualised dwellings on its eastern side and, on its western side, a single, continuous, vast garden or park, had admirable qualities of beauty and of dignity which externalised the art-treasure charm. To this extent like the princely

The "Kinsay" of New York

residences facing Central Park in upper Fifth Avenue, those old "Kinsay" dwellings did not altogether lack uniformity. Good taste and good judgment had imposed certain restraints upon their architects and owners, preventing at least gross disparity in the height of buildings. But then came the invading apartment houses that ignored every restraint! In brief, the pre-eminence of the great mediæval city came to an end, its boasted leadership among cities of the Far East passing to its nearest rivals; its very

the term which includes every beautiful and appropriate plan and achievement of architecture as well as painting and sculpture) ranks next to religion among the permanently valuable possession or assets of a great city. Material advantages of geographic situation, commercial activity, must be balanced by equal æsthetic forces—must have constantly the inspiration, guidance, spiritual refreshment of art, of its pertinent architecture, of literature, and of music—if the development of a community is to be symmetrical, if its prosperity



WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

name was changed, and no one in our own time asserts that it is still finest and noblest in the world, or even as fine and noble as its friends could wish.

Perhaps, in view of the fact that upper Fifth Avenue, New York, is in danger of becoming a mere apartment street, thus losing its special distinction, its beauty and dignity, it may be well to let reasonable appeal to the good taste and good judgment of all who have at heart the true interests of our great American city now take the form of a more extended reference to the fate of old "Kinsay," as follows: It was as true then as it is to-day that art (in that wider sense of

is to endure. Such is the lesson of all the past. "Kinsay's" chief rival for leadership among cities of the Far East adopted the motto: "Civic beauty belongs to us all." Moreover people recognized the premiership of art (under religion), saying that while art could exist, and indeed in earlier ages *had* long existed, without commerce, it is impossible for commerce to live without art—an entirely correct view of the historic relationship of art and commerce which is finding expression again, with slight change of phraseology, in New York this year.

As though to emphasize the vital importance of all artistry, an annual art exhibition, or artistry



FIFTH AVENUE WITH THE LIBRARY AT FORTY-SECOND STREET



THE FRICK MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE

The "Kinsay" of New York

fair on a vast scale, was instituted by the patrons of art, the artists, and the leading merchants of old "Kinsay's" Asiatic rival city. Wisely planned efforts were made to beautify all that section of the city in which the annual artistry fair was held. All meritorious architectural features were preserved and restraint was put upon the incivism of blindly selfish or unscrupulous builders. For an entire week each year the more beautiful part of the city took on the appearance of a great art gallery where all the different kinds of objects possessing artistic merit—the works of handicraftsmen as well as of painters and sculptors in Marcopolo-esque profusion—were generously displayed; whereupon all that extensive section,

including an avenue or two and many streets, became a veritable paradise for connoisseurs who were attracted from every distant land, while it was of course a source of unanalysed delight to simpler folk. This art week, moreover, by the influence which its multiform art-collections exerted, thanks to such accessibility and publicity, and to the comprehensiveness and magnitude of the exhibition as a whole, must have disclosed in a very impressive fashion the truth which I have mentioned in a previous article, but may be permitted to repeat. It is this: The *nexus* of æsthetic quality is observed in all meritorious works of art, and this connecting æsthetic quality constitutes the relationship



FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

The "Kinsay" of New York



FIFTH AVENUE WITH ST. THOMAS'

between all phases of art-expression, a relationship which, ever existing though only in great art periods quite fully recognized, is closely and causatively allied, not only to commercial expansion and prosperity, as conservatively indicated above, but also to social well-being in a much wider sense. As we think of the influence of such

a civic development, we seem (paraphrasing now Walter Pater, in "Marius," III, Ch. XV), to have before our minds the case of a community which experiences a strong tendency to moral assents, and a desire, with as little logical inconsistency as may be, to find a place for duty and righteousness in its house of thought.

The "Kinsay" of New York

But enough of the Far Eastern part of the Old World! New York's Fifth Avenue section, with its New World way of availing itself of opportunity, will not, I hope, either duplicate "Kinsay's" error too exactly and persistently, or too closely emulate "Kinsay's" fabulous successor, although accepting suggestions from such traditional accounts of both as may be available while the plans for Fifth Avenue's annual Art Week are taking shape, as they are at present. An outline of these plans was given by the President of the Fifth Avenue Association in a recent address, when he said among other things: "The Fifth Avenue section has already been recorded as a great art gallery. It has been suggested within the past few weeks that we should *build upon that idea* to make an even greater yearly exhibition, throughout this section, that will be the talk of the country. Just before Easter, or just after it, has been suggested as a proper time, and to have the special efforts continue for a week is the plan. Some of our most prominent members have already given their hearty approval of the scheme as being not only in the interest of Fifth Avenue, but in the interest of the city."

It is to be hoped that everyone will be imbued with the same spirit.

Still more recent are communications from those residents in the district who (all warmly approving this plan for the "development of the artistic side of our industrial life," as one of the many writers puts it) are now urging the appointment of a general committee to represent painting, sculpture and medallic art, architecture, landscape gardening, stained glass, decoration, jewelry, music, fine books, illuminating, fine printing, textiles, engraving, etching, lithography, wood engraving and graphic arts in general, fine furniture, ceramics, silver and gold smiths' products, costume, etc.; also a committee of nations, representing art-products of France, England, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Persia, India, Egypt, Japan, and China; a committee representing various art societies; publicity and finance committees, etc.

The essentially international character of the proposed exhibition and the importance of enhancing Fifth Avenue's architectural distinction, beauty and dignity, are strongly emphasized by such suggestions.

JAPANESE SCREENS BY KORIN

THE Far Eastern Department has been fortunate in receiving on loan from Sumner Welles a pair of Japanese screens by Korin, the great painter of the end of the seventeenth century, who revolutionised the Tosa school by his very modern art conceptions. His work which is so thoroughly Japanese that it is the only great instance in which the Chinese origin of the Japanese school of painting is entirely forgotten, was not only in his day a step in an entirely new direction, but it is today just as modern from our Western art point of view; in fact, these screens have all the beauty and style which the very advanced modern painters put in their work, less such puzzles as we are at present often asked to solve. One screen represents an old pine tree with young bamboo shoots on a green hill, which means long life and virtue, fidelity, or righteousness. The other the blossoming plum tree, which represents beauty and pleasure. Together they form, therefore, the usual New Year's wish of the three things which are considered to form happiness, beauty, virtue, and a long life.

The wonderful way, in which the pine tree is treated with its big massive needles, painted in masterly technique, with a big wet brush full of deep blue and lovely malachite green, is a delight to the artist's eye. The trunk of the tree is all brown liquid gold, and in contrast with this is a tender blue-green hill with bamboo leaves of wet gold and grey which looks like silver.

This is the serious side of life, while joy is depicted on the second screen, a plum tree in blossom in front of the rising sun. Without being in the least realistic it shows the gold rays of the reddish sun gilding the stem of the old plum tree and the early blossoms, the first signs of the coming summer rising above the golden morning mist.

Ogata Korin (1655-1716), his brother Kenzan, Sotatsu and Koyetsu, the head of this school, were four artists who had the greatest influence on Japanese art of the seventeenth century and later gave it that very personal and decorative quality which we associate with the character of Japanese in comparison with Chinese art. They are certainly of all Eastern painters nearest to us in all what our modern western art has best.—*Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin.*

Reims: An Impression

REIMS: AN IMPRESSION BY WILLIAM S. HORTON

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BY WILLIAM S. HORTON

FIELDS feverishly radiant with poppies, rife with their flaunting reds outvying the tiles of ancient pepper-box roofs of castellated farms and chateaux forts, half ruined and shell-torn amid the sun-kissed landscape of this fairest corner of Champagne. Poor Alan Seager's poem over again in all its opulence, the poppies and the women of the vintage, German prisoners in horrible unimaginable greens of every hue that nature knows not and gangs of Tonquinois along the line, in queer pagoda-shaped hats and broad grins as the train labours cautiously over a new trestle side by side with what was once a bridge, a tortured twisted mass of iron suggesting some antedeluvian monster galvanized in its death agony. Blandly informed that our rooms at the hotel are still occupied by motorists, we follow a small "buttons" off to the tailor's, the one tailor of Reims at present, and whose house is one of the few still boasting a roof. A little smiling Alsatian is our tailor, and charmingly *sympathique* naturally capturing our susceptibilities by informing us that he took in only very exceptional people and was expecting a great tailor from Paris as a guest the next week.

His cheerfulness is splendid, but they're all heroes, these brave people of Reims—the sacristan of the cathedral who never left his post, and all the others; and the little room above the tailor's shop brings us so intimately near to their martyrdom with its walls torn by fragments of obus, two little windows bereft of glass and covered with double layers of oiled paper over a netting of twine, a chest of drawers in which new pieces of wood are set and over which hangs a chromo of Millet's *Angelus* pierced and scarred, while behind an oriental screen with golden birds hides a sad little fireplace in ruins, only one of thousands. But the sturdy people of Reims are not sighing over their misfortunes and once again in the street we meet a woman frantically retaining four precious eggs against her breast with one hand, while under the other arm reposes a large green cucumber, and who tells us: "They wanted to ask us four hundred francs for an excursion to the battlefields, so my husband bought an 'auto.' We have not come back to Reims to bore ourselves, ah no! *Bon soir*,

monsieur et dame." And our millionaire lady of the cucumber disappears into an improvised old clothes shop. There are sounds of the hammer, and women and children pass with tables and odd bits of furniture for perhaps an attic or a cellar still habitable among the debris.

Human egotism is not absent even here, for near the cathedral is one villa almost intact and in front of this four workmen are engaged on a new Louis XV gate post of the beautiful milk white stone of which the Cathedral is built, while Reims cries out for workmen after dinner, at the hotel restaurant, in which hangs an *affiche* advertising special excursions for the research for tombs.

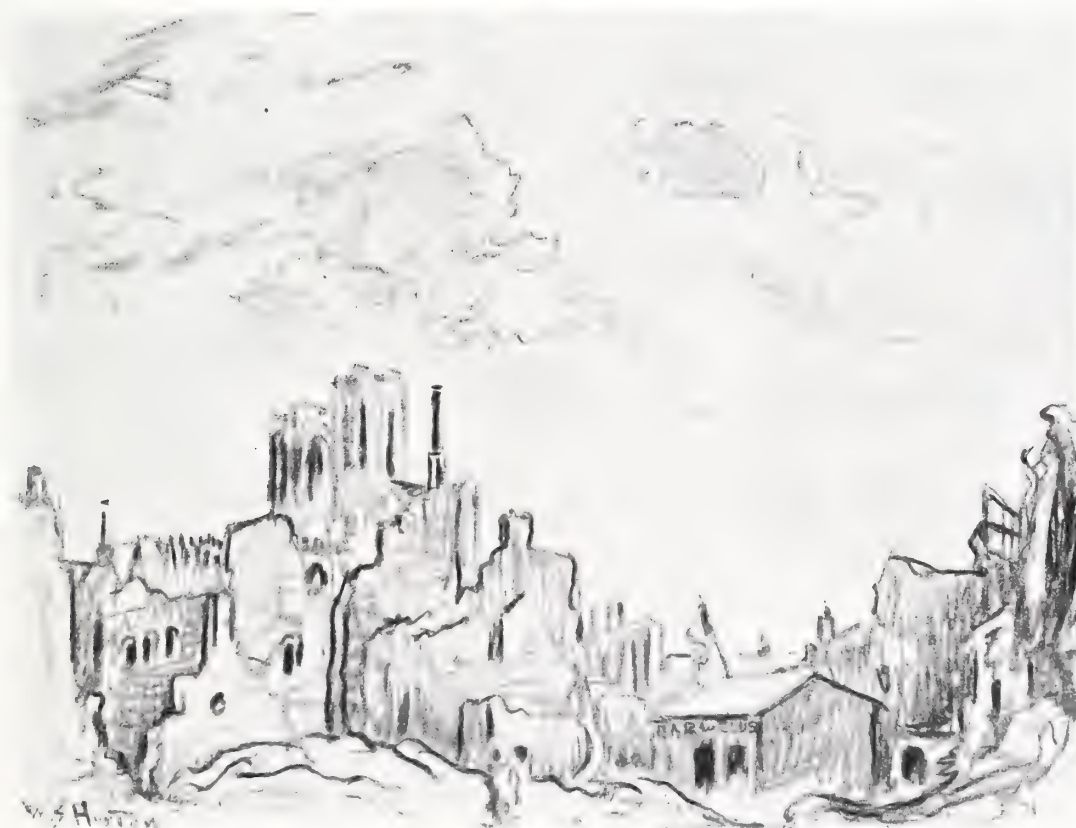
There is an early moon, and we pick our way back over heaps of rubble and broken plaster through the dreamy mysterious silences of these have-been streets, while here and there among the strange distorted shapes of mangled masonry gleams some feeble solitary lamp. In front of the once famous hostelry of the "Lion d'Or," an aged couple are seated bareheaded upon a piece of broken cornice, gazing fixedly at the antique pile of the Cathedral, sombre and splendid in the night. Who were these two solitary human beings, and what their part in the tragedy of this queen city of Champagne? Somehow they bring to mind Puvis de Chavannes' Roman matron in her night vigil over shadowy silent Rome.

Our little Alsatian and his family are all out on the *trottoir*, anxiously awaiting our return, for the ruined streets are deserted and an eerie, intangible sort of ghostliness begins to brood about the place. A "strange fantastic horror."

In the morning light Reims is another revelation. The Cathedral, whose interior arch is perhaps the most splendid architectural line in existence, and whose twin towers still rise above the town like guardian sentinels over above the poor broken walls. The walls of Pompeii are red, black and white, and the splendid frescoes still smile in the sun, but beneath the great severe gray mass of the Cathedral the walls of Reims are of a thousand broken tones of gray, pearl, pale rose, citron, ashen blue, a new colour scale of such pale "blondness" excessively French and so delicately triste that one must almost needs be a Chopin in order to interpret colour tones of such blonde melancholy as the rose pastel, of what remains of the Gothic cloister of the ancient convent of the "Cordeliers," whose



ABOVE: THE MARKET PLACE REIMS. BELOW: CONVENT OF THE CORDELLIERS



ABOVE: CATHEDRAL OF REIMS. BELOW: CAFÉ DES ÉLUS

chapel window stares blank and appealing at the Cathedral towers. Weeds choke the pavement in the courtyard, and in the garden the sun glitters and sparkles over trees and grass.

For the painter there are landscapes—chaotic, tragic, pathetic: the market with its boxes of camembert, its riot of fresh peaches and plums, and bouquets of those little ruby red radishes which only France can grow, and a good-natured butter-woman who tells us that, when the Huns came, they had hidden in the cellar to be driven out at night empty-handed into the Ardennes to cry of hunger—and all about the market are only broken walls. Only at one corner at the opening of the “Street of the Elect,” has sprung up anew upon its ancient site the little “Bar of the Elect,” with its diminutive tricolour, proud and triumphant in the surrounding chaos—for in the rue des Elus there reigns stark ruin, and not one house remains. One may well ask, who and where to-day are the elect?

BOOK REVIEW

AUGUSTE RODIN. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Jessie Lemont and Hans Trausil.

YET another book on Rodin, and in the opening sentence of its preface we find a challenge that would seem to make any review of this work superfluous. The translators tell us that “Rodin has pronounced this essay the supreme interpretation of his work—”

With due appreciation of the technical and æsthetic penetrations that characterize Rilke’s “Rodin,” it is difficult to conceive that such a finality of merit should have been accorded to it by an outlook and expression so universal as that of Rodin. Even though Rilke’s intimacy with the Master has created in him a reverent appreciation of the man’s profound moral qualities, his patience, his humility, his unceasing endeavour, Rilke appears to attribute these things to the master craftsman’s instinct for modelling rather than to an inspired vision.

Speaking of the sculptor’s output, he says, in a beautiful phrase worthy of remembrance, “It has grown like a forest and has not lost one hour—” This sentence conjures magically for us the power and diversity of Rodin’s work, but it also implies an unconscious quality in his genius which deprives it of direction and of the

ethical values that are so marked in the evolution of his art.

One has only to compare such early works as *The Kiss* and *The Dream* with *The Hand of God* and *The Muse*, to become aware that beyond the wonder of the human body as a field of planes and surfaces that reflect the outer play of light, Rodin saw the wonder of the human soul that radiates through matter creating plastic effects that are bewildering in their subtlety. Maria Rilke says that the fundamental element of Rodin’s art was the “surface,” and again we find the following conclusion: “His art was not built upon a great idea, but upon a minute conscientious realisation, upon the attainable, upon a craft.” It is surely in a technical and superficial sense only that such statements can be considered either just or correct. In his keen plastic appreciation of the multiple effects achieved by Rodin’s skill, Rilke overlooks the underlying cause, and the impulses of this giant energy that poured itself into endless moulds.

Rilke would have us believe that Rodin was essentially a sculptor of objective life, rather than of subjective ideas, but Rodin’s own statement, as given to us in the extremes of his work, clearly reveals that he had achieved unique mastery in both expressions. It seems strange that with his poetic insight and æsthetic judgment Rilke should not have perceived this dual power which constitutes the distinguishing glory of Rodin’s work. It is true, that in his interesting criticism of Rodin’s use of gesture, Rilke has conceded to a certain extent that Rodin had conscious vision, and philosophic as well as plastic messages to convey, though even on this point we are led to believe that “hieratic gestures” were sculptured rather to reveal the beauties of the body than the purposes of the soul.

“To create an image meant to Rodin to seek eternity in a countenance,” says Rilke, and yet in his famous “Balzac,” Rodin wrought the eternity and passion of an element into the vague small outlines of a human face.

In dealing with Rodin from a more personal view-point, this essay tells us that Baudelaire and Dante were among the Master’s chosen intimates in literature. Typical as these two minds are of widely divergent outlooks which find response, and convergence in the art of Rodin, one feels it is the *The Kiss*, rather than the *The Gates of Hell*, that Rilke’s vision has encompassed.

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

"RESTORATION": THE DOOM OF PICTURES AND SCULPTURE BY ABBOTT H. THAYER

THIS attack on restorers has forced itself out of me; though filling me with deepest regret at giving so much pain to many good men.

There is in the world's handling of its art treasures one monstrous abuse, which is nothing short of heart-breaking to those to whom art is really the food of the soul, and this abuse, God willing, *must* die. This is the well-meant and highly respected occupation of the *restorer of paintings and sculpture*.

Probably those who are conversant with the history of art will tell me, and truly, that the custom arose, in early times while the trade of making these works of art was thought of merely as a trade, and while it was only a trade; and perhaps before it began to be realized that every actual work of art was somehow a crystal, with all the awful mystery of the birth of a crystal, or of a child. There was doubtless a long period wherein the simple hieroglyphic purposes of art still passed for its only use, even long after art had begun to precipitate actual crystals, such as in Giotto's work, when considered merely as a trade.

While this was its status, the task of repainting their pictures and repairing their statues was entirely legitimate and rational. What wonder that the custom of doing so went on long after the normal, growing, inevitable impulse to record only what is typical, to omit the dross and lumber of the record, has begun to make possible the birth in these artisans' souls of actual crystals of *typicality of record*—record of sight, record of action—the world's art treasures.

A great work of art may vanish, but its register in man's heart remains, and forever we know somewhat by its recorded effect what must have been its height and its gem-qualities. But let it instead be lowered, step by step, and he who then comes to worship, finds it Oh! so sunk. He says, "And did they worship such a thing!"

The whole of to-day's European shambles, mixed as their horrors are with the splendour of their opportunity, and even though they *destroy* innumerable treasures of art, represent no such deep-reaching stab at art's high office as that which is being achieved by an institution which the art museums themselves, amazing to tell, sustain on their own premises.

How the average art patrons, who hold the stock in our museums, would laugh to be told that each museum supported, in the shape of the restoration of its pictures and sculpture, a calamity that the next century will deplore long after this vast war shall have left them only its moral splendour as a legacy. Restorers suppose that they are saving these works of art because they do not see or understand them.

For a hero to die is no misfortune to the world, but for the world to see his soul die, if such a thing were possible, to see him show up rotten, and no hero! It is the same agony to see our worshipped pictures commonized and sickening before our eyes.

The beginning of a master's picture or poem is absolutely a *conception*, an impregnation, as truly a thing beyond our ken as is the mystery of the beginnings of life throughout nature.

Every great work of art has its birth essentially in one and the same manner. The artist, as he sees it taking clearer and clearer shape on his canvas or in his clay, begins to work *by the light of the splendour* of the being to which he feels he is giving birth. More and more as this splendour grows and he feels the thrill of having been chosen by the Power that made him, to bring the world this treasure, he grows exalted beyond himself. In this state he becomes empowered to complete this birth unerringly, to put in place all its details with a purity of harmony and balance that utterly transcend all powers that even he possessed before this exaltation reached him its hand. In fact, this power that made him takes into his own hand the brush or pen or chisel, and, itself, places there these final crucial details.

This supernal rank is the attribute of every great work of art. Now conceive of its commissioned author being told on its birth, that one by one its God-tuned notes would disappear and be replaced by notes that were merely the best that could be achieved by "restorers."

Tested by the heavenly harmony of this masterpiece their every touch is a blight, dropping the celestial thing toward the banal. All this comes of a misapprehension possible only to the blind; it is the gist of great harmonies of every sort that they have comparatively little to fear from insentient, purely material damage. Dogs, earthquakes, babies may tear apart, and partially destroy a work of art, and do its rank no true

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

harm. The heavenly harmonies of a sunset lose nothing essential by reaching us through the reflecting power of a wet roof or pavement. The divine *correlation* remains; and no amount of rain-stain, paint-cracking or what not reduces fatally the rank of a picture's harmony; and were masterpieces seen only by the entirely receptive, there had never existed the present form of picture restoration. But as the case stands, with the multitude far more cognizant of a crack or a stain than of the ensemble, their preference to have these cracks and stains cured has established the trade of the restorer, and the treasures of the Renaissance are quietly on the way to their graves. Alas, *only* painters can understand.

While the world goes on conceiving that its museums enshrine Titians, and the other famous masters, many of all these art treasures have quietly and insidiously bled to death, and what go on bearing their names are dreary, common sights, only the dead ground-plans of the miracles they were—worthless daubs, sickening us with the mystified wonder whether such commonplace canvases were actually worshipped.

This re-execution has gone on and on throughout the world's museums under the name of "*Care of the works of art.*" The average picture owner of to-day, be he a private owner, or a museum, counts on putting his pictures at proper intervals into the necessary fatal hands of a restorer, as men send their shoes to be half-soled.

No *great* painter would ever think of altering by so much as a pin-point, another man's picture that he worships.

Even where this restorer is so susceptible, like many other people, that he feels much of the picture's superiority, *not* he or anyone else but the painter or another *equal* one, knows at all which of all the tones and lines and gradations is making the effect he feels. *In fact*, they with their *every particle* are doing this. The painter himself would not afterward dare what those men attempt on his work. "Fools rush in, etc."

Thus do they escort many a gem to its grave.

The restorer's whole legitimate business with a picture is with its back, and with the protection of its front from atmospheric damage, and the same principle applies to his relation to sculpture and architecture. One touch that attempts the minutest restoration or modification of their appearance is necessarily a thousand times worse than insentient time and the elements can possibly

inflict. Destroy half or two-thirds of a picture by fire or shot, it does not necessarily diminish that picture's rank one particle; but to substitute anywhere upon it one note the least particle less in tune than its master gave, either in the sense of one note, or of a chord struck all at once (as in that sense every note on a picture is) lowers and cheapens the whole picture, since *every note of it is so much less in tune with the restoration-cheapened note. In each case one pin-point by any man who could not have painted any part up to the master's degree of tune, stabs all the parts of the picture.*

It has really come to this that restorers believe that they can correct our work. So they sometimes could, some ill-executed detail, *if* this detail's importance lay first of all in its finish; but they would be painters and not restorers if they could execute this detail in a case where even the painter had to sacrifice it to the needs of the ensemble. The most precious works of art in all branches are often those that soared too high for the complete control of their author. He was inspired to give their main harmonies such a fullness of their peculiar heaven-sent wealth that he had not the power to complete adequately their details. To evolve them into subdivisions as crystal-true as all subdivisions in music, sixteenth or thirty-second notes, need to be, might in those cases have demanded a *still greater* genius.

Oh! from such works God keep away the restorer! He would have been more than a restorer could he have flown to those dizzy heights. And his heavy hand is as fatal to those pregnant reaches of *apparently* neglected canvas as a blind gardener's would be to weed a flower-bed. These meddlers make a most sinister stab at the production of great art by making it obvious that no exquisite tuning of one's picture *will be allowed to last!*

A *painter* could tell you that it is precisely the ultimate adjusting of the smallest correlations that alone can elevate his picture from *pretty fine* to *great* and *eternal*. If he is the man to add this ultimate tuning it can become *great* and *precious*. Now *only* he and other painters as great as he could possibly add those summits. Imagine one of these real painters trying, say, fifty times in half a year to achieve this *master-culmination* and at last some day going forth sure that it is all he may hope for; conceive his learning that a restorer was to be employed at once on it to make certain changes that he believed to be needed!

"Restoration": *The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture*

Did one never hear a violinist drawing his bow across his four strings at once till their oneness was the best he could possibly make? The case is absolutely parallel to that of the violinist with the purest ear on earth leaving his violin *tuned*. Now, no one on earth with a less true ear could change that tuning and get it back to its purity.

Picture and statue restoration are enough to drive artists out of their trade forever.

Everything a restorer can't see the use of, he is capable of removing.

In my own case this menace, with one exception, has so far been thwarted either by me or by the owner of my picture, who in every case promptly reported it to me. All these changes were proposed, and in one case executed, while I am alive and within easy reach!

A highly esteemed restorer wanted to paint out a halo-like aspect that he discovered about one of the heads of my *Brother and Sister*, and on the whole region above the mother's mouth of my *Mother and Child*, which he thought was too dark—"had become so."

Before I had learned that restorers paint on the front of pictures, I had supposed that all attempts to efface cracks were made by a general expansion of the paint, or contraction of the canvas; it was the above exception that instructed me. When, years after painting on a certain portrait, I newly saw it, nearly the whole picture lay under a criss-cross veil of paint-cracks; yet the first thing that struck me was that it was perhaps *my most beautiful white figure*, with my least faulty execution. When the owner appealed to me, I assented to her proposition that it be sent to an eminent restorer. He actually painted freely on the picture, lightening the nose, and darkening a part of the background and changing its colour from shades of brown to a flat green, and left the picture (as I was to discover at my first glance, years later) absolutely bereft of all rarity of any kind.

A prominent picture dealer, or some one in his employ, told the owners of one of my portraits that there was a place on the neck that had turned dark, and he would lighten it for them.

These cases of restorers' accusing parts of my work of being too dark, peculiarly illustrate restorers' danger. It is true that I have almost never painted a head as free from darks as I could wish, and a spectator who sees details too much without feeling their effect, will, as we see, notice this fact. But my sense of the expression that

I was producing has been of so high and exceptional a degree that I have turned these dark notes to a use and a participation in the picture's ensemble that made their exact degree of darkness part of the picture's.

The curators of our museums tell us that many of the paintings of old masters which come into their hands show proofs of having been "restored." These curators attempt to get off these "restorations." In their zeal, amazing things sometimes come to light—a basket of fruit, or some such foreign thing appears in perhaps the skirt of a madonna, showing that the restorer has gone *through* the picture to a previous one. How many of my contemporary artists grew up as I did accustomed to hear with respect of the wonders of the picture-curator's restoration-feats!

By *reductio ad absurdum* one can make any picture owner see why no so-called restorer, nor any one else may ever attempt the *smallest bit* of execution by way of restoring a picture that he did not paint. Ask him, simply, which would hurt the Neapolitan Psyche the most, to remove her head altogether, or to give her a cheap, amateur-made mouth or nose, but molest nothing else?

Look at one of the great Greek fragments of sculpture; how does it happen that without head, arms or feet, often without legs, it still holds its total supremacy over all subsequent attempts at sculpture? Has any one ever noticed that nine out of ten of the most worshipped antique statues are the fragmentary ones? Is it chance that the most worshipped of them all are the winged Victory (headless, armless and footless), The Fates and Ilissus (equally without those parts), the so-called Scopas's Charioteer (armless and with but half a face), Theseus (also with only half a face), the Neapolitan Psyche and the sandal-tying and dancing figures? How comes this? *Simply because they are the ones among that galaxy of greatest masterpieces that have come down to us so greatly mutilated as to be exempt from the ambitions of the restorer* and their peerless crystal sequences of correlation remain to us.

Would to God that in the picture case the equally total effacement of half a canvas had equal power to stand off the hacks.

The heavenly gesture of a greatest decapitated madonna could beget, in the imagination of the truly receptive, a nobler madonna face than that the master himself could have produced. This is the quintessence of what restorers do not grasp.

"Restoration": The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture

The harsh thing must be said that *were they such as could grasp this they would never be restorers.*

Listen to a Beethoven or a Schubert symphony. Which would you prefer, to hear one of those eternal masterpieces three-quarters through, and then be called away, or to hear one of the hordes of human-concocted imitations of it clear through? Here is a still better comparison. Which would you prefer, if, as in the case with statues, there were only one copy of Schubert's C Symphony in the world; would you rather, every time as the years rolled on and a new bit of it got torn out, have some one write into the score the best substitute he could invent, or leave the hearer to miss those passages? Is the unfinished symphony killed by our not having the whole? You could scale off one-half of any great picture and not surely lower its rank (in fact, often make it finer), but what is it after a lesser man has given it *one single note* of an inevitable *lesser degree of harmony with every one of the hundred other notes of the picture!* Every one of those hundred crystal notes has now got from this restorer's hands a distinct commonizing; because *one* of their clear harmonizings, *that which each of them had with this note that the restorer got hold of*, is vitiated on the spot, so that he in reality goes all over the picture with his fatal deterioration every time he destroys *one* smallest crystal of it.

Now, just in proportion as a work of art is great, a greatest Greek statue for instance, its *rank* is just as visible at one point as another; and true receptivity of its greatness consists in the degree to which the fragments' sequences go on in the beholder's mind, *across the gaps*, reproducing, in a really great beholder's mind, even the missing head of such a statue.

It is the very mark of a masterpiece that every part of it is a masterpiece.

Tune is relative, clear up to God's harmony; and this tune or harmony between the parts of these Greek morsels is simply beyond the tune of other sculptures, and no subsequent hand can touch them. Its law is as absolute as a parabola's, and the accuracy of its steps is not measurable by any possible mechanics, but only by the subliminal sense of the author. Hence no one else can possibly do anything to it without destroying its balance (its harmonies). It is, in fact, only finished when the author himself has found that at last some slightest change has "hit" and he sees the thing soar beyond his hand's power.

A painter lies awake many a night wondering whether the morrow will show him that his latest infinitesimal lightening or darkening of some smallest fact on a canvas has vivified, or taken the life out of his figure.

A picture is only art when it has got to that point that the smallest plane darkened or lightened, or warmed or cooled, or lengthened or shortened, or aimed in the least different direction makes or mars the *whole*. A figure, for instance, has no real expression till you have it so in shape that the planes of the last joint of each finger co-operate with the mouth in rendering life.

If your figure has this life to the masterpiece degree, what hope is there for it after one of those *manqué* painters, alias restorers, has had his go at it?

Little do the public understand that when a real work of art leaves the master's hand *he* himself lets it go because *he* has discovered it has gone beyond him. The day comes when he gives some tiniest addition that completes its harmonies to a degree utterly beyond his powers. He feels it has been finished, not by him, but by the *same power* that *made him*, and prayerfully he *leaves* it. No great art was ever produced whose producer was not reverently aware that *he did not make it*.

To be performed out of tune one evening, or fifty evenings, does nothing to the Septette, safe existant in the thousand copies that compose the printed edition; but to untune, by the hundredth of a shade, one of the notes of the one square yard of painting of a master's madonna group drops this entirely irreplaceable world-treasure.

How comes this fact, that painters and sculptors have such a doom hanging over them, while writers, be it of poems, prose or music, may go to their graves calm in the knowledge that each crystal luminary to which they have given birth is destined to remain in the world absolutely unchanged, treasured and revered, and in no risk of the slightest modification, by virtue of the fact that its existence is not perilously committed to one piece of clay, or one wooden panel or bit of canvas, which moth or rust may corrupt, but is safe in the realm of the soul and in the total guarantee furnished by printed editions with their multiplied and wide-sown copies.

Are not we unfortunate painters and sculptors entitled to the full thrill of serving and cheering

"Restoration": *The Doom of Pictures and Sculpture*

our race that is vouchsafed by fate to the writers of music and literature? They know that their sentences will, if they prove precious, be jealously and *inevitably kept, just so*, forever. Is the text of Shakespeare in any danger of being changed? Is not the *original* text of Shakespeare, and of every other great writer, more and more sought?

Suppose poems, like pictures, could not be duplicated. Picture to yourself the poet's exaltation in writing a poem that he knows will live as long as it tells human hearts what they *need* to hear, clearer than any other poem tells them. Conceive his agony of mind if, after he had worked months and years over a sonnet in order to feel that he had stood by it till it was *born*, a crystal, he could know that after his death, whenever any word or line in this one copy of this sonnet got effaced and forgotten, some professional restorer of poems thus damaged, should do the best he could to guess at the missing words! How would it be if there were only one copy of the Seventh Symphony? Suppose the one Beethoven wrote with his own hand were all the world possessed, just as it possesses only one *Hermes* of Praxiteles, one Botticelli *Birth of Venus*. How would it be if every time wear or accident obliterated any note or phrase, some music restorer wrote in a phrase that was as near as he remembered? Conceive the same thing done to the *one* copy of the "Lotus Eaters." Each restorer supplies at best a phrase no nearer to the original's rarity than his own degree of rarity makes possible; and if such restoring to this one of the classics went on and on, we should have gradually only such a "Lotus Eaters" as represented the level of the populace.

Luckily for these written arts multiplication guarantees them. Otherwise conceive Keats learning that actually while he lived, and could be written to about, his one copy of "Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art," had got so blurred, etc., that it had been necessary for a hack in the office to supply a line or two! Conceive a whole library of these one-copy-in-the-world treasures of literature, and in the basement a nest of curators who saw to it that whenever a page or even a word or two here and there at last got torn out, the best restoration that memory vouchsafed got promptly written in; or, when they thought that they could improve, they actually made the change. Picture the gradual passage of these gems into the commonplace of which the populace is capable!

A work of art is the high water mark on each field of human possibility, and stands there, as it were, to keep the road open clear up to that far high point, and to shine down to the striver forever lighting his attempt to mount up to it. What shall we say of endorsing its being so undermined that it sinks!

While it is true that line is time, and colour is tune, here comes nevertheless the difference as to further analogy, that a symphony is safe in the score. It may be *played* true or false—*would* be played not really played—but in the case of a picture or a statue, the score and the performance are one. Let any one of the notes on the canvas be changed, and both score and performance die together. And not only this performance, but all possible performance.

The one reason picture owners give is that time is destroying these pictures. Pictures going to pieces is surely lamentable, but to have them retouched, save by the painter, is out of the question.

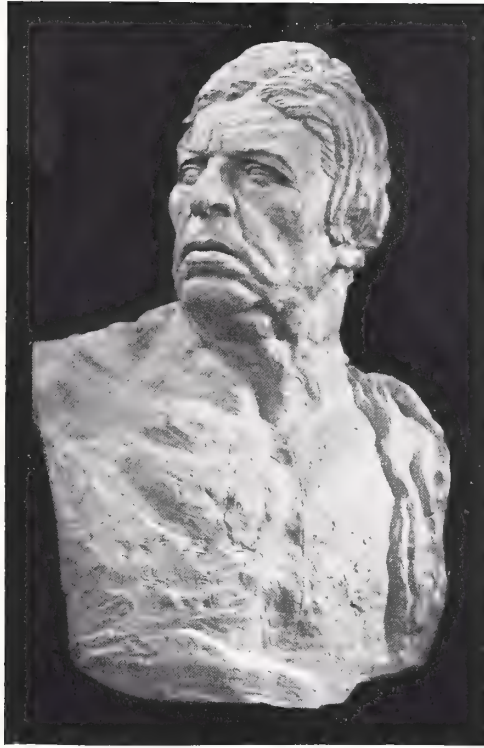
The damage to our collections is already largely done. If you want to save anything there is no time to be lost. In an age when there is nothing to replace them, art treasures are being turned into dross at a fearful rate. No touch whatever that any subsequent man can put upon a masterpiece is anything but disease and destruction, while rustmark, rat-gnawing, all insentient happenings, by not devoting themselves to any *one* note, never lower the greatness or harmony of a work of art.

In short, museums, whole powers must simply go to the making pictures *last* as long as possible; hermetic sealing behind plate glass, favorable temperature, etc. Beyond this, the money now spent so insanely should go to the securing the *best copies of these treasures* that the world's greatest painters can produce. Sculpture has a great advantage in the power of the plaster cast (when its seams are not afterward pared off) to reproduce, essentially, the actual statue; and probably the future will achieve a colour photography that can do equal justice to precious paintings; but at present their only safety lies in utmost prolongation of the state in which their painter left them.

Every age is not an art age. This one is not. It is the age of mechanics, both in material things and in thought; and till another age of synthesis arrives, trebly precious is the radiance from the Greek and Renaissance art that remains to us.



GIRL WITH THE CASKET
BY CARLE J. BLENNER



BUST OF INGRES. BY
ÉMILE BOURDELLE

A GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR:
ÉMILE BOURDELLE. BY NEVILLE
LYTTON. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

NEVER was there so much need of a great sculptor as now; sculpture is, above all things, the art suitable for recording the great deeds of our gallant dead. With the exception of Alfred Stevens England has never produced a sculptor of supreme merit; we have men of some taste and some talent at the present day, but our great national weakness is a defective sense of form, and our sculptors get no constructive criticism on this point, also our elephantine bourgeoisie have no reverence for the perfectly developed man or woman; how else indeed can any human emotion be expressed in sculpture except by the human form? France is more fortunate; the French are a classical people and they live by form and not by fancy, hence, in all ages, French sculpture is living and real; we get our compensation

in poetry, especially lyrical poetry, which is much richer and more varied here than in France. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Rodin, like our Watts, succeeded with classical subjects, and failed with Christian or romantic subjects; his *Âge d'Airain*, *Le Baiser*, and all his classic modes are full of the exquisite perfection of Greek or Latin poetry; his *Balzac*, *Burghers of Calais*, and his *Grand Penseur* are no more attractive than the novels of Zola. Rodin is hardly dead and his place is already taken by Bourdelle, who promises to be greater still. Bourdelle comes from Montauban, in the south of France, and his grandfather was a goat-herd; his father was a wood-carver in a very modest way, and he himself has had a fierce struggle to avoid starvation. When he first came to Paris he made his living by doing drawings of peasants and pastel portraits; his success was considerable, but his passion was for monumental art, so when he had made enough to live on he gave up this branch



BUST OF M^{LE}. ZETLIN
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

of the arts and became a *praticien* in Rodin's studio. Rodin had the highest opinion of his ability, and would, no doubt, have liked to keep Bourdelle permanently with him, but once again Bourdelle was able to renounce easy successes, and devote himself to that form of art which alone attracted him; he was nearer fifty than forty before any substantial success came to him. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

I first saw some of his work at the Salon of 1918, when I was visiting Paris during a few days' leave from the front; it was a very empty Salon, and his bust of *Ingres* immediately caught my eye. It is a magnificent work, and I thought it finer than all the busts of Rodin that I had ever seen; portraits of all kinds must be dramatic, and this *Ingres* has a fierce vitality that will appeal to future generations *per sæcula sæculorum*. I then went to see his sculptures in relief at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; they have great decorative merits, but I thought then, and think still, that some of the heads of the figures are too deliberately archaic. The primitive Italians, both in sculpture and painting, are

far more archaic than the Greeks of the Periclean age, but in those days there was no quick travelling and no photography, and it is certain that Cimabue did not know of the existence of the Goddess of Victory doing up her sandal. In modern times our art has been saturated with excessive realism, and now those who think at all see the absolute need for some sort of canon, but the canon adopted by Bourdelle is a little too obvious; this applies only to his heads. The limbs of the figures are perfect, and for all their great simplicity they are superbly constructed. He never becomes barbaric, sensational, and eccentric like Mestrovitch. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Last year, soon after my demobilization, I got an introduction to Bourdelle, and spent three delightful hours with him in his studios; he has a delicious southern accent, and his conversation is extremely racy. I was astonished at the excellence of his *Hercules with the Bow*; the body is absolutely perfect in vigour, grace, and vitality; but again I find the head too deliberately archaic. The model who inspired him was a great athlete, killed, like so many



“HERCULES WITH THE BOW”
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE



"PETIT GÉNIE AU MASQUE"
(THÉÂTRE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES,
PARIS). BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

others, in the war. His *Bacchante* is full of grace and Latin charm but, unlike most of his works, it is a little over-realistic ; the *Épopée Polonaise* is full of dramatic beauty, but is too formal. From these works it is evident that Bourdelle has not yet arrived at the perfect balance between realism and decorative simplification ; the tug of war is still going on, and out of the sweat of this struggle, from time to time, there appear masterpieces of great beauty. ♦ ♦

In his native town of Montauban he has done a work in memory of those who fell in 1870-71 ; of this work Rodin has written the following criticism : " Here we have an epic, one of the finest efforts of modern sculpture. It is remarkable how much grandeur and unity this monument has, owing to the wise distribution of the main essential masses. It is the exclusion of all the ordinary methods common to modern academic works, and the freshness and

spontaneity of hand and eye that makes this monument of Bourdelle's like a work of a great period. Hence it is not unnatural that Bourdelle has offended all those who, as a result of modern education, win easy successes by pandering to modern taste. On the other hand, Bourdelle really has regenerated modern sculpture in so far as it is possible for one man to do so." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Bourdelle, unlike so many of our artists, has not lived outside and apart from this ; he has felt passion, horror, the sacrifice and the glory of it all ; he is still in the full vigour of manhood, and he has already behind him years and years of experience of monumental art. It is certain, therefore, that France will employ him on some war memorial, and that he will produce something finer than all the fine things he has done in the past. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

NEVILLE LYTTON



"LA MUSE ET PÉGASE"
BY ÉMILE BOURDELLE

MR. E. S. LUMSDEN'S INDIAN STUDIES IN OILS. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

IT is as an etcher that Mr. E. S. Lumsden has made his reputation, and a distinguished reputation at that; indeed, his latest Indian plates have placed him in the front rank of contemporary etchers. But to be a first-rate etcher argues a temperament essentially artistic, with a vision distinctively personal, and that needs expression at more than one outlet. The authentic charm of Mr. Lumsden's etching is equalled by his happy freedom with oil-paint for the spontaneous record of his colour-impressions, and as both painter and etcher he finds himself most strongly moved by the appeal of the Far East. India holds for him a perennial fascination, his temperament and vision responding with extraordinary artistic sensitiveness to the pictorial inspiration of its light and atmosphere, its native people and buildings, and its pervading mystery; while these seem to him most alluring, most inspiring, in the desert cities of Rajputana and the Sacred City of Benares, with its Holy River. China he had visited, and Japan and Korea, before he found his artistic Mecca in these wonderful cities of India, and back to them he had gone more than once, as he hopes to go yet again and again, to paint

and etch the infinite beauties he discovers there.

When the Great War broke out Mr. Lumsden was at home, not long returned from the East, and a fresh set of his Indian etchings had just been published. Rejected as unfit for military service, and debarred by the exigencies of the situation from sketching out-of-doors, he felt that nothing was left to him but an immediate return to India to work out his artistic salvation. There he made his way to the wild, high, mountainous regions of Ladakh, bordering on Tibet, and there, among the ancient Lama monasteries, "mystic, wonderful," built in seemingly inaccessible places, he made a series of masterly drawings of extraordinary interest. These rock-perched monasteries of Ladakh have been described by at least one traveller, but never before pictured, so Mr. Lumsden's drawings form a record surely unique. Benares and Jodhpur were calling him back to pictorial devotion when the war exacted from him a long period of artistic abstinence as a commissioned officer in the Indian Army Reserve, denied active service on account of health, but condemned to the dreary routine of the Cable Censor's office in Calcutta.

In the numerous small oil-studies that he has made during his visits to Benares and Jodhpur, actual impressions recorded



"THE WELL-HEAD"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.

rapidly on the spot, and intended for the most part as studies for large pictures, such as he has been in the habit of exhibiting, Mr. Lumsden reveals the true painter's eye with the artist's spirit. In these studies, five typical examples of which are here reproduced, while a representative selection is now on exhibition in the galleries of Messrs. Taylor and Brown in Edinburgh, we have the sense of the East interpreted with an intuitive sincerity of vision and an artistry of exquisite delicacy and sensibility. Here are no busy touring artist's clever sketches, no deliberately composed oriental subjects done to make a "one-man show." These studies represent the *con amore* expression of a temperament drawn by sheer sympathy and understanding into intimate artistic communion with aspects of native Indian life which, while of daily occurrence and immemorial tradition, are, to the vision and feeling of the artist to whom always "East is East," penetrated ever with a beauty of mystery. And it is this beauty of

every-day Indian mystery that Mr. Lumsden's impressions convey to us. Not one of them but was prompted by a genuine artistic emotion experienced through the colour and character of the actual scene; and, with no laboured brushwork but with a happy impromptu of translucent painting, the shapes of the tones are made to take this pictorial life and significance, while the transparency of the atmosphere is shown softly harmonizing the colours in their characteristic and pictorial distinction. Design seems to happen inevitably. Look at *Jodhpur—the Chauk*, for instance, reproduced here in colours. This represents a typical market scene, such as one can see now, I believe, only in the desert cities of Rajputana, where Western influences are still much to seek, and the camels "bring the deserts in." Here is colour in plenty, but with what charm of artistic truth it is all disposed and harmonized. Not a tone obtrudes, but how valuable is that dark bull in the foreground on the left, and how



"JODHPUR, THE CHAWK." STUDY
IN OILS BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.



"TWILIGHT — BENARES"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.

subtly that single note of brilliant green keys up the whole picture. *Jodhpur* is a typical street scene, with the characteristic figures of the natives—some of them women poising water-jars upon their heads—as they pass along or converse in groups ; it is full of brilliant colour—reds and yellows dominating—glowing in the sunlight against the white buildings under a blue sky. This was a study for Mr. Lumsden's large picture exhibited last year at the Royal Scottish Academy, and subsequently at Liverpool. *The Well-head* is another Jodhpur scene, but the time is evening, and in the delicate desert atmosphere, with its grey and silvery tones enveloping the high-pitched colour of the costumes—yellow, pink, and deep red—and the dark skins of the natives, the tender leafage of the sacred pepal-tree, and the pale glimpses of sky through the balcony, we have a nocturne effect of peculiar beauty. A night-piece, too, but with a difference, is *Twilight—Benares*, one of a remarkable series of

studies that Mr. Lumsden made in that enthralling city. Here the painter has realized a moister atmosphere, and a local colour warmer and heavier, with the infinite enchantment of the wonderful quiet river. The people go down to the holy Ganges in the evenings, and on the steps generally sermons attract listeners till after dark, so that the artist looks down on crowds showing picturesquely against the water. The booths are lighted up and, as this is probably one of the frequent festival days, the sellers of sweets, fans, and toys are doubtless chatteringly busy ; but what Mr. Lumsden, with the exquisite subtlety of his art, has conveyed in this pictorial harmony of blues, yellows, and greys, is an impression of mysterious tranquillity. In the morning sunlight of *Above the River—the Seat of the Priests*, an every-day scene of the bathing shelters looked at from above, the brown, orange, and red tones of the costumes, the golden hue of the awnings, the white of the walls and the blue of the



"JODHPUR." STUDY FOR
THE LARGER PICTURE
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.



"ABOVE THE RIVER—THE
SEAT OF THE PRIESTS"
BY E. S. LUMSDEN, R.E.



"THE LOVER OF FLOWERS—SELF
PORTRAIT" (1909). WATER-
COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.)

river, make a feast of harmonious colour. Under the umbrellas and awnings the Brahmin priests are sitting, as they do, year in, year out, and as their sons will do after them, while they direct the pilgrims and others, and place the caste-marks on the foreheads after the bathing ceremony, during which they have taken care of the bathers' clothes, receiving for these services a small remuneration in coin, rice, or grain. Such scenes as these offer an endless variety of pictorial motives to an artist of Mr. Lumsden's sensibility, with his temperamental interest in the mystery of the Holy River's spell for the Hindus at their daily *pooja*. ▀

CARL LARSSON. BY KARL
WÄHLIN. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

WHEN, at the age of sixty-five, Carl Larsson passed away on January 22, 1919, he left a nation mourning for him; young and old, among all sorts and conditions of men, felt the loss in a way unprecedented at the death of a Swedish artist. Truly, in any country it must be a thing of rare occurrence for an artist, while still alive, thus to win for himself his fellow-countrymen's hearts and minds as did this painter, this man of a child's happy and gentle soul, whose family, home, and



"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER" (1893)
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(National Museum, Stockholm)

surroundings in the small village of Sundborn, in Dalecarlia, thanks to his intimate art, are well known to every one in Sweden.

A popularity of this exceptional kind must needs imply a highly developed talent, but is in no wise due to that alone. Still less has it come through Larsson's courting the public, by adapting his art to their taste. Whatever he did, it was, indeed, for his own pleasure that he did it. But his pleasure was so intense and his power of communication so impulsive that the spectator, without effort and without pondering, found in the works of his art exactly that which the artist had desired to

give. And more than that: he found what he himself, in most cases, secretly longed for, the joyous aspect of life, inspired at the same time by humour and reverence, summed up in a smile of bliss and gratitude for everything that life had bestowed on the artist. This spontaneous, beautiful smile, now boyish, now manly, it is that saves Larsson from lapsing into mawkish sentimentality, as has happened to so many other depictees of happy family life and the world of children. First and foremost it is the deep-souled freshness and the charming gaiety of his disposition that make Larsson the great artist he is,



"UNDER THE BIG BIRCH-TREE"
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(National Museum, Stockholm)



"KARIN ARRANGING THE LINEN"
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Thorsten Laurin, Esq.)

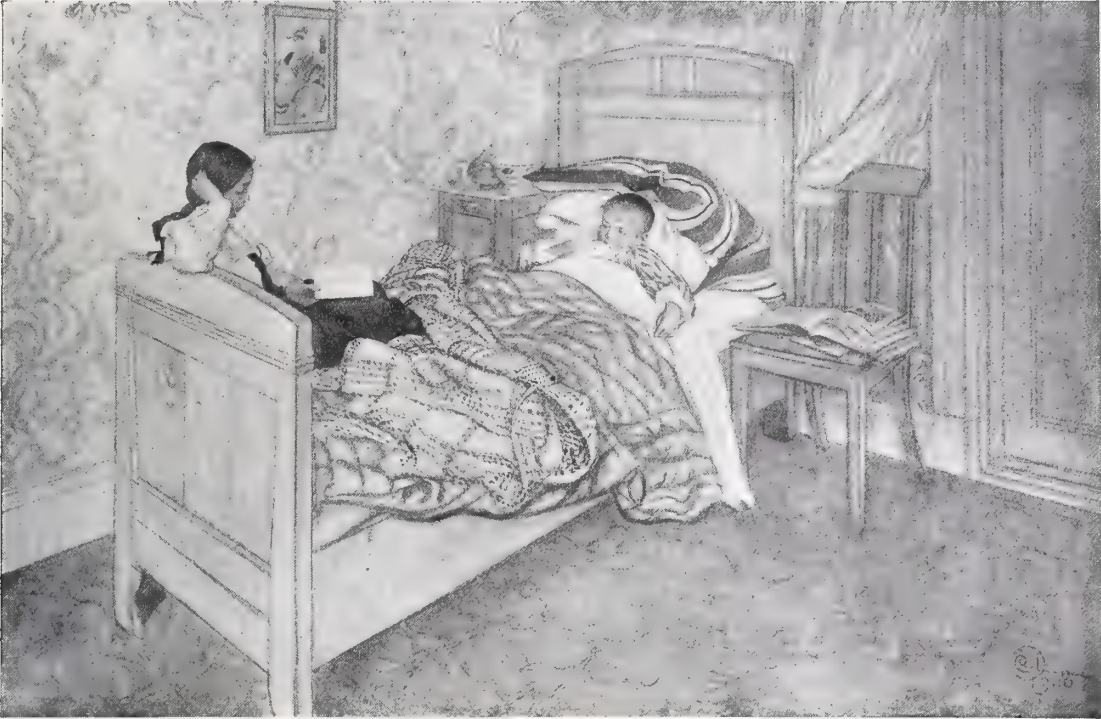


"THE ARTIST'S HOUSE IN FALUN" (1911)
BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq., Stockholm)

perhaps never more so than within his own home and in the presence of the happenings there. It is his smiling and kindly way of looking at home and everyday life that has come to us heavy and melancholy Swedes as a blessed message of joy, and that has created a quite unparalleled understanding between the artist and all his Swedish public. To him may well be applied what was once said about old Gustavus Wasa: he was with the Kingdom, and the Kingdom with him well satisfied. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Two entirely different kinds of danger threatened Larsson's artistic career from the very outset. One was his dire poverty, which, even late in the days of his opulence, he could not speak about without shuddering, and which nearly caused him to break down in misery and despair. The other was the means of livelihood that was offered to him in book-illustrating, in which no artistic quality was demanded, and that

led him into a mannerism from which he could only gradually free himself through the most earnest work. His deep consciousness of his artistic calling and the energy of his character rescued him from these dangers of his years of study. After a few years of extravagant, artistic fancies, without a sufficient substratum of reality, he eventually emerged as the finished, highly cultivated artist in his exquisite water-colours from Grèz in France, where, during some years in the eighties, a Swedish colony of painters had settled. It was in Grèz that he won his noble wife and companion in all the vicissitudes of life, Karin Bergöö, who, thanks to the brush of Carl Larsson, will, for many generations to come, stand as the archetype of the Swedish wife, mother, and mistress of the house. We read his praise of her in his paintings just as in the Proverbs we find a word-picture of the good and diligent wife, the keeper and guardian angel of her household. ♦



"IN MOTHER'S BED" (1908)
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.,
Stockholm)

However, Larsson had far too rich a gift of imagination and too versatile a technical training to stick to water-colours, in spite of the success he had won with them. He wished for bigger tasks and he found them — thanks to Pontus Fürstenberg, the Gothenburg merchant, who became the supporter of our struggling young artists at a period when they had a very bad character with the official keepers of art in Stockholm. For his art gallery Larsson painted three large decorative canvases, *Renaissance*, *Rococo*, and *Modern Art*, enclosing them in a framework of figures modelled and cut in wood by his own hand. This was his only achievement in the sphere of sculpture, but it shows his knowledge and artistic command of the human form in the very best light. At the bidding of that same Mæcenas he was entrusted with the decorating of the staircase in a girls' school. In a series of pictures he there painted the Swedish woman in different periods of our history, from the woman of the stone age up to Fredrika

Bremer, the champion of women's emancipation in the nineteenth century. ▀ ▀

In 1891, Larsson moved to Stockholm, where an important task within the scope of monumental art attracted him. He had successfully taken part in a couple of competitions for carrying out frescoes in the National Museum, and after having been chosen for the task in question, he accomplished it according to his own planning and after his own fashion in such a way as to make this great work the centre of all his enormously rich production. Here Ehrenstrahl, the Hamburg painter who became "the father of the Swedish art of painting," is seen occupied in portraying Charles XI; here stands the great architect Nicodemus Tessin the younger, on the scaffolding of the castle of Stockholm, his life-work; here the French painter Tavaral teaches the first generation of Swedish art students in his life class; here is Lovisa Ulrica, the clever and literary sister of Frederick the Great, eagerly looking at the French engravings shown her by the



"THE STUDY CORNER"
BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl
Piltz, Esq., Stockholm)

art collector and diplomatist, Carl Gustaf Tessin, just back from Paris, while genii floating in the air above her head bear Boucher's *The Triumph of Galathea*, the costliest treasure of the Tessin collections; here King Gustavus III, with a theatrical gesture of admiration and homage, receives at the palace of Stockholm those antique marbles that he had brought home from his Italian journey; here, finally, Sergel chisels his *Amor and Psyche*, while his friend the poet Bellman sings a pastoral to his lute. All this is given in a style equally firm and simple; and as a manifestation of strongly personal, richly expressive art, it takes a prominent place among all the monumental painting which, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was brought to light in Europe. The new buildings for the Opera and the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm also

secured large decorative paintings from his hand. Here he entered upon those technically difficult problems which are raised by the painting of ceilings, and he solved them adroitly and brilliantly.

When Larsson had lived in Stockholm for ten years he had had enough of the capital, where his amiable and convivial personality was sought after in a way that cut too much into his working hours. He moved to the simple little cottage in the village of Sundborn, that for the rest of his life became the subject of his untiring care and thus was transformed into the ideal Swedish homestead that kindly and invitingly beams towards us from innumerable water-colours of his hand. These, however, have very little in common with the soft and subtle paintings in water-colour of the French epoch. Larsson had learnt to rely more and more on the *line* as



"SUZANNE AT THE PIANO." FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON.
(IN THE COLLECTION OF THORSTEN LAURIN, ESQ.)

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"LITTLE ANNA." WATER-COLOUR BY CARL LARSSON
(In the collection of Carl Piltz, Esq.)

his proper means of expressing himself, and from the large wall-spaces he transferred his solid structure of lines to the painted family chronicle of which these illustrations show a few examples. Here we see the artist himself in his big studio dressed for winter sport; the old mother who has found a haven of refuge in her son's home after a life spent in labour and want; the busy housewife by her linen-press occupied with mending; one of the boys seated in a corner of the study; the dinner-table under the birches on a fine summer's day—and other glimpses of the shifting life surrounding Carl Larsson, a life that was his joy and delight and that was praised by him in his art to the very end of his days. KARL WÄHLIN.

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE. BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE famous Russian *choréographe*, Massine, was recently reported to have been asked by an interviewer why he produced so many ballets of a grotesque character. He is said to have replied that he found himself unable to express the modern world without being grotesque; that grotesqueness is the very essence of modernity. "Look at the chief figures of to-day," he went on. "Take the Kaiser and Charlie Chaplin. Both are grotesque." The reader, if he is in a thoughtful mood, must admit that there is much truth in

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE"
WATER-COLOUR BY
EDMUND DULAC

M. Massine's remark, which might, indeed, have been carried much farther. Take, for instance, the whole subject of the Great War—was it not grotesque, this spectacle of millions of lives lost, endless talent wasted, boundless resources exhausted, to put a stop to the mad whims of a few autocratic rulers? How can the war be rendered, as a subject for art, if not in the spirit of Goya, who has given us some of the most convincing pictures of war ever done, and who himself was a great artist of the grotesque? ■ ■

And yet, among modern artists, very few have ventured to make use of the practically inexhaustible resources of cari-

cature, of grotesque invention; despite the fact that this particular branch of art has attracted, at various times, many of the great masters, for example, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein, Breughel, Callot, Hokusai, and others. The reason why the grotesque is unpopular is that most artists of to-day are content to draw and paint according to some too readily accepted formula, whether they call themselves Royal Academicians or Members of the New English Art Club; whether they rank as Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists, Vorticists, or any other kind of *ists*, they are easily classifiable by their adherence to one manner. In short, they

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"THE TWO SHIPS." BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From the Russian edition of his collected works
published by I. A. Stolyar, Moscow, 1910)

draw and paint as they were taught, but wholly without imagination. ♦ ♦

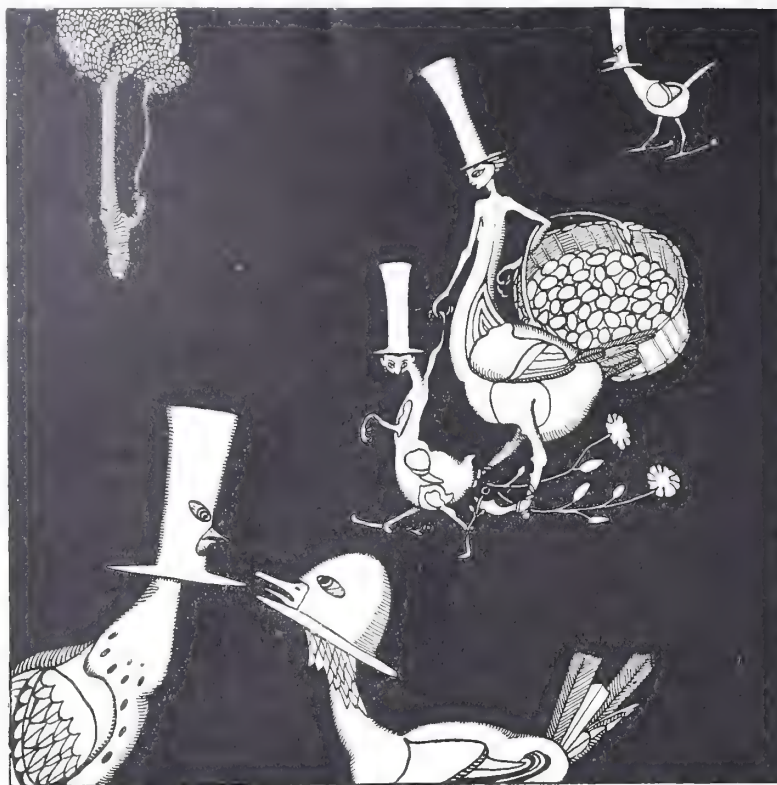
Jean de Bosschère is not one of those who draw and paint without imagination. His drawing, like his writing, is merely another means of expressing what he has to say about the world. He uses the art of draughtsmanship along with the art of literature, to provide an imaginative commentary on men and affairs. Sometimes the story that he illustrates is not of his own invention, but is drawn from that inexhaustible mine of homely wisdom known as folklore, or is provided for him by some masterpiece of the world's litera-

ture. But always it is a story with which he is in sympathy, and always his illustration of it is in the nature of a running commentary upon it from his own peculiar angle of vision. And Jean de Bosschère's peculiar angle of vision is, if you will, grotesque, even satiric. ♦ ♦ ♦

This last statement must not be taken to indicate that Bosschère displayed, from the beginning, the same mature tendency to satire which fills the pages of "Christmas Tales of Flanders," "Beasts and Men," and "The Closed Door."* From

* "The Closed Door." Poems and illustrations by Jean de Bosschère. (John Lane.)

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"THE BIRDS WORE HATS AND SPURS," BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "The City Curious")

the fragile lyrical Beardsleyism of "Beâle-Gryne" (1908) to these recent works, there is to be recorded a perpetual advance, a constant development. In this connexion it is worth while quoting a passage from his own essay on Design :

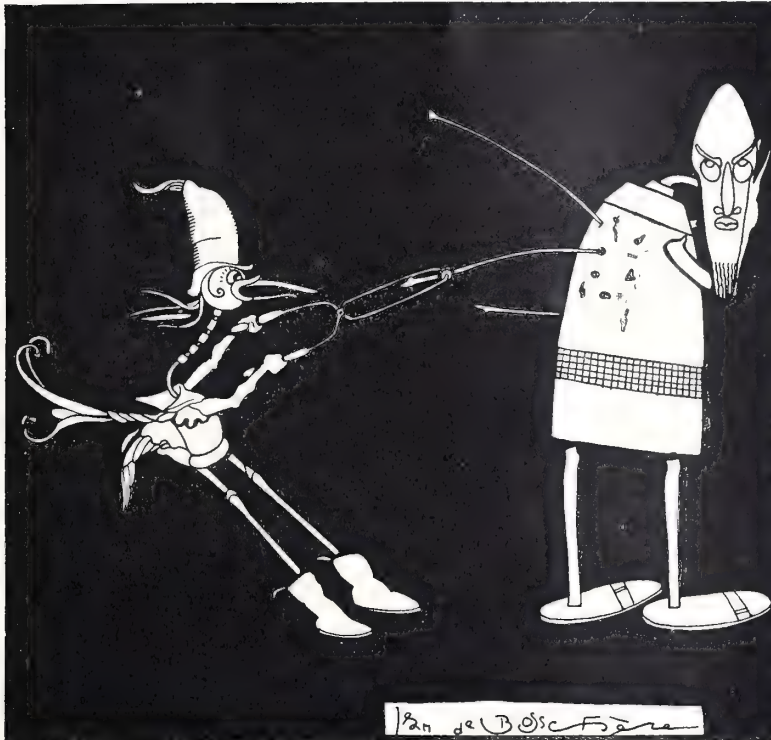
"Colour has a logic separable from the appearance; design, on the contrary, is tightly bound by links that attach it to the object. This does not in any way prohibit the search for new expression, which is the goal of both artist, poet, and prose-writer. In the general evolution of art, as in the development of the single individual, the sole serious struggle is this perpetual attempt to recreate. Assyrianism, Hellenism, Byzantinism, the Renaissance, Rococo, Romanticism, Realism in its various branches, Impressionism, the school of Tolstoy, of Ruskin, or of the Pre-Raphaelites, Idealism, Symbolism, are links to which others will always be attached. To place oneself deliberately

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under any of these banners is to shut out the future, to leave to one side the evolutionary scale of art and of race" (1905). ▀

This remark is worth pondering over by those who are eager to acclaim each new *ism* in art as the final goal of perfection. Here is an artist who refuses to be bound by the formulæ either of yesterday or of to-day. Any artist who is bound by these is either ignorant of the development of art or incapable of making use of all its resources. Bosschère is neither. ▀

In his earliest books he reveals the sole artistic aim to which he has been faithful : to be a master of illustrative design, and above all of design in black and white. In the essay already quoted from he attempts to prove that black-and-white design is the only possible form of modern illustration. Colour illustration, he declares, demands that the pages of text should be equally framed in colour; a rule which the mediæval illuminators



"THE BIRD AND THE CARDBOARD DOLL." BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "The City Curious")

perfectly understood and followed. The only form of illustrated book, he declares, is that in which the text and the illustrations form a complete whole, one being complementary to the other; and this can only be achieved by the use of line-blocks or woodcuts. To these aims, as set forth in his essay, he has been faithful; and the concessions to popular taste in the matter of colour illustration, which he has made in some of his recent books, only prove how great an artistic self-sacrifice he has imposed upon himself in order to keep each of his books a single and separate unity. ♦ ♦

His artistic history begins, as I have stated, with "Beâle-Gryne" and "Dolorine et les Ombres." In the illustrations to these two books he is still a follower of the black-and-white tradition founded by Beardsley. But these illustrations reveal a technique which, though founded upon Beardsley, displays a more delicate, morbid beauty, a more classic, I might say Gallic, grace. The strain of coarse Anglo-

Saxonism that pervades much of Beardsley's later work is replaced by a frail melancholy symbolism, somewhat akin to the better work of Khnopff. If there is one Beardsley drawing more than any other which these early works recall, it is the picture illustrating Chopin, showing a lady on a prancing horse; the one experiment, be it remembered, of Beardsley with colour.* And it is precisely in this direction of the union of black and white with harmonious colour that Bosschère's technique has developed from "Beâle-Gryne" and Beardsley. ♦ ♦

It would exhaust too much space, and would be interesting only to a limited number of readers, to follow the successive stages in this development, through "Métiers divins" and "Twelve Occupations," to its final solution in "The Closed Door," "Beasts and Men," and "The City Curious." †

* Reproduced in THE STUDIO, May 1898.

† "The City Curious." Written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. (In preparation, Heinemann.)

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE

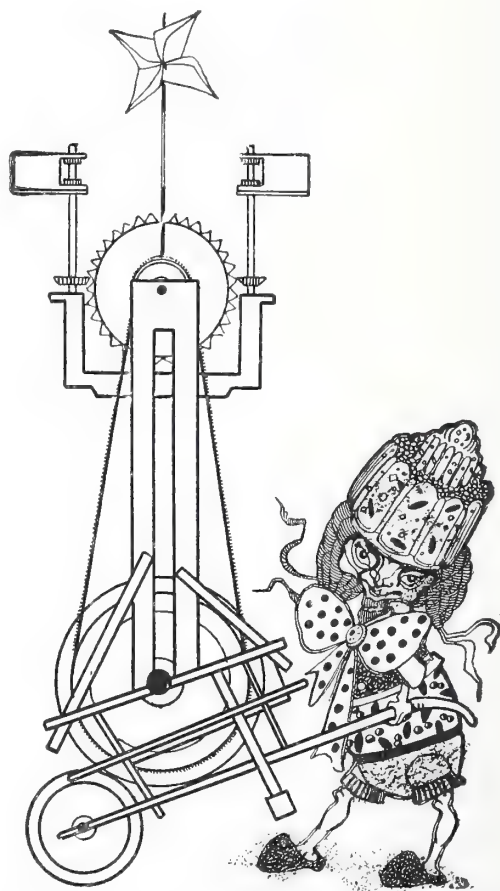
Suffice it to say that at some time or another Bosschère hit upon the idea that line and colour are really one and the same. It matters not whether a line be a black line or a grey line, thick or thin, or brown or red or green, so long as it is a line. This method of using calligraphic design to express both form and colour is almost unknown outside the work of the great Chinese and Japanese masters; and Jean de Bosschère, working perhaps from the slight hint dropped by Beardsley, was the first artist in Western Europe, so far as I know, to make deliberate use of it. ▯ ▯

Take, for example, such an illustration as *His Memories are gathered together in Six Notebooks* from "The Closed Door." At first sight it may appear to be simply a man of remarkable beetle-like appearance walking along a road. But taken as a series of lines and spots of black and white, it shows a skill in gradation of tone and spacing of mass not inferior, I think, to the work of the finest Chinese masters. Kept in the bounds of the most conventional calligraphy, it yet perfectly renders an idea, the spirit, if you will, of a man in perpetual movement. ▯ ▯ ▯

In "Christmas Tales of Flanders" and in "Beasts and Men" there are certain illustrations which are printed on the same paper as the text, and which are yet colour illustrations, as they are composed of black, white, and a pale wash of red-brown. These illustrations, which are all of full-page dimensions, not only convey to our eyes a richer decorative feeling than the simple black and white, but they also afford a valuable link between the small black-and-white cuts and the full colour-blocks, which the artist, for once relaxing his austere self-denial, has permitted himself to make use of in these volumes. ▯

And, indeed, it is fortunate that Jean de Bosschère has produced these two books, for without them we would never have known what rich gifts, what a bewildering range and variety of artistic effect, he was capable of achieving. To children of all ages between six and seventy, it must be these same colour illustrations that attract them most to "Christmas Tales" and "Beasts and Men." Here the artist gives us a picture recalling the Flanders plain and Breughel's scenes of snow and hunting,

such as *The Rich Woman and the Poor Woman on Christmas Eve*, or *The Three Farmers* with its superb fox in the foreground. Again he is pure Persian, as in *The Quarrel* (frontispiece to "Beasts and Men") or in *Birds going to the Races*. Now he transmutes Beardsley into an exquisite colour miniature, as in *The Satyr's Village* or *The Procession*, and now he combines Persia, Flanders, and mediæval illumination into a magnificent whole, as in the case of *Jan and Jannette on the Wonderful Bridge*. But always he has in him the spirit that is Jean de Bosschère. In "The Closed Door" it is a spirit cold, austere, aristocratic, and aloof. In the illustrations to these folk-tales it is at once more human and more openly droll. It is a spirit that is as fine as "Tyl Eulenspiegel"



"THE RATTLES ON A WHEELBARROW." BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "The City Curious")

THE DRAWINGS OF JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE



"THE QUARREL." BY
JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "Beasts and Men")

in its love of the grotesque, its humanity. And its western ancestry is amply proven by such pictures as the *Sea-Monsters* and the *Fisherman*, which is a wild blend of Hieronymus Bosch, Callot, Breughel, Khnopff, a suggestion almost of Rops, and perhaps the slightest dig at Meunier.

Especially rich in their satiric power are the drawings in "Beasts and Men." Here, on page after page, we are given a series of beasts, or semi-bestial figures, like *Sponsken* and the *Giant*, who are more human than the people one meets every day in the street. What more pathetic



"THE LION'S COUNSELLORS"
BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE
(From "Beasts and Men")

picture could there be than *They walked in Silence*, which represents only a goat, a hare, and a fox? What greater satire on official pomposity could there be than *The Lion's Counsellors*, a procession of frock-coated, top-hatted figures, consisting of one or two queer birds, a bored-looking pig, a lion, a donkey, and a mouse? And what finally could be both more laughable and more pathetic than the unforgettable *Chicken's Funeral*, with its pall, its candles, and its veiled mourners shedding huge tears. All of these qualities, as well as others, are brought out in the ferocious pictures illustrating "The Battle of the Birds and Beasts," which I am almost tempted to say are the best war pictures ever done, and in the "Trial of Reynard the Fox," where every individual in the audience is a separate study of some trait only too common to our miserable humanity. Only the satire is somehow veiled by being presented to us in animal guise, and we are able to swallow it more comfortably, unaware of how Jean de Bosschère is watching and mocking us.

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STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—Our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of an interesting still-life study by Miss A. K. Browning which figured in the exhibition of the Society of Women Artists a year ago. In the fresh, vigorous painting of the flowers especially this work forms a contrast to the general run of flower-pieces, which often suffer from a dullness out of keeping with the subject-matter. ♦ ♦

The Society just mentioned is holding its next exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries, in Suffolk Street, from February 23 till March 20. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers last month Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and M. Steinlen were elected Honorary Fellows. Among eight new associates elected at the same time were two who qualified as wood-engravers exclusively, the Society having obtained the sanction of the Privy Council, necessary under its



THE
STU-
DIO

"THE BEAR AND THE SOLDIER."
BY JEAN DE BOSSCHERE.
(FROM "BEASTS AND MEN," PUBLISHED BY
W. HEINEMANN (LONDON).)



BOOK ILLUSTRATION
BY HENRY THURBURN

charter, to enable these elections to be made. This recognition of wood-engraving marks an important stage in the Society's history, and is especially opportune just now when the wood-block as a vehicle of original expression is coming to the fore.

On these pages we give reproductions of some designs by Captain Thurburn, an artist who evinces a decided feeling for decoration expressed in a manner that is by no means commonplace. Colour treatment is also a strong point in many of his designs, and in this respect again he exhibits considerable originality. ▢ ▢

The New English Art Club has of late been hard pressed to find quarters for its exhibitions, but for the present year at all events it has been fortunate enough to secure the Old Water-Colour Society's large well-lighted gallery in Pall Mall East, where its sixty-first exhibition has just been held and the sixty-second will be held during the coming summer. Excellent as it is, however, this gallery is less suited to the displays of the Club than to the far more homogeneous shows of its host and the Painter-Etchers. ▢ ▢

This was especially evident in the recent



DECORATIVE PANEL
BY HENRY THURBURN

exhibition, in which most of the space was monopolized by the paintings, while the drawings and prints, always an interesting feature of these shows, were relegated to one end of the room. Prominent among the paintings were two religious subjects by two young recruits, Gilbert and Stanley

Spencer—one *The Sacrifice of Zacharias* by the former, and the other *The Crucifixion* by the latter, whose unconventional treatment of this solemn theme savoured too much of an affected archaism to excite any profound emotion. Apart, however, from these and other examples of up-to-date modernism, the exhibition contained abundance of good work by longer-standing supporters of the Club, which made the display interesting, such as the landscapes of Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Lucien Pissarro, Mr. Collins Baker, Prof. Fred Brown, and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke; the *Iris* of Mr. Augustus John, also represented by two characteristic drawings; Mr. Maresco Pearce's animated *Cattle Market, Kingston*, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's *La Poveretta*, and Mrs. Raverat's *Pièta*, to which should certainly be added a clever study of a group of seated figures, called *Lunch*, by Miss Therese Lessore; and among the drawings Mr. Gaskin's *Gipsies*, Mr. Francis Unwin's *Stirling*, the wood-block prints of Mr. Ludovic Rodo and Mr. Noel Rooke, the etched portrait of *Ans. Williams, New Englander*, by Bradford Perin, and the etchings of Mr. Job Nixon, Mr. George Soper, and Mr. W. P. Robins. ▀

Members of the St. Martin's Sketch Club at one of their recent monthly meetings had the benefit of a "straight talk" from Mr. George Clausen, R.A. Criticizing their work as being weak in design and stronger on the imitative side, he pointed to the difficulty of design, and especially design in the sense of putting a number of figures together. "The Life school," he told them, "is absolutely different from life itself; everything there is nicely coddled up. . . . Models are never properly alive. . . . As they sit they are only wondering when their job will be over. You can see them in all the exhibitions—thousands of them—and you can tell them all." He counselled students to cultivate the faculty of observation, and especially commended the mnemonic methods of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, who trained his pupils to look at a thing and afterwards draw it from memory. And the list of men who were his pupils is, as Mr. Clausen remarked, practically a list of all the most brilliant men in French art during the last fifty years. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

Addressing the students of the St. John's Wood Art Schools at the prize distribution in December, Professor Selwyn Image said that the distinction drawn between Art and Fine Art was fallacious and harmful. "For many a long year," he said, "I have been doing my poor best to cry out against it, and on more than one occasion did so plainly at Oxford, although the Chair I had the honour of holding was officially called the Chair of Fine Art." He ventured a definition of Art that would perhaps cover every aspect of the subject, and embrace music, literature, dancing, poetry, and the drama, as well as so-called Fine Art and Applied Art. "Art," according to this definition, "is human thought and emotion, imaginatively expressed through sensuous appeal." In paying a tribute to the work of the St. John's Wood Schools he applauded the efforts of the principal to extend the scope of training so as to fit the students to follow, if need be, any applied art.

We referred recently to the opening of galleries in parts of London at a distance from the centre traditionally associated with art. The latest enterprise in this direction is that which was inaugurated at the close of last year by the Chelsea Book Club at 65 Cheyne Walk, close by Chelsea's famous old church overlooking the river. The chief purpose of the Club is to sell English and foreign literature, and to afford facilities to members for the perusal of Continental periodicals; but art also figures in its programme of operations, and already it has had an exhibition of pictures and drawings by modern French artists—Derain, Picasso, Signac, Seurat, and others—and of Eric Gill's woodcuts. The principal item in the French collection was a characteristic portrait of a woman by Cézanne, whose work is rarely seen in London, though many of our young artists profess to follow his precepts. There was also a drawing by Degas, *Femme à la baignoire*, but it was not a very important example.

PHILADELPHIA.—The annual show of water-colours, pastels, black-and-whites, and miniatures was recently held at the Pennsylvania Academy. The modern influence was very much to the fore in the



DECORATIVE PANEL
BY HENRY THURBURN

water-colour collection, particularly in a group of works by Mr. Alexander Robinson, treating of glimpses of life in Bagdad, Damascus, and Persia, mosaics of the sumptuous colour of the Orient, highly decorative and expressive of artistic emotion aroused by such scenes. One remarkably



"MIGRATIVE COOT." WATER-COLOUR BY FRANK W. BENSON

fine example was a design in rose and gold, *Daughter of the Kaliph*. Miss Mary Cassatt sent three charming pastels, and a group by Mr. Childe Hassam, styled by him "The Rockport Quarry Series," vibrating with light and harmonious in colour, may be described as the last word in modern art. Pure aquarelle was the medium of a group of impressionistic sketches of Californian beach scenes and Spanish Missions by Miss Alice Schille, and excellent gouache drawings were shown by Miss Jane Peterson, Miss Felicie Waldo Howell, Miss Catherine Wharton Morris, and Mr. Wilmot E. Heitland. Mr. Roy Brown's water-colour, *Grey Fronts*, an atmospheric symphony, was awarded the "Isidor Prize" at the Salmagundi Club's show. There was a very good little view of *Old New York* by Mr. William Jean Beasley, deserving of a better place on the walls, and a group of

admirable water-colours of the California coast by Mr. Paul Dougherty. The water-colour drawings of American birds, made for reproduction by Mr. Carroll Tyson, jun., are works of art as well as accurate studies in ornithology. Dr. M. W. Zimmerman showed a group of works strongly suggestive of Japanese influence. ▀ ▀

Works in black and white occupied a great deal of space in the exhibition, and quite justly, for they were representative of the best in American illustration. There was a fine group of lithographs by Mr. Joseph Pennell, authorized by the Government Railway Direction, of scenes along some of our great lines of communication. Mr. Thornton Oakley exhibited an equally good group of lithographs of shipbuilding activities at Hog Island, near Philadelphia; Mr. F. Walter Taylor some effective crayon drawings of docks and shipping, and Mr.

Frank W. Benson a group of realistic motion studies of water-fowl. Nothing, however, in the show was quite as effective as a group of ten etchings and lithographs, views in Cambrai, Ypres, Dixmude, and other places in the war zone, the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Studies for mural decorations, one of them for the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, were exhibited by Miss Violet Oakley, and Miss Edith Emerson showed a study in colour for the Roosevelt Memorial Window in Keneseth Israel Temple. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The display of miniatures seemed to be rather more numerous than at the last show, but it could not be said to be better. Among the 112 little portraits, that of *Elizabeth Rutter*, by Miss Laura Coombs Hills, was undoubtedly the chief. ♦ E. C.

PARIS.—Of all the applied arts, that of the worker in the precious metals—and pre-eminently that of the silversmith has perhaps shown the greatest resistance to the action of the modern spirit—has



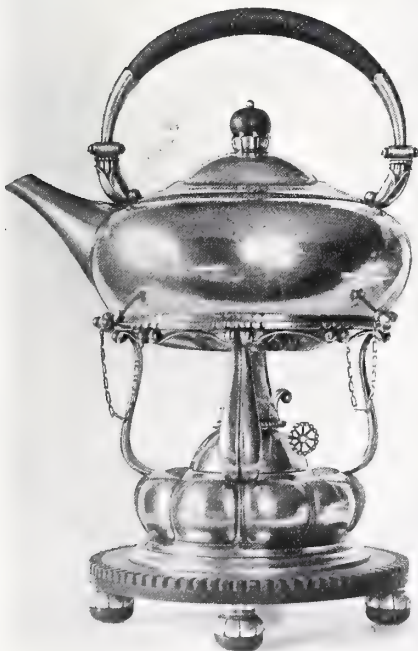
BOTTLE-STAND
BY GEORG JENSEN

most successfully evaded the influence of the new ideas which for thirty years past have modified so intimately the aspect of our social life. The manufacture of glassware, pottery and porcelain, and textiles, the leather, paper, metal, and other industries, have brought forth day by day, and in great variety and number, productions which bear the impress of the epoch in which we live, but when we come to the art of the goldsmith and silversmith, whether in England, France, Italy, Belgium, or elsewhere, the list of new creations to which this art has given birth is soon exhausted. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

It is for this reason that one cannot attach enough importance to the admirable efforts made by that excellent Danish artist, Georg Jensen, to stimulate in this branch of decorative art, which in times gone by was so fecund and rich in bloom of perfect beauty, a fresh flow of sap. Indeed, I am not aware of any one who, at this moment, might be compared with him—no one who in regard either to form or to technique has perhaps achieved results so thorough, so harmonious, and so original, in the best sense of the word, as those which M. Jensen has arrived at. ♦ ♦ ♦

In the first place, as regards form, the preconceptions which he adopts are never of a linear or graphic order—never those of the draughtsman or designer who is content to conceive in an abstract way, if one may so say, a work of applied art, without taking thought of the possibilities of carrying out his ideas. M. Jensen knows thoroughly all the resources of his *métier* ;

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KETTLE AND SPIRIT-STOVE
BY GEORG JENSEN

REVIEWS

he is himself a practical craftsman to whom long experience has brought complete mastery of the material in which he works ; he decides on such and such forms only because he knows that they suitably correspond to the conditions and limitations of this material, and it is because he is ever ready to submit to these conditions and limitations that his works always communicate such a strong impression of rationality and harmony. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

And his forms are always simple and clear ; he has a horror, one feels, of those linear contortions, those incongruous, intricate shapes which too many people still delight in under the alleged pretext of originality, and which have deprived modern decorative art of a good deal of sympathy. M. Jensen has, it is evident, a particular liking for broad, uniform surfaces, and is content to let the hammer effect such nuances and such modifications of shape as shall allow the light to play to advantage, investing them, as it were, with a life of their own. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

From the technical point of view one can imagine nothing more loyal, more wholesome, more exquisite, than the pieces of metal-work executed by M. Jensen himself, or by the artists associated with him and working in his atelier under his supervision. That, in truth, " leaps to the eyes." There is here nothing suggestive of the impersonal work of the machine, of the cold, monotonous process of stamping ; everything, on the contrary, down to the smallest detail, reveals the labour of the human hand, everything bears the vital impress of the living instrument, so that when passing one's hand over these beautiful surfaces of silver one experiences the same joy that one feels when caressing with the fingers and the palms a fine piece of porcelain. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

I admire also the way in which M. Jensen disposes of ornament in his compositions—the judgment, the proportion, the perfect taste with which he plans it at the outset, then executes it, and finally assigns it its proper place so as to give it its full value. In his productions ornament nearly always plays a useful part, and consequently justifies itself, forming an integral part of the whole. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Such are the merits of this rare artist,
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who is assuredly one of the best and most perfect craftsmen, not of Denmark only, but of Europe. ♡ GABRIEL MOUREY

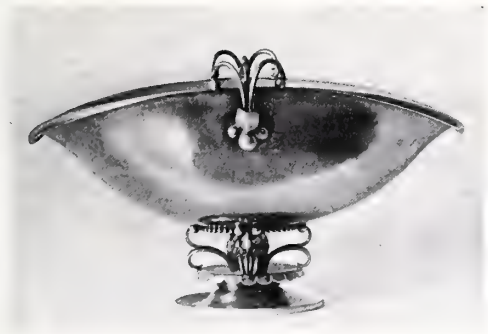
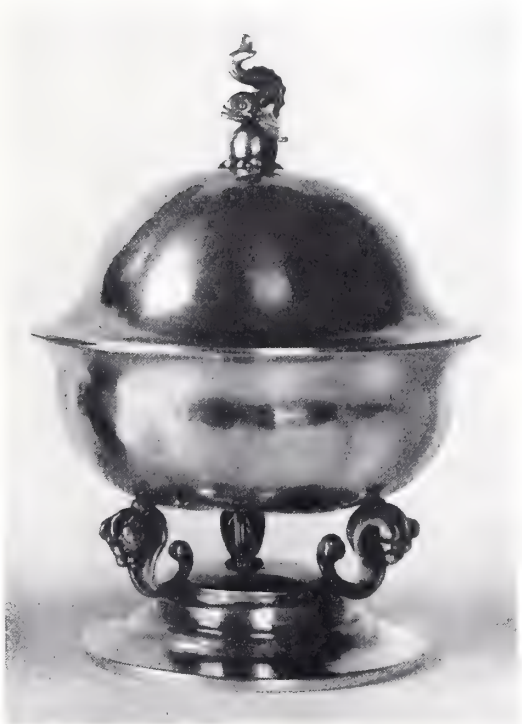
The Cluny Museum has again opened its doors, and further accommodation has been found for displaying the rich collection of textiles and needlework which hitherto has suffered from overcrowding. A new catalogue is in preparation, the existing one being nearly forty years old.

REVIEWS.

Assisi. By SIR WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. (London : Macmillan and Co.) 42s. net.—In 1868, when Sir William Richmond first set foot in Assisi, for ever associated with the life of St. Francis, the " little city of the soul," scarcely changed in the course of the intervening centuries, was only very rarely visited by foreigners. Ruskin, as he remarks, had not yet been there, nor had any one of note studied the art to which the saint's life gave birth. This first visit was the forerunner of many



COOLING-BOWL
BY GEORG JENSEN



- 1, 2. VEGETABLE DISHES. BY
JOHAN ROHDE
3, 4. SAUCEBOAT AND BON-
BONNIERE. BY JOHAN
ROHDE
5. SAUCEBOAT. BY GEORG
JENSEN
(All executed in Georg Jensen's work-
shops, Copenhagen)

others down to the year 1913, and in these impressions of half a century we learn how great a fascination the Umbrian city and its surroundings have always exercised upon the distinguished Academician, and how profound, too, is his admiration for the primitive masters whose works still testify to the veneration in which St. Francis was held—Giotto, Cimabue, Puccio Capanna, Simone Gaddi, and others. "The Italian primitives were searchers for truth, their modern mimics are snatchers for any falsehood to justify an ephemeral existence. They laboured in tradition, they brought forth through tradition, they grew out of tradition, but each one of them tried to make his work as like nature as he could." Only in one man of a later generation does he find any real affinity with these Italian primitives—his own namesake, William Blake, "the spiritual brother of Giotto and the rest of the great Umbrians and Tuscans." It is interesting to compare Sir William Richmond's impression of the early Italians with that of another distinguished modern artist of a different school—Auguste Renoir, the great French impressionist, who passed away a few weeks ago. "J'ai une passion pour ces maîtres d'aujourd'hui," he told Ambroise Vollard; "j'aime la vie qu'ils menaient dans leur petites villes. Ils ne gagnaient pas d'argent et ne s'en souciaient guère. . . . Ah! ils n'étaient point révolutionnaires, ce qui ne les empêchait pas d'être pleins de génie. Aujourd'hui . . . nous ne savons plus dessiner une main et nous ignorons tout de notre métier" ("La Revue," September 29, 1915). Sir William Richmond's entertaining volume contains numerous illustrations, nearly all of them reproductions of pictures and drawings of interesting places in and around Assisi made by himself, but there is also among them a reproduction in colour of a copy made by Signor Falcinelli of Puccio Capanna's *Deposition from the Cross*, for which students of early Italian art will feel grateful. ■ ■ ■

L'Estampe française : Graveurs et Marchands. Essais par FRANÇOIS COURBOIN. (Bruxelles et Paris : G. van Oest et Cie.)—This excellently printed volume of essays from the pen of the Keeper of the Print Cabinet at the Bibliothèque Nationale, one of a series devoted to art of the eighteenth

century, makes its appearance more than five years after issuing from the press in Brussels, the date on the title page being 1914. It is a very interesting addition to the literature of the graphic arts, and especially so as it contains a compact mass of information, alike instructive and entertaining, which will not be found in any other single work—information concerning noted families of engravers, the system of training in vogue amongst them, the various technical methods they practised, such as line and stipple engraving, etching, mezzotint, wood-engraving, etc., the principles and traditions which they observed and followed, the prices they received for their work, the laws and usages which regulated their relations with the plate printers, the dealers, the powerful booksellers' corporation, the Academy, and the State. The author has drawn largely upon the writings of the engravers themselves for his material, and the illustrations include, besides reproductions of numerous prints, a number of plates showing the implements used in the different species of engraving practised by them. In connexion with the public sales of prints, which became very frequent during the latter half of the century, it is curious to learn that the "knock-out" was practised among dealers more than one hundred and forty years ago. It was called *Révision*, and the business was transacted in a tavern. Appended to the work are classified lists of engravers and merchants, bibliographies, etc., which should prove useful to the collector and student. ■ ■ ■

The Water Babies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH. (London : Hodder and Stoughton.) 20s. net.—In this very attractive edition of what is by common consent regarded as a classic of juvenile literature, we commend especially the clear, bold type used for the text. Publishers generally have in the past not been sufficiently mindful of the importance of legibility, and now that the production of books is much more costly than formerly there may be a temptation to make sacrifices on the score of economy, but such a policy is to be deprecated. The illustrations in this volume comprise twelve plates in colour, and numerous drawings printed in a grey tint with the letterpress, and they are admirably in keeping with the story.



THE OFFERING

BY MALVINA HOFFMAN

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY, 1920
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

FEBRUARY 8TH saw the 115th opening of the Pennsylvania Academy, March 28th being the closing date. It must be regretfully affirmed that the display as a whole is disappointing in spite of the fact that it includes many first-class canvases. An exhibition to be eminently successful demands that a high standard be maintained throughout the galleries and that several pictures should be rallying points of emotional interest steadily subserved by the other exhibits. This is not the case, and in Gallery F where one is wont to find a work of great carrying force is hung *The Sisters* by the late J. Alden Weir, as a mark of respect to a great painter who has so recently passed away, but, in other respects, an example of ill-judged hanging, for this picture, the property of Mrs. Marshall Field, whilst of compelling beauty and quality,

is no more fit to dominate a gallery than a flute could control an orchestra.

Last year's sensational picture by Carles, *The Marseillaise*, whatever its defects, at least had a ringing quality of colour and bigness that made it a forceful feature of the exhibition, and one could step back three galleries and still view it satisfactorily.

The desire of the Academy to break away from precedent by admitting much that could be included under various headings, such as: (1) students' work; (2) obvious thefts from Renoir, Cezanne, Van Gogh, etc.; (3) fauve canvases—has imparted to the general display a feeling of freedom and emancipation at the expense of much immature execution that an ordinary jury would piously discard. It is better so and to be hoped that other academies may in their wisdom and foresight err rather on the side of tolerance than court the doubtful honour of a smug success built upon the fact that the pictures shown were



FROGS AND GIRLS

BY NANCY COONSMAN



PAVLOVA

BY ALFRED LENZ



IN THE WINDOW
BY MILDRED B. MILLER



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET



VILLAGE HILLS IN MANTLE OF SNOW
BY GARDNER SYMONS

of that non-committal quality that academicians are supposed to practice themselves and encourage amongst the younger candidates for a place in the sun.

The nude by Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., recalls in more ways than one the holy horror evinced by matrons of the Middle West who were unprepared for the realism of Zuloaga and demanded that the "nude woman and parrot" and her sister atrocity with the red carnation be turned to the wall or lowered to the basement. This girl toying with a cigarette and a glove and slippers is very naked indeed but excellently painted, especially the shawl which, however, has no concealing rôle to perform. Adolf Borie in his quest of the nude has been somewhat unsuccessful, for his model lacks mentality as well as clothing, and the flesh tones are far from convincing. Philip L. Hale, in *Day and Her Sister's Night*, has painted a beautiful nude in his two figure symbolism which is one of the most satisfying canvases on view. Charles Hawthorne has on this occasion departed from his usual type of woman that breathes Italy and New England, by presenting *Nelly*, who ought to be a smiling maid of pleasant form but to one's surprise is a good-natured vulgar matron whose main difficulty appears to be keeping her enormous bosom within polite restraint. *Nelly*, in a word, is revoltingly fat and unworthy of portrayal, but Hawthorne has dignified her by his excellent use of pigment and his facile treatment, so that *Nelly* becomes a type to endure and must be reckoned amongst the best portraits displayed. Leon Kroll in *The Song* has given a strong picture, excellently grouped, the two heads in shadow beautifully executed and making a complete picture in themselves even without the singer. Redfield has some big canvases, a spring subject of merit, but best of all a snow scene entitled *The Day Before Christmas*.

An unusual type of family portrait, far removed from the vision of Leon Kroll, is a group, composed of mother with infant standing on her lap and children on both sides, by George de Forest Brush. The mother, in full sleeves and rich patrician finery, is seated in the centre of a circular composition and appears but faintly interested or allied to the quintette which comprises the family. The children's simple peasant-like frocks are in marked contrast to the noble habiliments of mama so ill-equipped for the task

of handling the baby. The grouping is masterfully arranged and the colour, drawing and general conception of that reserve and distinction which mark all this artist's work.

Pegasus, by Karl Anderson, is an interesting study of the nude, but the horse is far too anatomically correct to permit of those beautiful swanlike wings which give such a gracious sweep through the canvas and relate all the parts into rhythmic harmony. Let us be thankful for any work of imagination that removes us from the drab everyday life and places us upon the summits.

Leopold Seyffert has a strong military type, portrayed in Col. Richard H. Harte, G. M. G., whose fighting equipment is subdued by the richly coloured doctor's robe, a close alliance of the civil and military influence and a brilliant colour note. Roy C. Nuse nurses the Sorolla tradition with a picture of his boys at the swimming pool, a fine plein-air rendering. Paul King has again proven his painter ability in a fine canvas, entitled *Lime Quarry*, which is one of the best productions we remember to have seen by that artist. Fred Wagner has renounced for the nonce silvery harbor scenes and betaken himself to portraiture; remarkably good, excepting the arms, is the *Cartoonist*. Everett L. Warner shows in a picturesque manner how the world appears to an aviator in his canvas, *Above the Clouds*.

Autumn Sun is the title of a winter scene, used as setting to a fur-clad lady, well thought out and painted by Edward Cucuel. Ross E. Moffett has a fine picture on view, *The Wreck in the Ice*. It has those qualities which have endeared us to the work of Gifford Beal, George Bellows, Jonas Lie and others who treat their subjects in masculine, authoritative manner.

Alice Kent Stoddard shines again as an inspired painter of children, her little boy in blue being a fine three-quarter length presentment that attracts much attention, in competition with another delightful blue boy by Jessie Wilcox Smith, who has combined the two separate gifts of painting and illustration somewhat happily. Robert Henri's *Jean* is very direct and rich in colour; whilst to give another note to the usual child portrait, Camelia Whitehurst has depicted a young tough in loose flapping coat and breeches, for all the world like an Irish jarvey.

Charles Rosen is improving all the time and enlarging his colour sense which had become some-



FAMILY GROUP

BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

what cramped by too close attention to snow scenes.

Once again *The Murder of Edith Cavell* returns to view and is fruitful cause for discussion among the few who see it for the first time. As Bellows naively and modestly admits—see the *American Art News*—he did not have an invitation to the murder any more than Rembrandt did to the crucifixion. Thus pleasantly are the names and

prowess of Bellows and Rembrandt interlinked. *Quien sabe?*

A much-talked-of picture is Henry McCarter's *Passing of the Horse*, and it certainly gives every excuse for conversation.

To countless visitors the statuary is of more interest even than the paintings, but, alas, the exigencies of space do not permit of further wanderings in either field.

Laguna: Art Colony of the Southwest

L AGUNA: ART COLONY OF THE SOUTHWEST BY NEETA MARQUIS

FRANCE has the imperishable glory of her Barbizon; the Eastern United States has its Gloucester; and the Southwest has its Laguna Beach. Which is one way of saying that, while such men as Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and the others, by force of their associated personalities and achievements put an insignificant French hamlet in the forefront of a world's interest in the way of landscape painting, and as the name of a Massachusetts fishing village has become identified with the leading spirits in modern American art, so this settlement, old, quaint, remote, on the Southern California coast, is already synonymous with landscape art as developed in the land of perpetual sun.

The handful of dwellings and stores making up the town of Laguna Beach is located sixty miles south of Los Angeles and ten miles north of the old Mission San Juan Capistrano. It is accessible only by automobile, lying twenty miles off the railroad which connects with the stage line. And yet, its Art Association, less than two years old, numbers a membership of over two hundred and twenty-five, of whom more than fifty are painters, while the art gallery, in which monthly-renewed exhibitions are held from May to October, is visited by more than a thousand people a month.

Naturally, a movement of such proportions has significant personalities back of it. On the list of members and exhibitors, some of whom are all-the-year residents of Laguna, others of whom keep studios there for periodical work, one finds almost all the names which stand for distinctive achievement in art in the Southwest, many of which are also nationally famous.

But even distinguished painters require some external reason for centering at any given point, and it is the peculiar quality of beauty inhering in that stretch of coast called Laguna, extending from Laguna Cliffs, north of the town, to Arch Beach, a mile south, which is the loadstone to those whose profession is the depiction of beauty. The pioneer painter of the section was Gardner Symons, who is also associated with the present movement. Twenty-three years ago, Symons—who is of a local family—first began to paint at Laguna, when it was no more than a name

emphasised by a rambling country inn and a few sketchy cottages, although the locality had been favoured as a camping place by the pioneer California settlers for twenty years before that.

The original settlement is so ancient—comparatively speaking—and so isolated that to-day its crudities impress the newcomer in advance of its charms: narrow, dusty, winding streets bordered with the plainest of mid-Victorian dwellings and straggling althea bushes touched with scant cerise bloom. But the artistic temperament is not there long before falling under the spell of the cryptic whispering of hoary eucalyptus trees blent with the rustling of a silken sea on a velvet shore, the mystery of mornings silver with luminous fog or iridescent with sunlight, and evenings whose dying glow spreads the gold of sunset like a tangible substance on the surface of lobelia-blue waters.

The town is located in a cove which is the mouth of a considerable cañon opening at the sea—a cozy, intimate cove from which the hills rise on three sides, attaining the proportion of mountains directly in the rear. From these heights the landscapes drop down in beautiful contours to the edge of the ocean, where the earth breaks off in rocky, colourful cliffs with crescents of narrow golden beach below. There are no crass greens here in the summer season, but only rich soft browns and delicate tans with amethyst shadows, all melting into the gold of cliffs and the limitless blue of sea. The modern additions to the settlement, which spread like open wings to north and south of the cove, are charming architecturally, and are brilliant with fiery trellised bougainvillea, yellow and crimson cannas, and a wilderness of roses and geraniums.

Painters from other art colonies declare that those who have not seen this alluring stretch of coast do not know what really beautiful country is from the standpoint of paintability. The art atmosphere is much the same as that of Gloucester, for though there are no boats and no ancient waterfront buildings, the moving spirit of the sea is present, balanced by the spirit of the warm-toned hills.

But, while Gloucester possesses a unified group of studios, the studios of Laguna are scattered for a distance of two miles up and down the coast. To overcome this disadvantage to sociability and interchange of professional experience, a movement was started toward an art center for

Laguna: Art Colony of the Southwest

resident and visiting painters. A building on the grounds of the old hotel in the cove was secured—a rectangular one-roomed structure with elevated platform at one end, which began its career as a town-hall, becoming by successive stages dance-hall, chapel, and finally art gallery. In June, 1918, the opening reception and exhibition occurred, with twenty artists represented on the walls and seventeen in personal attendance, many parties motoring down from Los Angeles for the event. In August followed the definite organization of the Laguna Beach Art Association, with an active and associate membership list of one hundred and fifty. Throughout the organisation's second season, 1919, a steadily increasing interest has manifested itself, from thirty to fifty artists exhibiting each month. The regular Saturday night "at homes" at the gallery have attracted thousands of visitors.

The gallery, repainted, light-screened, and electrically wired from free-will offerings, is situated at the edge of a romantic old garden within a hundred feet of the sea—a garden carpeted with the green, gold and burnt-orange of rioting nasturtiums, and lighted with masses of scarlet geraniums, lemon-tinted primroses, brown gaillardias, blue morning-glories, purple-red petunias, vari-coloured pinks, snapdragons, corn-flowers, and the like, all offset with patches of shade beneath pine, cypress and fig trees, and a dome-like date palm fringed with gray where the sea wind has ravelled the fiber of each leaf-edge. It is open each day of the long season, with a paid curator in attendance and with printed catalogues of each exhibit.

The organization has no commercial ends, although some of the members continue to teach at Laguna as they have done in the past. Its object is simply to establish a permanent art settlement with a Western spirit. Its main fear now is that of making Laguna too popular. Real estate promoters, such as would bring in railroad connections, are anathema to the majority of the townspeople, for while Laguna enjoys the leisurely spirit of the summer colony, its residents, most of whom share the artist-spirit, cherish the condition of physical aloofness which precludes the intrusion of the wrong type of visitor.

Membership in the Art Association is open to all who are interested in art, at the modest fee of one dollar a year, while exhibition privileges are extended to all members who have painted

at Laguna at any time during the past twenty-three years—the broadest condition possible which yet provides an indispensable restriction. The judges and the hanging committee are changed each month. Productions of all types are eligible, though the limitations of the gallery forbid the acceptance of canvases over a stipulated size or those with frames not conforming to a general type. Still life and figure paintings, also sculptures, gum prints and etchings, appear, but the predominating subject is naturally the landscape in colour, which varies from desert to shore marine, from sierra to sand dune. Most of the canvases are interpretations of strongly individual moods, scenes and seasonal manifestations, and, needless to add, most of them are Western in subject. A Pasadena architect has drawn plans for a beautiful octagonal-shaped gallery, with accessory rooms.

Most distinctively Western landscape art is as yet unappreciated in the East because it is not understood, colours, contours and atmospheres being peculiar to Southwest conditions. This movement, born of a necessity, as all enduring movements are, and located in a section to which all the rest of the world travels at some time or other, is calculated, in its ultimate results, to stimulate a strong school of appreciation as well as of creative achievement.

QUOTING the ever entertaining James Britton: "Gigantic propaganda! Occasionally Mr. Sargent has done a portrait of distinction—*Marquand*, *General Paine*, *Mrs. Inches*, and a few others—but the smug summariness of such an arrogant piece of caricature as the *Wertheimer*, the shallow executorial pomp of the water colours, the nauseating colour of such plein-air efforts as *The Hermit*, the textural falsity of the Egyptian nude and finally the "murals," in Boston—enough said. But now these two latest Boston panels, *The Church* and *The Synagogue*. Leaving their Leyendecker decorative banalities aside—leaving all artistic or inartistic considerations aside, where does Mr. Sargent or where do the Boston Library trustees get the license to place upon the walls of a public institution, in a country tolerant of all religious faiths, a painted argument against Judaism? As an American Christian I resent the aspersion on the creed of a great body of American citizens. Messrs. Trustees, how about this?"



Owned by the Worcester Art Museum
SPRING

BY ODILON REDON

I N THE GALLERIES

DIRECTOR RAYMOND WYER writes as follows about this recent acquisition by the Worcester Museum:

The figure at the left of the canvas is vaguely suggested in a monotone of pale brown, luminous, sometimes almost golden in quality. It has not the realistic character of the flowers in the picture, although it has a peculiar manner, when seen at different times, of alternating between a haunting and a more assertive figure and personality of Byzantine imperturbability. Against the figure is a bunch of flowers, red, yellow, and white, brilliantly painted; and higher to the left of the canvas one or two detached blossoms. The background suggests a sky of a variety of colours in which delicate greens and turquoise blue are informally distributed. A large break of dark blue occupies a considerable space into which one or more crimson flowers of gorgeously rich colour appear to float and meltingly lose themselves, in spite of there being no ordinary method used to soften edges to produce this effect.

The picture is painted with a direct brush and possesses that feeling of improvisation and spontaneous decision characteristic of Redon's work. A black and white reproduction can give little idea of a picture in which colour is so important. It is by the juxtaposition and general arrangement of colour alone that the various incidents of the improvisation come together. The association of these incidents, the incidents themselves possessing a spiritual quality, suggests the relationship between animate and inanimate objects, which is life itself.

As already intimated the unusually imaginative and individualistic artist is apt to use any method to express his ideas, which makes it a little difficult to determine his place in the history of art. Yet Redon is distinctly modern in all respects; in the use of pure clean colour, its direct application, in the attainment of a high scale of light, and the abstract nature of his conception. And these are the essentials that make for contemporary significance today. Artists of this type whose imaginative conception is the outstanding feature of their work, and who have not sacrificed con-



STATUE OF SAMUEL P. COCHRAN
BY DAVID EDSTROM

*Statue, 7 feet high, base in marble about 8 feet, ordered by the Scottish
Rite Consistory of Dallas, Texas, to be raised outside their Cathedral*

In the Galleries



THE WHITE MANTLE

BY PINAZO

temporary methods to express them are rare. And it is for this reason that Redon makes an important contribution to modern French art. There are enthusiasts who believe him to be the greatest colourist in France and in modern times. Even though there is probably some exaggeration in this contention, he undoubtedly will occupy a significant place in the history of æsthetics, particularly in that of Europe.

New York Public Library.—Opportunity to see a set of J. M. W. Turner's *Liber Studiorum* plates in fine impressions (which, of course, is the only way to see them) is rare enough. That in itself was sufficient reason for the exhibition in the print galleries of the New York Public Library during January and February.

The *Liber*, that most notable expression of landscape art in mezzotint engraving, was issued with unevenness as to fineness of impression. The only way in which to get a fine set was to

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select the single prints here and there. That was done in the case of the one acquired by the late Samuel P. Avery, and by him presented to the New York Public Library.

For each plate Turner made a drawing, from which an etching was prepared. This etching served as a framework for mezzotinting in order to get full effect of light and shade and tone and colour suggestion. The result was a series of remarkable pictures, flooded with sunlight and atmosphere. A veritable hymn to the glory of the sun is intoned. Skies similarly form a chapter by themselves. The sea appears in most varying



Owned by University of Pennsylvania

PORTRAIT BUST IN PLASTER
OF PROF. EDWARD DRINKER COPE

BY EUGENE
CASTELLO



Shown at the Frank Rehn Gallery

CORAL
BY HELEN M. TURNER

In the Galleries

aspects. Grandiose mountain scenery and the tranquillity of English rural life, the imaginative setting of mythological subjects and the broad expanse of London, the imposing grandeur of Norham Castle and the homely picturesqueness of a barnyard, the tragedy of the Deluge and the activities of flounder fishermen—these and other contrasts may be found in these prints. They constitute a play upon the whole octave of emotions that may be sounded in the soul of man by the beauties and moods and associations of landscape. There are points of interest here for many minds, for many view-points.

From the technical standpoint, the *Liber* is of the highest interest in its subtle and delicate gradations. It represents the most extensive use ever made of mezzotint for landscape art. The controlling influence which Turner exercised on mezzotinters appears in proofs with written and drawn corrections in pencil by Turner. Some of the subjects, indeed, were wholly mezzotinted by him. The plates are wonderful in their masterly composition, their range of light and shade effects, from the tenderest glow to the darkest shadows, and their wide diversity of subjects.

Montross Galleries.—A pen flourish by Washington has more value than a whole manuscript by an unknown, and so a few little tinted drawings by Cézanne are dubbed water-colours and are on view at the Montross Galleries. Were they not by Cézanne, no one could give them a passing thought, as they are of such slight significance. One or two, however, possess the kernel of an idea, and a few jiggles with the lead are supplemented with some suitable washes of colour cleverly dropped onto the right spots. Such, for instance, is the *Grave Digger*, which might have been done by Thackeray; and a nice composition of four figures occupied with music. A few sketches, catalogued as “bathers,” are merely bare suggestions. There is nothing to hint at the unquestionable greatness of Cézanne, who would be amused to see these scribbled notes of his elevated into an exhibition. So much or so little for a name.

Reinhardt Galleries.—Massey Rhind, the sculptor and a bodyguard of painters, consisting of Edmund Greacen, Glenn Newell, Karl Anderson, H. F. Waltman and Guy Wiggins, have joined sympathetic forces to show the public their work, and the different tendencies and craftsmanship of the artists involved certainly make for variety

and interest, demonstrating alike how small statuary and paintings may be made to agree and each contribute something to the other. The works by Massey Rhind have been well chosen. The Indian scout on a small scale, likewise the poetic rendering of Robert Burns, mingle well with some excellent portraits, one of the artist Ernest Ipsen and of a good-natured old lady being among the strongest. Waltman has some good Adirondack pictures with the snow layers rivalling those of New York City, but purer. Glenn Newell is represented by pictures that while invested with cattle point to a marked advance in his handling of a landscape. Formerly the cattle made the picture, the landscape being merely incidental, but now the same searching quality is extended to both factors on the canvas, his sunlight being more subtle and real. Greacen continues to face delicate tonal problems in portraiture and street scenes; his large study of *Peggy* being very atmospheric and full of charm and reserve. Karl Anderson in his portraits and genre aims at pattern and colour, getting both in marked degree. His Spanish portrait is more than interesting. Another painter has selected snow as his theme, showing different moods of winter, and that is Guy Wiggins, whose colour sense appears to be undergoing a beneficial change particularly noticeable in his mid-November canvas.

An Open Letter.—“I am surprised at the violent denunciation of the Madison Square Memorial Arch which has been rampant in art circles for weeks and which culminated today in the resolution passed by the National Sculpture Society at the conscientious work of a fellow artist whose reputation is made and whose talent is recognized.

“I have no venom in my heart because some of my work does not adorn the arch under bombardment. Therefore, I may be said to be a disinterested and an innocent bystander whose motives in defending this much attacked monument need not arouse suspicion.

“In a small way I lay claim to some knowledge of art matters and it amuses me to see men supposedly cognisant “Of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome” throwing mud at a classical monument on the pretext that it is not new and that it does not reflect the spirit of the day down to the present minute.

“According to these gentlemen the first quality

In the Galleries



A JAPANESE JUGGLER

BY H. H. MOORE

in art is neither line nor proportion but timeliness. I must say that we have been putting steeples on churches for a long time, but I for one am not shocked at the continuance of the practice. I know that Septimus Severus is dead, but I believe that architects who designed the Arc de Triomphe and the Arc du Carrousel in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, also knew this.

"Will any of these gentlemen denounce St. Paul's because it resembles the Pantheon in Rome, or the Madison Square Tower, because it is a replica of the Giralda Tower in Seville?

"It has been said that the arch in Madison Square was not striking enough. I believe one of the gifted critics used the word 'stunning.' I prefer an arrangement that will be unobtrusive and rest the eye to one that will put it out. I believe that we can do better by following in

the wake of artists who have passed the torch of good taste on from hand to hand, through century after century, than to adopt radical theories that portray a passing fancy or fad or a present day need and are as ephemeral as fashions for women.

"The beautiful lives everlastingly. The bizarre lives but for a moment. Art is a language and, while here and there it may gain a new word at intervals of a century or more, the fundamental vocabulary remains the same. Let us not try to coin new words but rather to group and arrange the old words so as to produce a rhythmical measure. Better repeat a brilliant epigram of the ancients than to utter a 'brand new' platitude.

"Mr. Bartlett's monument is a triumphal arch and I, for one, cannot conceive of a form of triumphal arch that would materially depart from



A JAPANESE NOBLEWOMAN
AND CHILD

BY H. H. MOORE



Courtesy Knoedler Galleries
A WATER COLOUR

BY F. BYRON-KUHN

the model bequeathed to us out of the past. It may be that Mr. Bartlett, out of the goodness of his heart, permitted too many trimmings to be added to the monument, and the fault, therefore, is not his if the arch is good in ensemble and bad in detail. Had Mr. Bartlett found a Rude to fashion him a group like that which ornaments the Paris Arc de Triomphe, no doubt the arch would have been bettered instead of damaged. Unfortunately, the Rudes are few and far between. It seems to me, therefore, that it is poor return on the part of the sculptors to besmear the accomplishment of their distinguished confrere, whose labour was one of love and patriotism and whose motives have always been the advancement of beauty and the quickening of the taste of the man on the street.

"How childish it is to make reproach of the fact that the Arch is not modern. Is there anything more modern than our skyscrapers and yet, is there an architect in this city who does not know that that wonderful Gothic pile, the Woolworth Building, which will remain a thing of beauty and a source of joy for generations, is an adaptation of the Cathedral of St. Rombaud at Malines, which, if my memory serves me right, was de-

signed forty years before America was discovered.

"Mr. Bartlett has done a signal service to the cause of art in enlisting the cooperation of the municipal authorities in having deferred to a committee of artists projects which in olden days were left to the tender mercies of politician and contractor. Instead of having his efforts derided, he should receive the thanks of the men of his profession for having lifted to a higher plane the conception of art of this hitherto utilitarian metropolis. Criticism to be of value must be constructive."—*A letter from William Francklyn Paris to the Committee on Art for the Permanent Memorial, City Hall, New York.*

Allied Artists of America.—When the Allied Artists of America, whose seventh annual exhibition was to have taken place in the Fine Arts Building this spring, found themselves homeless, many offers of hospitality were extended. Mr. Kleinberger has placed his spacious galleries at their disposal and recognizing this splendid opportunity of displaying their pictures, the forthcoming exhibition of the Allied Artists promises to be of importance. The exhibition will open on March 15th and continue until April 5th.



ELIZABETH

HOW AN ITALIAN GAVE THE IMPETUS TO WHAT BECAME ELIZABETHAN STYLE

IT was in Tudor times that Elizabethan art had its origin; and to an Italian, Torrigiano, it might be said to owe its birth. On the invitation of King Henry VIII he came to England and there designed one of the most beautiful of human monuments—that to King Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey. Unknowing, the Italian artist had planted the seed of Elizabethan decorative art.

This Torrigiano was a picturesque braggart who boasted of "having broken the nose of the divine Michelangelo himself," and for many years he worked in England with such Italian craftsmen as Girolamo da Trevigi, Giovanni da Majano and the Florentine sculptor, Rovezzano. Together they imbued English art with the fanciful richness of the Italian Renaissance: a style which afterwards—becoming qualified with French, Flemish and later British influences, culminated during

the reign of Elizabeth in what is known as the Elizabethan style.

The reign of the Virgin Queen marked a golden period in British art. With the destruction of the Spanish Armada had entered a sense of security among the people. A growing refinement came—a flow of new wealth too, which, tiding from new, distant lands touched the imagination of the nation. It flowered into a love of beauty, becoming reflected in rich and profuse ceiling decorations, in magnificent staircases, in elaborately carved chimney pieces, in the dark, rich tapestries, velvets and damasks of the period.

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(Continued from page 8)

detain us no longer with his harmless and pleasant little device of painting. It is now wholly his own pastime.

But the layman goes on forever. He sees the little web, perchance reads the little lines, yields, no doubt, a sigh to both, and goes on his healthy, necessary way, saying as he goes, "I know nothing about Art, but I know what I like." The fence has been built around the artist, precisely as the artist planned it, and the layman, still seeking—only half-consciously perhaps—devises new lenses for peering into the mystery and order and beauty of things, and evolves cabarets and movies and women's fashions and other incipient and primitive and sometimes vulgar art forms, which in due time will develop, first into more perfect things then into cults, and finally become superior to the human race for which they were intended and so dry up and blow away, yielding to still newer forms of weightier substance. Whatever he may call it, the layman will have his art. So tremendous is his passion for it that no wall, no fence, no tariff on ideas will deprive him of it.

But happily the treacherous writing-pen of the philosophizing painter may not have traced the narrow and difficult path of truth to its very length. It sometimes happens that the thing he has painted is deeper than the soil and more vital than the thing which crawls across its surface; it may happen that in a performance whose chief aspect to his consciousness was technical, he was the instrument of a human impulse so wide and fundamental that his egotistic modesty permitted it to spill unperceived upon his canvas. Then the joke is upon the artist. For the world, moving in its own good time into possession of the thing he has created, he being no longer present to dispute the matter, fixes its own value and makes its own interpretation. The universal work of art is after all not only *for* the people, but, in the last analysis, *of* the people, and *by* the people, and in its creation the artist, like the paint and brushes, has been merely a necessary incident. The world knows, and at its leisure the world will tell, what the picture means.

And this is half the tale.

The layman has an easy scorn. The earth and the air and the life of his environment are showering him with more of the riches of experience than he can possibly pick up. The performance goes on for three hundred and sixty-five or more days in every year. Why should he go out of his way to see beauty or significance or mystery in things while "the flavor lasts"? He says, "I know nothing about art—I know only what I like."

But if he knows nothing about art, he of course doesn't know what he likes. He has never taken the trouble to find out. He is like the man who did not know whether he could play the violin because he had never tried. For music, literature, architecture, sculpture, and painting are not only art when they have discovered some ultimate human longing and ministered to it. If he is in the condition he describes, it only remains for him to cultivate a thick skin of egotism around his large innocence, and he insures him-

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self against every fresh sensation, every pleasure that is not already old.

But art goes on forever. Beauty lies close to the surface of the great world, and art flows like a mighty spring. It is there if you want it; it is there in any case. It takes the sensations which make up life, filters and clarifies them, and is the epitome of them. Such is the thing the layman misses if he knows too little about art and too much about what he likes. As in the case of the artist, the moment he isolates himself his own joke is upon him. The truth comes into its own, and the referendum of a world of other laymen will go on electing its Giotto's and Rembrandts to immortality—if not today, then to-morrow or another time.

For happily the layman will have his art. His half-sophisticated egotism is a phase. He scents the finer thing, or it may hunt him out. But if he is to possess it as a tangible delight it is likely to cost an effort. Have it as you will, the enjoyment of art at this moment of our civilization does for the most part involve preparation. Society has outgrown the simplicity and penetration of primitive peoples and has not yet achieved the simplicity and breadth of advanced ones. In order to do a wholly normal thing like yielding to the beautiful, we must be at some pains to get ourselves into a normal position at a beginning. We must know nature better than most of us do, or we are in danger of condemning as unreal the finest representations of her subtler moods; we must know art better than most of us do, or half of nature's own clever loveliness may be an undiscovered mine. We must move toward nature, and toward art as well, with a greater trustfulness in the things which are to be revealed to us.

Only without self-consciousness and without cult do we come into the stratum of the cognoscenti. Not with a great bulk of knowledge and information, but with an unencumbered vision; not with a supernormal habit of analysis but with fearlessness for what our eyes may see; not because we have read books in dusty libraries; but because we have consented like children to the sunshine and the rain, have we come to be of the elect. Only of these may it be written that "art is for the elect alone."

Reprinted from the *Bulletin of the Art Institute of Chicago*.

CHINESE PORTRAITS

CURATOR of Far Eastern Art, S. C. Bosch Reitz writes in the *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum* as follows:

An interesting collection of Chinese portraits, the property of Samuel T. Peters, is now on exhibition in H 11, the room where generally Japanese prints are shown. They are the formal, dignified portraits which collectors appreciate for their sober and decorative colour schemes and which adapt themselves so well to our homes because they fill their place without unduly opening vistas and holes in the wall to the detriment of the architecture of the room.

Besides these excellent qualities they have also the more human ones of admirable characterization and great personality; they must have been perfect likenesses and show us the Chinese men and women of bygone ages not as poets and

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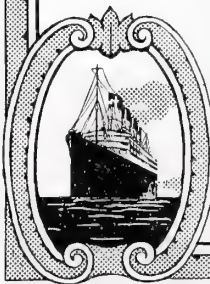
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artists wished them to look, or as perhaps they themselves fondly believed they were like, but the people as they really were and as their relations and friends saw them. It strikes the observer immediately how un-Chinese they look; some of the women might come straight from a New England town, others are the types we daily meet. The reason perhaps is that they were posthumous portraits of which the exact likeness was the principle object; besides, the sitter, him or herself, had no say in the matter.

The reason why the likeness was considered all-important, even to the extent that the faces had often to be repainted if the family was not thoroughly satisfied, is that their first use was at the funeral, when the portrait was hung on the wall over the catafalque and was supposed to serve more or less like the Ka figures in Egyptian tombs, as a resting place for the deceased spirit, which was present, though it had left its earthly form.

After the burial the portrait was hung up in the ancestral hall, and specially venerated on New Year's day and anniversary days; sometimes in rarer cases of prominent families it was transferred to the temple dedicated to the worship of the ancestors of the clan.

The portrait was rarely painted during the life of the sitter; generally after death the artist was called in. It was successful, thanks to the admirable artistic memory of the Far Eastern painter, who is accustomed to make a picture at home after having taken in all the details before nature, or the copy of a picture after having studied it for a time in a friend's home.

For the greater part, the portraits are of the Ming period and represent men and women seated in the same conventional pose and in arm-chairs of the same style. The costumes in many cases indicate the wearer's rank or position; they are, like the faces and hands, treated in flat tones without cast shadows or light effects, the patterns of the brocades and the ornaments of the jewelry carefully drawn, the form simply indicated by the contour and the lines of the features and folds. Notwithstanding the almost complete absence of half-tones or modelling, perhaps because of that, the effect is very much like Holbein's portraits, always dignified, and though often the faces are by no means handsome, they are never caricatures.

At the same time are shown some other Chinese portraits which are earlier, mostly Sung, but not of the same class, portraits in the sense we attach to the word, made during life and rendering people in freer attitudes as they went about. These were hung up in the house, used as other paintings and in the same way as we do.

There is also part of a remarkable genealogy of the Chou family which shows two of their most prominent members and gives an account of the honors they received.

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DIRECTOR RAYMOND WYER of the Worcester Art Museum writes as follows in their bulletin upon old masters:

The effect Leonardo da Vinci had on contemporary as well as later art, observable in the works of analogists and imitators, is remarkable when we take into consideration the vast influence of Venetian painting prevailing in Italy during Leonardo's time. His influence was not important in the sense that any of his direct disciples can be said to have attained supreme significance although it did affect the trend of the work of some of the more distinguished artists, among whom may be mentioned Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo and Ridolfo Ghirlandaio.

Milan, of all the cities in Italy, was the most susceptible to the art of da Vinci, many painters coming under the spell, including Ambrogio de Predis, Boltraffio, and Solario. Among those who did not wholly surrender their independence these three artists are conspicuous, and if, according to some authorities, certain pictures of a contentious character are by Boltraffio, he must be classed as one of the important, if not the most important, of Leonardo's direct followers. He, perhaps more than any other, emerged superior to the influence of Leonardo, whereas Luini, beginning with much promise, can be cited as the brilliant head of those who succumbed to the alluring manner of da Vinci. At the same time it must be remembered that the position of Ambrogio de Predis has been vastly improved by recent discoveries, and, if other attributions are sustained, he deserves a very high place in the list of those who were not entirely dominated by Leonardo. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the relative merit of da Vinci and Ambrogio de Predis is not absolutely settled, the verdict depending chiefly upon the authorship of the two versions of the *La Vierge aux Rochers*, respectively in the National Gallery and the Louvre.

In Ambrogio's work, as in that of many painters strongly influenced by da Vinci, there are to be found characteristics reminiscent of other painters. And even much of that which appears to be a pure Leonardo strain, is in reality an influence indirectly acquired through some artist of power who had personally knelt at the altar of the great Milanese; the importance of the influence depending chiefly in each case upon the character of the medium through which it was transmitted.

A good illustration of a painter with a marked affinity to Leonardo, yet who was obviously subjected to other influences, is to be found in Bernardino da Conti. Both Leonardo and de Predis appear to have made an impression on this comparatively little known artist. Moreover, we find in a work by Bernardino da Conti an indirect as well as a direct influence from da Vinci; in the first place resulting from Bernardino's contact with the master himself and secondly inculcated through de Predis, becoming somewhat changed during the process. Morelli particularly points out the affinity of Bernardino da Conti's later portraits with the earlier works of Ambrogio de Predis. Examples by him have been attributed to both Leonardo and Ambrogio

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de Predis, and also works suggestive of Boltraffio have been accredited to da Conti. But these have not been positive attributions and the writer believes they are unjustified. There is, however, such a continual hop, skip, and jump in regard to these assignments that it becomes difficult to know who is the last new "attributor" and what is his latest attribution. And even though we are aware of the most up-to-date declaration it is difficult to decide whether it is more reliable than previous ones, for each contention is proved up to the hilt.

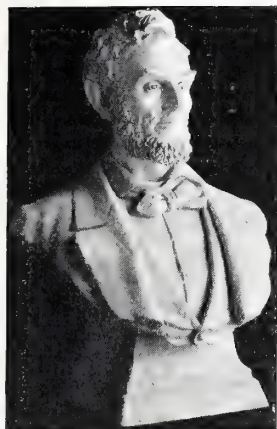
It is believed that Bernardino da Conti received his first training from Vincenza Foppa; the brownish-red flesh tints and the arrangement of draping in certain works point to the school of Foppa. Speaking generally and comparatively, he was a mechanical painter, but owing to the influence of very vital contemporary forces, produced works of distinct value regarding period significance. Yet in spite of his susceptibility the art of Bernardino da Conti has certain peculiarities in detail and in spirit of intimacy which belong alone to the work of this little-known Milanese artist.

Filippo Lippi is another artist whose influence was extensive. In many ways he had a more vital bearing on contemporary and subsequent art than did Leonardo. Speaking comparatively, the art of da Vinci was not a source of great vitality to followers. Indeed it is a character of expression wherein its author exhausts its possibilities in giving it life, but in its original state is superb and intensely attractive.

To determine where virtuous character begins and ends is not an easy matter, and it is as difficult to eliminate the shortcomings of a race, or its most sensitive expression—art—as of an individual, without destroying the compelling qualities. For example, the advent of humanism, a development without which the world would be minus the art contribution of Italy in the fifteenth century, appears later as a deterrent in its extreme expression, namely, an uncompromising realism born of technical precocity and exaggerated individualism. These material manifestations tended to atrophy the faculty of discrimination, i. e., the power to determine true values, and to destroy the human courage to be honest enough to uphold them even when recognized; a condition that has experienced no sustained modification up to the present time. And subconsciously aware of our inferiority, in defense of ourselves and our ideas we have created a plane of sophistry upon which we live our illogical lives.

In the development of humanism Masaccio has an important place, and in the evolution of art he occupies a position almost as significant as that of Giotto. The latter must always be considered supreme in an æsthetic sense and because his work is a greater contribution to concrete expression than that of any other artist, and therefore a more vital document in the evolution of intellectual thought.

Fra Filippo Lippi was particularly influenced by Masaccio who, in spite of his importance, logically carried forward and in certain respects modified the true principles of art emphasized by Giotto.



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after leaving the convent about 1431, and Masaccio was the first inspired recorder of facts without the hindrance of tradition. Filippo Lippi, more than any other artist of his time, broke loose from ecclesiastical bondage. In his art we find a compromise between reality and idealism—an idealism that retains a maximum of the physical truths of the forms upon which it is based. For the first time we have a human interpretation of a religious theme, whereas Fra Angelico in his art approaches the essence of religious fervour, the human element being at a minimum. In the work of Fra Filippo there is a keen sense of the decorative as well as masterly execution—comparatively modern in spirit. He aimed at expression above all things whether in his painting of Madonnas, who are always serious but unworried, or in his children, who convey a spirit of lightheartedness. He attained a roundness of form but lacked variety in his types. One often feels monotony in this respect, yet he is never devoid of life, and is always poetically and gayly suggestive of youth both in landscape and figure painting. Filippo was to Masaccio what Masaccio was to Giotto.

Vasari wrote "the spirit of Masaccio seems to have entered the body of Fra Filippo." This is quite true, for not only do we find that disregard for convention in drawing, so much in evidence in the works of Masaccio, but also the animated spirit, and individual character found in his figures. With all this there is a note that pervades his art which has more to do with idealism than realism—an insistent note of rare beauty and refinement with a tinge of religious sentiment—the latter quality chiefly derived from Fra Angelico and due partly to the influence of his religious life, checked though it was. The story has been often told of how he would watch Masaccio paint for hours, and of the time he spent in studying frescoes in the Chapel of the Brancacci, begun by Masolino da Panicale and finished by his pupil Masaccio. Whether Fra Filippo really had religious conviction or whether his interest in the frescoes was solely an aesthetic one, is difficult to decide.

There have not been many artists subject to the strong influence of powerful personality who have preserved their originality to such a degree as did Filippo Lippi, and Botticelli, master and pupil. They received much from each other without impairing their respective individual qualities.

Fra Filippo, as in the case of so many artists and men of learning, owed much of his success and public recognition to the support of the Medici. According to Vasari, Filippo Lippi was first known to Cosimo de Medici through his *Coronation of the Virgin*, which he was commissioned to paint in 1434; but by other writers it is thought he must have met Cosimo before this time, as a *Nativity* now in the Florence Academy was painted for Cosimo's wife at an earlier date than the *Coronation of the Virgin*. It is also suggested that in 1433, when Cosimo de Medici was banished to the city of Padua, Filippo accompanied him and did some painting, which no longer exists, in the church of Saint Antonio in that city. It is, however, pretty well established that Filippo found a patron in Cosimo soon

that on Cosimo's triumphant return to Florence after his banishment, Filippo was in high favour, so much so that even his unconventional habits were looked upon with indulgence and his many escapades condoned.

It is interesting to compare the two recent acquisitions of the Worcester Art Museum, both of which are reproduced—one by Bernardino da Conti and the other closely suggestive of Filippo Lippi. They are similar subjects. *Madona and Child*, one with a landscape background and the other with architectural setting. In conception these two pictures are entirely different. They express respectively the spirit of the Milan and Tuscan schools. In the Filippo Lippi we find a serenity and joyous character typical of Florentine art, and the Bernardino da Conti expresses the somewhat brooding, intimate and serious moods of the school of Milan.

The example which we have acquired is very close to Filippo Lippi, unquestionably from his atelier. It is a satisfying picture and can be described as one with all-round qualities. A complete command of material is in evidence, and popularly understood characteristics are present. Yet the religious spirit is there to an extent that precludes our saying that the author used a religious theme solely to make a picture. The means and the end are well balanced. The religious intention was there as the painter worked. The picture under discussion is not an unusual example of this cycle of Florentine art. Indeed nearly all expressions of this phase have so much in common that it is not as easy to find an unusual example as in other schools of the same period. The composition is graceful—we realize this the more we study the picture—graceful not only in the forward incline of the Madonna towards the infant, who is held so tenderly, but in the treatment of the folds of the drapery, the discriminate arrangement of colour, and in the refined painting of the child, particularly the exquisite drawing of the hands and the face of the Madonna. With all of these qualities—*aesthetically* subtle and physically obvious—there is a spiritual sentiment which combines to make it a painting that will find favour with the art student as well as with the more casual observer who visits the Museum.

The example of Bernardino da Conti will fail to make so much of an appeal in a general sense, as the one from the atelier of Fra Filippo. In the first place it has not the brilliancy, neither has it the sophistication. In the usual conception of the term it is not attractive—nothing has been done to cater to a love for the obvious in colour, composition, or in the choice of type, but there is an intimacy which is irresistible to the one who is willing to study the panel with an open mind. A charming angularity in the position of the figures is a characteristic peculiar to many examples of this cycle. There is a *naïveté* that suggests a painter or school thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the subject, without excessive technical ability, and with little knowledge of the ways of men; a combination of conditions not conducive to wide popularity. The landscape is treated with restraint—not the restraint due to training

(Continued on page 10)

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APRIL 1920

A ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER AN APPRECIATION BY WALTER DE S. BECK

IN a time like the present, when the world is in ferment, the life of Albert Pinkham Ryder is as important a study as is any matter that concerns the state, for this man stands out as a flaming pillar in the darkness, to guide us toward peace. His work makes us forget selfishness and teaches that truth is best, that beauty is indeed the source of rest, that refinement is the one thing in which we can luxuriate unstintedly.

The man Ryder never had the limelight turned upon him, he lived in obscurity; the mechanism, the details of mere living seemed in his way, for he was ever seeking God. When New York slept and the Hudson was black with night, he sought the Palisades and walked hatless, forgetful of self, seeking the revelation that is in moonlight. Christ on the mountain saw the same rays, fathomed the same message and derived from it the same strength.

Ryder's friends say of him: He had no religion; he was religious; he had no art as he was art." He was religion and he was art and they were one. Does not that make him a reincarnation of Giotto or Fra Angelico? He had their secret of strength, which is the religious spirit, and it was the beauty of Ryder's spirit that in his pictures is their charm. Our country needs men like this one; we should have them in every walk of life to spread honesty and good work.

The artist is a student of Nature and she offers him a continuous revelation of truth and beauty for his investigation. While thus "forming his character," he is not led astray by "interests" or by formulæ, rarely is he hampered by dogma and tradition; he thinks straight because his impressions are direct. There is no profession in which

the worker aims higher in the direction of excellence and is at the same time as indifferent as to his material reward. What honesty equals this? Does the Church possess it? Can the schools claim it in the same measure? Is it to be found in business? And yet, unless the nation encourages that spirit there can be no peace. Since that is true, Ryder may even be cited as a prophet; his works speak like the voice of a Sibyl, although for a time he may meet the fate of Cassandra.

America's great men have usually come from humble homes. Our artist's people were fisher-folk from New Bedford, Massachusetts, and we know little of them, except that they became tradesmen and did not possess his art instincts. He was born in that New England town in 1847, but if we attempt to read his life by means of his canvases, we are so caught up by their mystic charm as to fancy that the artist really was a spirit wandered in from the sea, to live and toil some seventy years, bringing to canvas as no other mortal could, the salt sea, the sea of mist, the sea of light.

That Ryder should have developed more as a painter than a draughtsman is one of the enigmas of his life, as during the time of his young manhood the painting done in our country was generally like the tinting of drawings, while on the other hand every encouragement for the development of drawing was to be had in the public's interest in engraving that was then remunerative. He studied in the National Academy, under William E. Marshall, the painter and engraver. Training of such nature at that time usually led to a life of illustrating first and painting later, as was the lot of the majority of contemporary American artists. Ryder, however, was not interested in the passing events of the moment, in the play and movement of daily life, and he was not prolific in invention—two mental qualifica-



THE RACETRACK

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

BY ALBERT P. RYDER

Albert Pinkham Ryder: An Appreciation

tions most necessary to the illustrator—nor was our artist likely to take from his master either ideals, likeness of subject matter or much technique, as the two men were temperamentally at variance. It is a curious phenomenon that when a human being drawn along fine lines is born where materialism is gross, he invariably reaches out to metaphysics and, if he has artistic ability, he becomes a mystic. Such a nature early finds itself out of even the possibility of contact with the mind-atmosphere about him, and intuitively, in consequence, he soon experiences and ever holds that consciousness of God that comes to the average man only in moments of a great crisis. Seen through the mental processes of one so stirred and so formed nature is not realistic—has neither fact, foundation nor stability; it is to him the word spoken by Divinity.

To the youthful Ryder the academy instruction must have seemed rather a hindrance than a Pilgrims' Progress, as the rendering of definite problems could never have been engaging to him. The educator, of course, sees that the technical training was necessary and probably had Ryder developed in an art academy, such as the Old World possessed in abundance, he might have laid a foundation to his art that would have made possible to him expression of even greater force and range than he has attained, but no school, no country, however filled with the glow of art, could have added to his perfect sense of tone, or could have improved the quality of his colour and the perfection of his balance, nor could it have increased the music of his rhythm.

A public, uninitiated in the psychology of an artist so endowed, might expect Ryder to seek expression in definite subject matter as did Doré, whose huge painted illustrations of Bible subjects are generally known, or perhaps it might seem natural that he should seek to emulate the painters of religious subjects that have made the Renaissance glorious. This conception would be far from the truth; to Ryder a subject of a religious character was not necessary to express his religious sentiment. Acquaintance with his work shows that his *Pegasus* has as much of his "God-spirit" as has his *Jonah*; his very trees are angels, his stones altars, his rivers are hallowed waters.

Due to his mental processes, Ryder prospered in teeming New York, since to him the crowd was sound, influence, suggestion, but not reality. Sound is stimulating; to an evil mind it may

suggest commitment of an evil deed; to a mind filled with spiritual light, it translated the city's rumbling into a chorus of winged souls. To one so endowed the five million lives of the great city but emphasize his immeasurable isolation, and there is awakened no desire for loud utterance or far-flung expression of what he thinks and feels; on the contrary, much of his thought-painting remains locked in the recesses of his soul. Ryder's pictured worlds are usually not a foot square in actual dimensions, and his largest canvas measures not a yard. The work of his life-time is easily housed in a very small gallery. It may be that to such art lovers as have accustomed themselves to decorative treatment to be found in our newest art development, the inspiration of which is Eastern and which seeks expression in copious spacings, the dimensions of Ryder's work are disappointing, but, although he has an intuitive perception of the decorative, his is essentially a depth-art that improves by being kept within eye-filling areas. This characteristic accounts for the time he required to complete his pictures. His *Macbeth and the Witches* had been more than twelve years in the making when the owner claimed it, but it was taken back by the artist and worked upon until his death. Other American artists have had this virtue of thoroughness—notably, Inness and St. Gaudens, whose masterpieces are a constant source of inspiration to our people, but none had the endurance possessed by Ryder. Literature offers a parallel in the growth and development of Grey's "Elegy."

There is something in the weaving process of the brush and colour work by Segantini that reminds one of Ryder's art, but the great Italian's painting was conscious workmanship, whereas Ryder shows oblivion of self and the attainment of the perfect expression of concentric conclusive thought. Whatever technical manipulation the master may have used—the broad brush, the fine camel's hair brush, the varnish-flattened oil medicine, scraping, glazing—whatever may have been his method, the effect produced is that of Arachne's threads densely paralleled, a technique finer than the touch in miniature painting on ivory. Yet he was vehemently temperamental as is attested to in the majority of his canvases, and it may be accounted a miracle that he could sustain such a state of feeling to the finish. His picture *The Sea* shows this excellence: it pictures rocks, waves, clouds and light. All is agitation,



BY ALBERT P. RYDER

GAY HEAD

Albert Pinkham Ryder: An Appreciation

the ocean is breathing, the light plays wildly about the rocks and black clouds pound commotion into the whole. He might have named it "Pan Lives."

When alone with God there came to him a revelation that he translated to us in *Night and the Sea*. Here he seems to make the ocean personify man; the driven, the restless soul of him is bound up in this heaving floating mass, over which hangs a vaporous curtain drawing to one side sufficiently to reveal a sky so full of calm, of soothing light as to seem like an answer to prayer. Ryder's moods are like the Psalms of David, and Father Tabb has not uttered in brief verse more with less material than has Ryder in his picture of *Night*—a small canvas in which can be distinguished three tones and the light of a star. This rendering of a phase of nature is illuminating to such a degree as to out-state any fact that realistic art may give us, as here life is revealed. This superb simplicity is also felt in the marine he has called *Moonrise*, in which again nature speaks, man being but the incident. The motive of this picture seems to be the expression of motion: a boat sails, a cloud floats, the sea-faced earth revolves moonward, but all of these limitless functions are performed with measured ceremony, sanctification and benediction from the Most High. A white cloud by its character reveals His presence.

If America ever produces an art colony, it will make its appearance in a community where good music is heard, where no substitutes for music are countenanced, where the heart is so often touched by song-thoughts as to break into utterance in form, in colour, in word. The creative life needs the proper atmosphere. Ryder's *Forest of Arden* would make a good nucleus for the material that would sustain the spirit of such a colony; it holds within itself music. Apollo might have played it; the Minnesingers might have sung it. We know Brahms has given it orchestral expression; the landscape has this great composer's lines and masses, it has his clear light, the onrush of his motive is all there in Ryder's brook and meadow, the control is in his detail; every musical movement is there, translated in the technique of the brush.

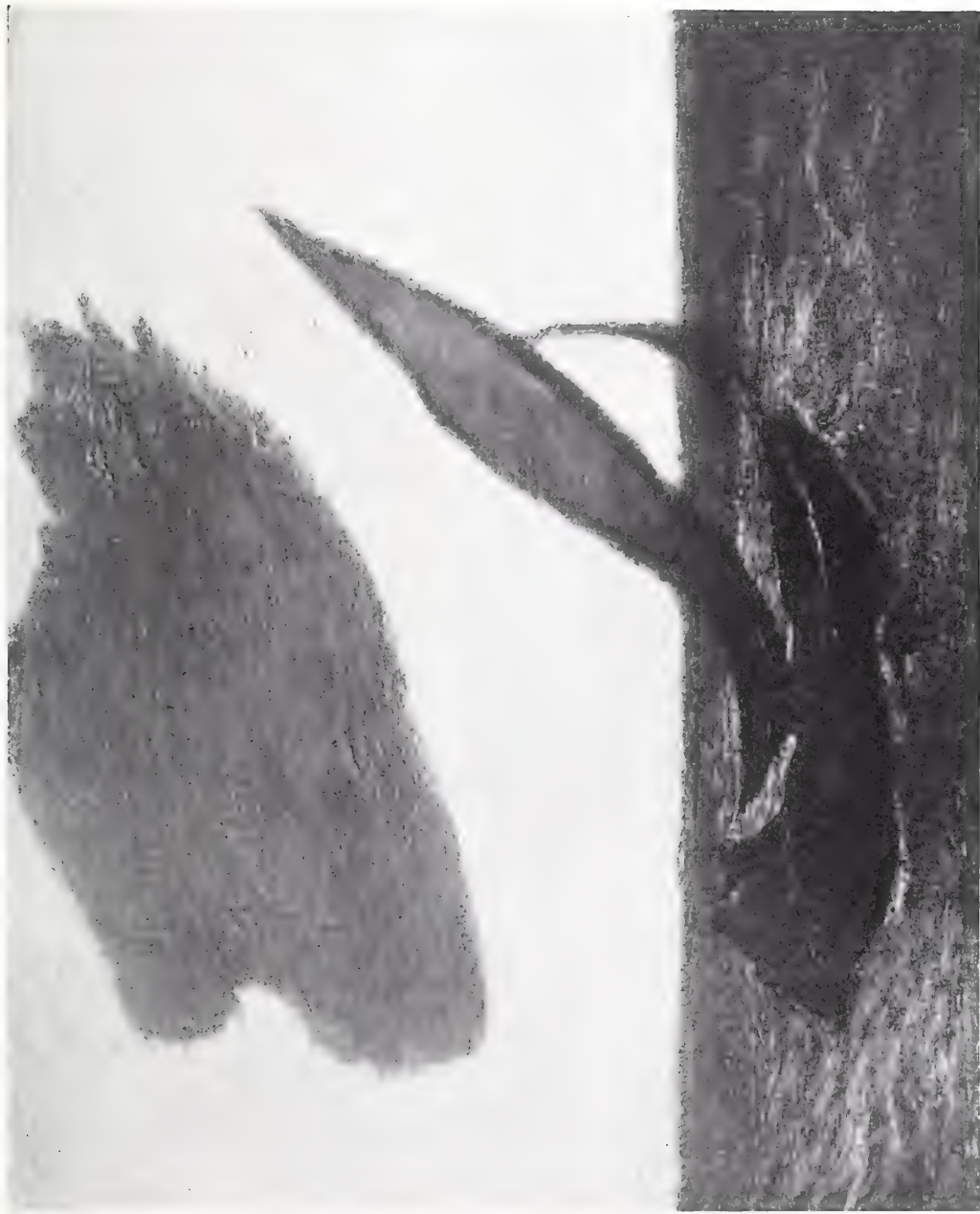
Yet Ryder did not seek chamber music or symphony concert, he seems never to have formed such a habit. His friends, however, knew of his devotion to Wagnerian opera. Nature could give

him the symphonic but not the romantic in music, as he needed it to stimulate him. There were two canvases in the exhibition of his work, held at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York, in the spring of 1919, in which he has given us his enthusiasm for this form of musical expression. They were *The Flying Dutchman* and *Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens*, both dramatic, luxuriating in movement kept under control of the musical director's baton. This unusual understanding is strangely successful. Painting that reflects the theatre is theatrical but need not be less art on that account. A few of Ryder's pictures are in a sense a stage brought down to inches; the life, the scene, the acting in a stage area eighty feet wide and proportionately high have been reduced by him to a miniature with nothing lost in the reduction. The action is kept, the story clear, the impression intensified, the art fascinating.

Ryder's echo of Wagner's music was not hero-worship; rather was it obedience to the gesture of the master. Great creative movements in art follow closely upon great literary movements: musical composition in turn is stimulated by great literature; at times music is born because of great painting and sculpture, and the modern art of the chisel and the brush has had its soul-flame kindled by music and by literature's inspirational triumphs.

European artists are often blessed with talent in two arts, usually painting and music, and they are compelled to choose between the professions in order that one of the talents may find its full development. America is not without similar phenomena, expressed in terms of painting and literature, as in the case of George Inness, Millet, and numerous painters and illustrators of the past three decades. Curiously enough Ryder was impelled to poetic expression in the belief that he would be able to say more in poetry than in painting, but he did not keep the verse he wrote, it came into being and was lost, only a few poems having survived and been printed. They were made to amplify the thoughts he had expressed in colour. *The Voice of the Forest*, *The Wind*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *The Passing Song*, place him among the minor poets of America.

At times, not often, Ryder "went to Nature" in the ordinary sense—that is as a student who desires merely to write down the things he sees,



UNDER A CLOUD

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



FOREST OF ARDEN
BY ALBERT P. RYDER



TOILERS OF THE SEA
BY ALBERT P. RYDER

Albert Pinkham Ryder: An Appreciation

to familiarise and refresh himself with the facts of nature. *Gay Head* is an excellent name for a canvas executed in this mood, where he gives us truthfully the aspect of nature as she appears to a man under the spell of a happy day with friends.

Friends of art and of artists—they too are born, not made; without them no artist works for long. Ryder had a few intimates who understood the man, careless though he was of conventions; they say of him: "He gave us more than he received." A delightful conversationalist, he was not burdened with theories, was neither a disputant nor an intellectual or spiritual heavy-weight.

It was not what he said but what he was that gave joy to his friends and made them feel that a great soul like Christ had been among them. In all things of the spirit he was rich, in the virtue of generosity he was hopelessly lavish, yet he was not poor in the sense that he was in need, and in this respect the community need not reproach itself. If a sincere artist is poor it is because the mentality of the people among whom he lives is poorer still!

A visitor to the Metropolitan Museum of Art sauntering through the series of paintings from the fifteenth century to our times finds in the American room half a dozen canvases by Ryder—landscapes, the *Macbeth* and that unique picture of the *Race Track*. A mind filled with the gilded gesso conventions of the primitives, the wonderful brush technique of the Italians, Tintoretto, Veronese and their school, the facility of Rubens and Van Dyck, the depth art of the Dutch, is caught by this sermon of Ryder's pictorially expressed and the observer asks the question, "What is it that makes the work of Ryder so eminently worth while?; to what shall we attribute its strong and deep appeal? Is it not this message, the content of his thought, that rises above gold ornamentations, above skill in any form? It is not easy to pass this landscape, this setting for the fleeing forms of the white horse with its skeleton rider, this flash of passage through the serene and lovely sunlit rolling country.

Now that this great artist is gone, his work is more generally known, his circle of friends increases. We love him for his lovers, for the meadows, the brooks, the romantic tree; we delight in his leaden cloud and sky and the cool, sweet demi-lighted places he has painted rest us.

We are entranced by his spirit world, this place of tone where, as in his *Macbeth*, three gray women sit and plot the lives of men. This spirit world is a place where witches thrive, it is a sea, quiet like eternity on whose black swell glides the phantom ship with the souls that cannot die; it is the place of the human soul seen by introspection, where health and lassitude creep apace, where fancy keeps edging yet shunning fact, where the ego is seeking prenatal life or, like Sir Galahad, longing for the perfection whose reward is the Holy Grail.

FFIFTH AVENUE WEEK, APRIL 5 to 10, 1920

INAUGURATING AN ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL EVENT:—To emphasize the commercial and artistic importance of the Fifth Avenue Section through graphic exhibits and demonstrations of the extent, variety and character of the fine and applied arts which are making New York the art and fashion center of the world.

Fifth Avenue Week is founded on the belief that the perception of the beautiful in commerce must make for a finer citizenship and that quality merchandise, inwrought with the love of good workmanship, offers a stimulus comparable to the fine arts. This week has an importance and a significance beyond the interests of any one section. Its appeal will eventually prove nationwide, bringing to the most glorious street in the world an influx of tourists from every quarter of the globe. The features which have been emphasized during Fifth Avenue Week are: 1. Specially arranged window displays by merchants in the Fifth Avenue section. 2. Special exhibitions of fine and applied arts with the cooperation of art dealers, art societies and designers. 3. Special night illumination of streets and stores. 4. Decorating Fifth Avenue and adjoining streets. 5. Publicity through Fifth Avenue Week supplements and special articles in newspapers and magazines. 6. Civic cooperation with the Board of Education and universities to hold lectures and exhibits during Fifth Avenue Week for the purpose of showing the relationship of commerce to art and the civic ideals.

Mr. Marrion Wilcox, who is the father of the idea, wrote "The Kinsay of New York," to explain the principles and ideals involved. See *March issue*.



HAPPY HOURS
BY VALENTINO MOLINA



TO THE LAND OF SIP-O-PHE
BY JULIUS ROLSHOVEN

Sip-o-phe, meaning Shadowland, is the poetic conception of this important painting by Rolshoven, who has in a mighty epic depicted the passing of the Red Man. It is truly the Odyssey of the race and homeric throughout. No painter has hitherto made this great conception his own and furnished the world with such a splendid valediction. The mounted figure in brilliant light in the foreground on a snow-white steed is War Eagle, who with his great company of real and phantom followers is journeying towards the Great Divide. It is to be hoped that the picture will not follow the band to Sip-o-phe, but will find a dignified resting place in one of our great national galleries, for which it is eminently fitted.

THE STUDIO

THE BIRMINGHAM GROUP:
ARTHUR J. GASKIN AND JOSEPH
SOUTHALL. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

THE development of the Birmingham group of artists has been so linked with the Birmingham School of Art that it is impossible to dissociate them. Southall is the only one of the group who was not directly under the school's influence: but his long friendship with Gaskin brought him into the same circle. ♦ ♦ ♦

It is more than thirty years since the appointment of Mr. Taylor as head master inaugurated a new chapter in the school's history. The result was a break with the traditions of South Kensington, and a degree of initiative which brought the

school into the front rank. Gaskin was the leader of the innovators. First as a brilliant student, then as teacher, then as organizer of the classes which were to develop into the Jewellers' School, of which he is the head: his personality was a dominant factor in the school's progress. ♦ ♦

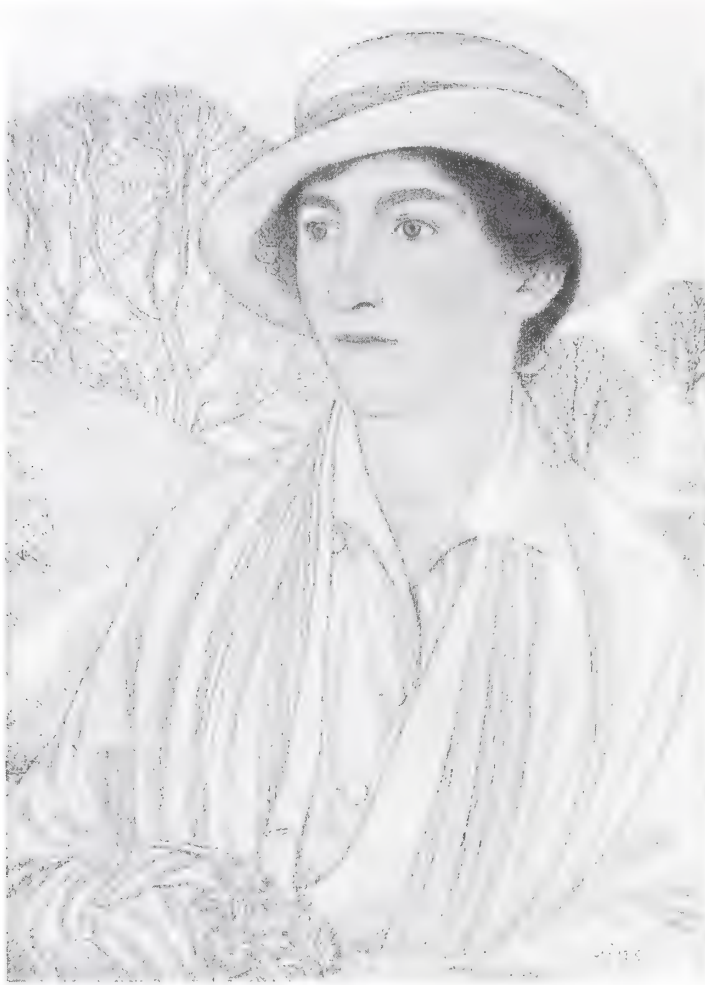
At this time Birmingham was strongly influenced by the work of its famous townsman, Burne-Jones, who found time to visit the School of Art fairly frequently, and was personally known to the senior students and the staff. He emphasized the teaching of Ruskin and Morris; and it was in such an atmosphere that Gaskin developed. ♦

Alongside his work of teaching, the impulse to create was always active in Gaskin. He won his first considerable recognition



"BURFORD." FROM A PASTEL
BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

THE BIRMINGHAM GROUP



PORTRAIT. FROM A TINTED DRAWING BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

by decorative book illustrations. The best of these were twelve designs for the "Shepherd's Calendar," printed at the Kelmscott Press; but Morris's death checked this work at a critical point. He worked hard at oil-painting and reached a standard of skill in colour and design, and revealed a capacity for patient, persevering work, which promised great things. His picture *The Annunciation*, painted in 1898, is a notable achievement. ♦ ♦ ♦

At this point the difficulty arose of finding work well enough paid to promise a secure and reasonable living. There was no living wage for such black-and-white work as the "Shepherd's Calendar" drawings; with Morris's death the demand be-

came even more precarious and was almost exclusively for less carefully studied work, done quickly, at a competitive price. Oil-painting on the lines of *The Annunciation* was even more precarious. Such work must be produced slowly, and must command a high price if it is to be the basis of a living; and if one or two such pictures should fail to sell promptly there is trouble. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

So that when the offer came of the Head Mastership of the fully constituted Jewelers' School, it was accepted, and its work became a first call on Gaskin's energy and enthusiasm, leaving only fairly ample leisure for definitely creative work. ♦

But if this curtailing of production is,



"JANET." TINTED DRAWING
BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN



PORTRAIT. FROM A DRAW-
ING BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

THE BIRMINGHAM GROUP



"THE FOOD QUEUE." WATER-COLOUR BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL

on some grounds, to be regretted, it has had its compensations. Discipline had been submitted to, and considerable mastery secured, and if the later work is somewhat of a relaxation from school routine, it has all the holiday mood of a boy let out of school. It has been done with such zest and freshness that it radiates an atmosphere of youth which is stimulating and fascinating. The portraits reproduced are typical of a large number done in recent years, varied in treatment and mood, and distinguished by a mastery of pure rhythmic line and scholarly draughtsmanship, which is never absent from even his slightest work. They reveal a serenity of mind and an integrity of craftsmanship which have been an entirely wholesome and stimulating influence throughout the school. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

If the division of Gaskin's energies between school and studio has limited the quantity of his creative work, his income as a teacher has saved him from the temptation to paint and draw with his finger on the pulse of the market, as so many have to whose bread and butter entirely depend on popularity and sales. ♦ ♦ ♦

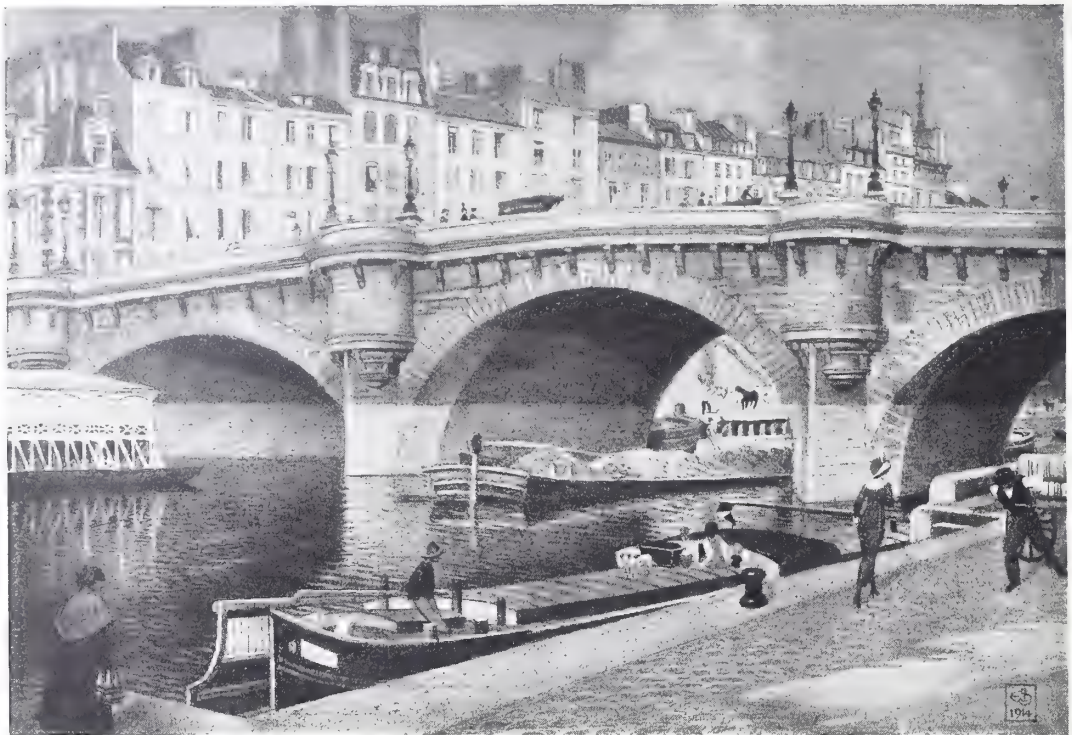
Southall's career has been a single-minded pursuit of a clearly defined aim: an ideal kept steadily in view, in spite of difficulties, too little sympathy, and mani-

fold temptations to do easier things which he had no heart for. ♦ ♦ ♦

Through some Arundel prints he came under the spell of the Italian primitives before he was twenty, and this influence was strengthened by a visit to Italy a few years later, when he became interested in tempera painting. Ruskin's influence was already strong, and he went to Italy to see the works of the early painters, with the writings of Ruskin as his guide, and on his return painted a very satisfactory panel in tempera, dated 1884. Soon after this he came under Ruskin's personal influence, which encouraged him, and established him in his principles. ♦ ♦ ♦

Because of the technical difficulties of tempera it was set aside for awhile, but thanks to help from Sir William Richmond, and the encouragement of a few friends, it was again taken up in 1892, and has never since been abandoned. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Italian primitives, Ruskin, and tempera were the chief formative influences in Southall's art, but his own very strong personality absorbed these influences, and produced an artistic point of view which is unique and very interesting. Southall belongs to no school and is nobody's imitator. Seeing his work in Paris, it is difficult to "place" it, or to be sure of its country, century, or school, unless some



"PONT NEUF, PARIS." WATER-COLOUR BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL

ultra-modern pair of boots gives the show away. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

A second visit to Italy with Gaskin in 1897 served to confirm him in his sympathies and to extend his knowledge. ♦

Southall is essentially a designer in colour, and, as mere colour pattern, a collection of his pictures has a character which stands alone in modern art. One of his typical pictures depends hardly at all on shading or blending of one colour into another, but on the juxtaposition of pieces of pure colour, each with a definite quality, each occupying its allotted space, and making its contribution to the harmony of the whole. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

General unfamiliarity with the particular quality of tempera colour, and an ignorance of its special merits of purity and brilliance, have prevented Southall's pictures being popular, and have often subjected him to the most pathetic appeals to abandon qualities for which he had striven, as for pearls of great price, and to strive for a sort of

popular prettiness he would be ashamed to have achieved. Through it all he has serenely held his own course, doing the things he likes doing, in the way he likes doing them. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Like many another artist with a sense for decoration Southall has fretted under the lack of scope for larger work. A panel in true fresco on the staircase of the Birmingham Art Gallery shows the scale on which he would like to work, but such work is not possible without commissions, and they are not forthcoming. ♦ ♦ ♦

A very gratifying success was a one-man show of his work in Paris in 1910, which was a very welcome piece of encouragement. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Old Fisherman, reproduced here, gives as good an idea of the quality of tempera colour as can be attained in the medium of colour-printing, but it does not show the influence of the Italian primitives clearly enough to be typical. ♦

LAURENCE W. HODSON



THE
STU-
DIO

"THE OLD FISHERMAN."
FROM THE TEMPERA PAINT-
ING BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL.



"THE SISTERS." FROM
THE TEMPERA PAINTING
BY JOSEPH SOUTHALL



CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILT EBONY
ROOD BEAM IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
ALDERSHOT. BY J. H. BONNOR

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION. BY A. ROMNEY GREEN

IT was only very shortly before his death that the late Mr. John Houghton Bonnor began to receive anything like the recognition that his genius and achievements deserve. For this, besides the usual apathy of the public, there were, as I think, three principal reasons all highly significant of his character as a man and a craftsman. The first was his extraordinary versatility, which he must often have found a heavy handicap in an age of such high specialization—and must we also say of such low vitality?—that it is too often taken for granted that the man is merely a dabbler who practises more arts than one. The second was a passionate absorption in his work which led him often to neglect, even when they stared him in the face, the more usual and less laborious

routes to success and reputation. Let me illustrate these two traits, so delightfully typical of the man, before passing to the third which was even more characteristic of the craftsman.

An architect first, and then—having rebelled, like other eminent craftsmen from William Morris onwards, against the modern conception of the architect as a designer merely—a jeweller and metal-worker on his own account, he added in fairly rapid succession the crafts of the worker in stained glass, the sculptor and the wood-worker to that in which he had first distinguished himself. Entirely without other training in this art, he prepared himself for the production of his first beautiful window in Turnham Green Church merely by the study of Mr. Christopher Whall's well-known book on the subject; and this window not only won Mr. Whall's high admiration, but he generously admitted to Mrs. Bonnor that



CARVED GRANITE CROSS IN
LLANGEDWYN CHURCHYARD
BY J. H. BONNOR



EMBOSSSED STEEL FIRE-SCREEN WITH
GILT FITTINGS AND ENAMELLED
SHIELD. BY J. H. BONNOR

he had himself learned something from her husband's work. This window also attracted the attention of the Bishop of Rockhampton, then in England mainly for the purpose, I believe, of ordering windows for his own Cathedral. Even so, he found it, of course, by sheer accident ; and he, at all events, vindicated the strength of his independent judgment by discovering the artist's name, writing to say that it was " the most beautiful little window he had seen in Europe," and asking him to undertake his work at Rockhampton. " But my husband," says Mrs. Bonnor, " was then engaged on some other piece of work, and was so absolutely absorbed that he did not reply to the Bishop's letter ; and in another week the Bishop wrote again—sending an express messenger to wait for an answer."

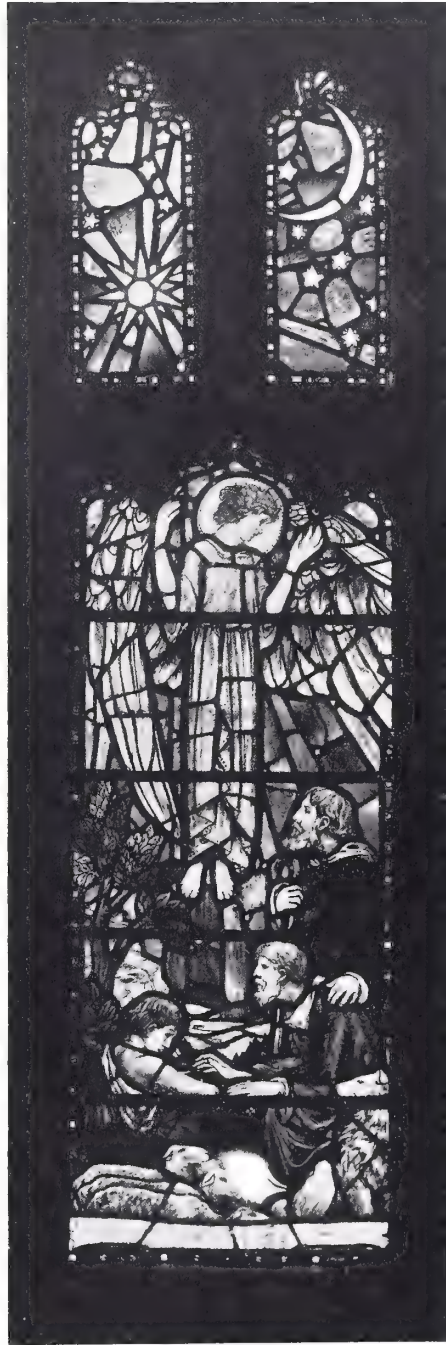
More recently, through the same absolute preoccupation with the work in hand, Mr. Bonnor neglected to send three finished works to the Paris Exhibition, though those works had been chosen by the Committee. He always, indeed, disliked exhibitions, or any other thrusting of himself into the public view ; and though he was for some time a member of the Junior Art Workers' Guild, he never, through some strange oversight of his or theirs, became a member of the Senior Guild. ▯

No wonder that he had an uphill fight until he inherited a small estate. Though this would have enabled him to live in comfort and to take the holiday which he had so long deserved and probably needed—he was always of delicate health—Mr. Bonnor remained as wholly absorbed in

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION

his work as ever ; and it was then, I think, that he engaged a clever professional cabinet-maker and took up woodwork. Of course, he taught the cabinet-maker a great deal more than he learned from him ; and—after giving me all the orders I was able to execute—he proceeded from sheer joy in the new material to turn out furniture and fitments for the house into which he had moved on Chiswick Mall, and other woodwork, such as sculptured figures of a character more truly mediæval than that of any modern craftsman known to me. ▯

But—before leaving the character of the man for that of the craftsman—I should also notice in connexion with this change in his fortunes, that he even continued his work as a teacher at the Camberwell School of Art which, at all events, most outsiders would have been disposed to imagine had been undertaken from financial considerations merely. Mr. Bonnor, however, apparently agreed with Thoreau that “ to have done anything by which you earned money merely is to have been idle, or worse.” At all events, he was one of those few men who unite a strong and original genius with a real faculty for teaching, with that endless patience, especially rare in such men, which is so especially necessary to the teacher. Just as he worked for the sheer love of his work so he taught for the sheer joy of teaching ; and he inspired both his pupils and his fellow-teachers with a love and admiration to which Mrs. Bonnor has had many testimonies. As for the money, Mrs. Bonnor tells me that even in the days of their greatest poverty he would often need to receive more notices than one asking him to fill up and send in his formal application for salary—“ he simply forgot all about it.” Equally characteristic was his remark, “ I’m d—d if I can understand a word the chap says,” of a business man’s conversation. On our first acquaintance, Mr. Bonnor’s personal appearance, his tall, rather gaunt and slightly stooping figure, his soft dark eyes, high forehead, and curling chestnut hair and beard, certainly gave me at once that impression of his character, which was confirmed by my subsequent knowledge of him ; especially of the utter unworldliness I have already insisted on, and of that highly absorbed contemplative



WINDOW IN ST. BEDE'S
COLLEGE CHAPEL IN
MEMORY OF COLONEL
FOX. BY J. H. BONNOR

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION



CARVED AND GILT OAK ALTAR
RAIL FOR LINCOLN CHURCH,
CEYLON. BY J. H. BONNOR

nature which is so clearly expressed in all his handiwork. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Besides his extreme unworldliness and his great versatility, I am inclined to attribute the slow growth of his reputation to his remarkable sanity as a craftsman. I am quite unqualified myself to write about the examples of his work here illustrated in the language of the professional art critic; but I can well imagine that some art critics, after a very casual inspection of his work or of these illustrations, would turn away with the remark that this sort of thing may be very nice but that it has so very often been done before. They will say, perhaps, that it is "reminiscent" rather than "original" or "distinctive," but let us consider this objection. ♦

If there is any absolute standard of excellence in a particular art, that standard will presumably have been approached by every great master of that art, each from his particular angle. His angle, his starting-point, what "originality" he has, will be more apparent in his earlier experimental work than in his mature achievements; unless, like so many great artists, he has relied from the outset less on his own originality than on the strength of a really living tradition. In the more communal and so often anonymous arts of the past much of the finest work was certainly produced in the strength of such a tradition by men who either had no very striking originality or did not think it worth while to express it. And not only



MURAL TABLET IN MARBLE, WITH
ENAMEL INLAY, FOR CHURCH,
WARWICK. BY J. H. BONNOR



"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN."
SCHEME FOR DECORATION IN
MOsaIC OR TEMPERA. BY J. H. M.
BONNOR.



WROUGHT IRON GATE WITH BRASS
ENRICHMENTS. BY J. H. BONNOR

these lesser arts but the works even of great individual artists at their greatest do seem to converge upon an absolute standard. The mannerisms of a Milton or a Meredith may be characteristic and loveable ; but these mannerisms disappear, the distinctions between Milton and Shakespeare quite disappear, the distinctions between mediæval and classic or mediæval and Renaissance, the distinctions even

between East and West, will almost disappear, when we behold the highest flights of either. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Though it may be, therefore, only because he is a clever copyist, it may be, on the other hand, because he is a great artist approximating to the absolute standard of excellence by a traditional route that a man's work appears to be reminiscent on a first inspection. And whilst the least

JOHN HOUGHTON BONNOR: AN APPRECIATION

competent critic can easily learn to distinguish between the mannerisms of various schools or individual artists, and thus to recognize a new mannerism on its first appearance, it is often difficult for the ablest critic, especially if he has no personal knowledge of the artist, to distinguish at once between the work of the mere copyist and that of the man who, because he really has his "eye on the object," and on an absolute standard of excellence rather than on his audience and the work of his predecessors, has to that extent a real kinship with the great masters, and has not troubled to conceal it by manufacturing some new and probably quite unnatural technique or mannerism. It is often, as an intelligent amateur once said to me, only "the little bit extra" in this latter case which yet makes the immense difference between them; and it is often not for many years that either the critics or the general public are able to recognize this "little bit extra." Consider how much more rapidly some of the Futurists or of the Georgian poets have leapt into notoriety, if not into fame, than did, for instance, Blake or Milton.

Now though I do not profess to be an able critic, I do think that even without my personal knowledge of him, I should have recognized this "little bit extra" in the work here illustrated and in almost everything that Mr. Bonnor produced.

He was never misled by the crazy, modern demand for originality at all costs. Though it could never be said that he was the disciple of any one particular master, he had a great respect for all great traditions; and he had the courage to enter the arena in which the great artists compete and which cranks and eccentrics so wisely shun. He continued to aim at that absolute standard of excellence on which the historic traditions all converge. Like the old masters he remained true to the human—or divine—centre of things, regardless of the fact that his light might so for a long time remain indiscernible, overpowered by theirs; whilst others, prudently avoiding disastrous comparisons, or even seeking to establish their own reputations by discrediting those of their predecessors, achieve a brief notoriety by striking attitudes in the wilderness on their

way to the outer darkness of the remote circumference.

But in spite of all these handicaps, Mr. Bonnor had won a considerable reputation some time before his early death. "Work," says Mrs. Bonnor, "poured in upon him." His designs and models for Lord Kitchener's Fountain and "War Babies" doubtless did much to increase his reputation; and his work on the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa, where he had a free hand and immense opportunities, would probably have brought him world-wide fame. He has left materials behind him which might well inspire any capable and sympathetic craftsman for the work of a lifetime; and it is the great hope and consolation of Mrs. Bonnor, who is herself an accomplished jeweller, and has already very successfully executed a window to his recent designs, that she, perhaps later with the help of her children, may be able to work up some of this material into further durable testimonies of her husband's genius.



NECKLACE, "THE ROSE GARDEN" (RUBIES, EMERALDS, WHITE ENAMEL, AND PEARLS). BY J. H. BONNOR



WOODEN HOUSE DESIGNED AND
CONSTRUCTED FOR PERSONAL
OCCUPATION BY PAUL RICHARDT

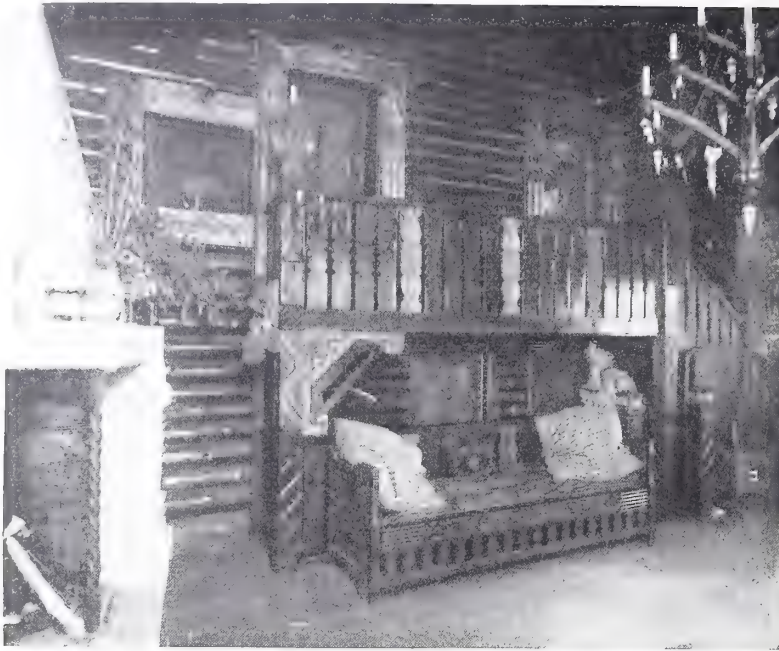
THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE. BY GEORG BRÖCHNER

THE modern, or as I would rather term it the modified, timbered house has within a comparatively short span of years made for itself a host of friends. And no wonder. It is quaint and picturesque, lends itself to arrangements more or less unconventional and incompatible with the ordinary brick house; it possesses, besides, some solid practical advantages. Timbered houses, for instance, are cool in the summer and warm in winter as compared with houses built of stone or brick; the air in them keeps fresher, the wood absorbing the smoke of tobacco; and they are very dry, even if left unoccupied and in consequence fireless for lengthy periods. This is a very desirable quality where it is a question of a week-end house or one intended only for occasional use. Let me, however, emphasize at once that the timbered house is absolutely suitable also for residence in winter, although most of them may not be intended for permanent residence. Further, it is relatively cheap to construct, and costs but little to keep in repair, a very occasional tarring being all that is needed. The matter of first cost

is more elastic with a timbered than with a brick house, and as for durability, when properly built it will last for centuries. In Norway there are extant timbered buildings that have stood for eight or nine hundred years, even in localities where the climate must be denounced as extremely unfavourable for wooden structures.

Norway and Sweden, more especially the former country, are the home of the proper timbered house; you will come upon them when touring in these northern latitudes, and you will find them, and more easily so, in the various Open-air Museums, upon which the present writer has more than once had occasion to enlarge in the pages of *THE STUDIO*. The ancient dwellings preserved in these museums are the prototypes of the present-day timbered house, and the old principles of construction have on the whole been observed and adopted by our modern architects. A pioneer in this connexion is Mr. Paul Richardt, B.A., of Copenhagen, who, from the days of his youth, has been interested in all kinds of *slöjd*, and has made a most thorough study of this ancient craft, if one may so call it, by repeated travels, especially in Norwegian mountain valleys, where he has had opportunities of becom-

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



INTERIOR OF MR. PAUL
RICHARDT'S HOUSE

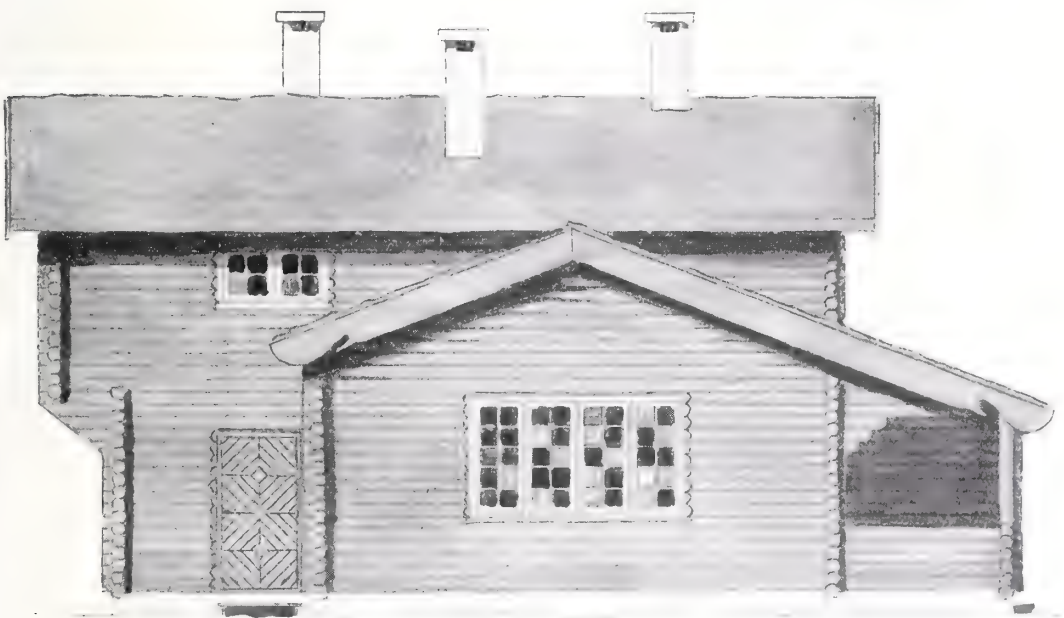
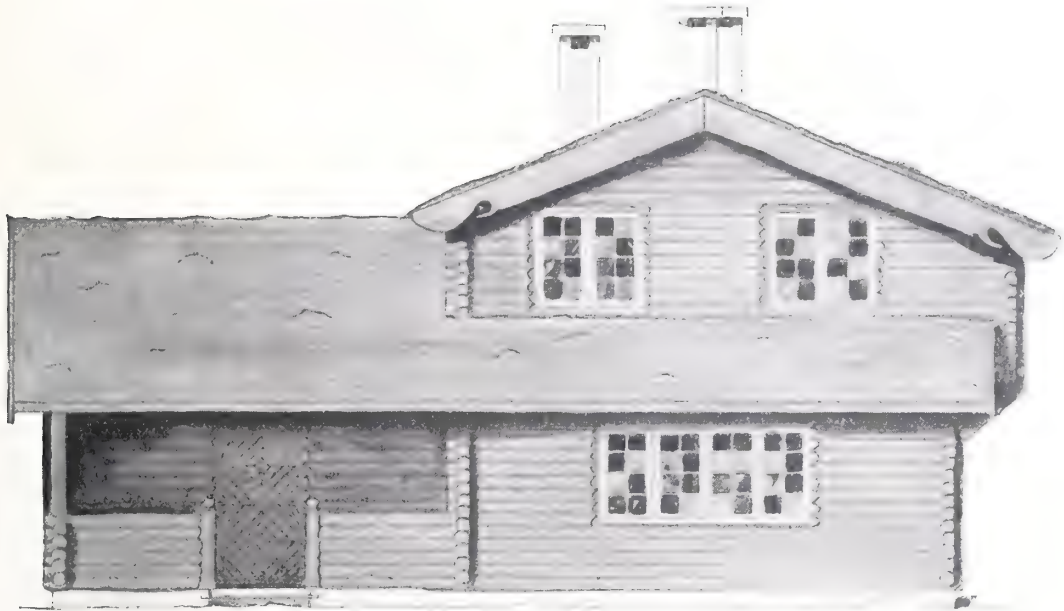
ing fully acquainted with the old traditional methods. He has also visited the different Open-air Museums and studied all the available literature on the subject. Mr. Richardt began by building his own timbered house (illustrated), aided by his wife, and he has since designed and built some ninety timbered houses in Denmark and Sweden, houses varying greatly in size and style, from small cabins to what might almost be called mansions. One of these will be found amongst the accompanying illustrations, while others will appear in a subsequent article; and the writer is also indebted to Mr. Richardt for some of the information and directions here given, which it is hoped will prove of use to those interested in the subject. ♡ ♡

The position of a house is always a point of paramount importance, though not infrequently treated as a more or less negligible quantity. In this respect, however, due consideration must be extended to a timbered house, which on the face of it requires fairly picturesque surroundings. An undulating ground, an elevated position, and clusters of trees are highly desirable and will greatly enhance the charm of the

house, and where such conditions prevail, the timbered house and its environment will be found to suit each other in the most pleasing manner. A towny or even an ordinary suburban neighbourhood will detract from its picturesque virtue; it requires more elbow room than a brick house, but given a suitable site the timbered house will be found extremely attractive and possessed of a peculiar beauty, with which a brick house of similar dimensions will find it difficult to vie. ♡ ♡

The vicinity of a pine forest, apart from its æsthetic value, will be found a practical advantage, inasmuch as it can supply the building material, good straight tree-stems, with a diameter of 7 or 8 inches at about 6 feet height, although the dimensions will vary somewhat according to the size of the house. Bigger stems, however, are not only more expensive in themselves; but their handling and transport will also entail increased cost. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

A suitable site secured, the first labour to be considered is the foundation; and in this respect the timbered house is easily satisfied. The weight of the house itself is so evenly distributed, also during the



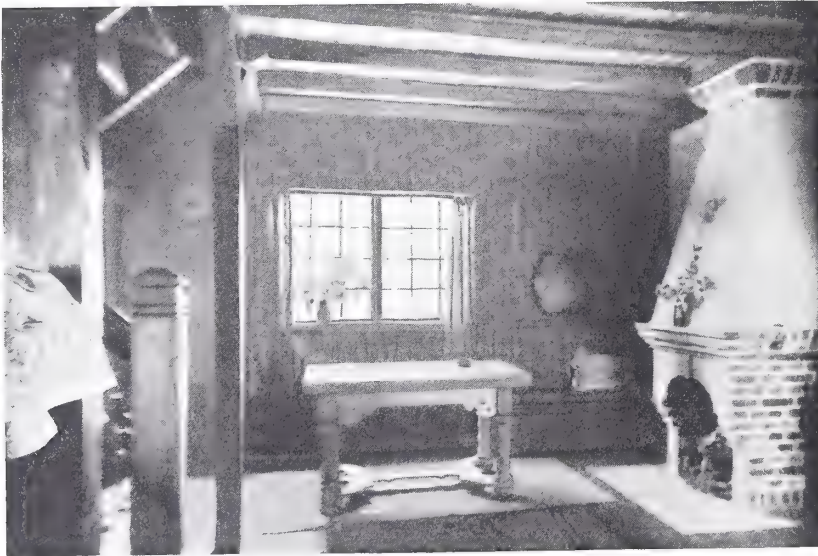
EAST AND SOUTH ELEVATION
OF A HOUSE AT NÆRUM, DEN-
MARK. DESIGNED FOR ADVOCATE
MIKKELSEN BY PAUL RICHARDT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

building, that in reality it requires a minimum of foundation; concrete or brick, stone or wooden piles, can be chosen according to circumstances, but perhaps a foundation of fairly roughly hewn or natural stones is most in keeping with the appearance of the house.

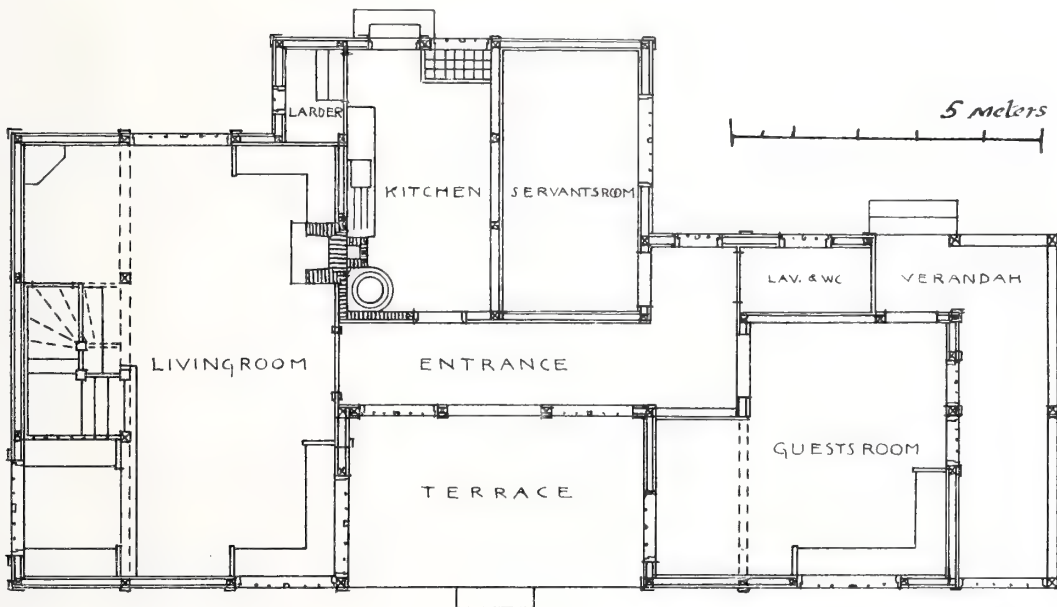
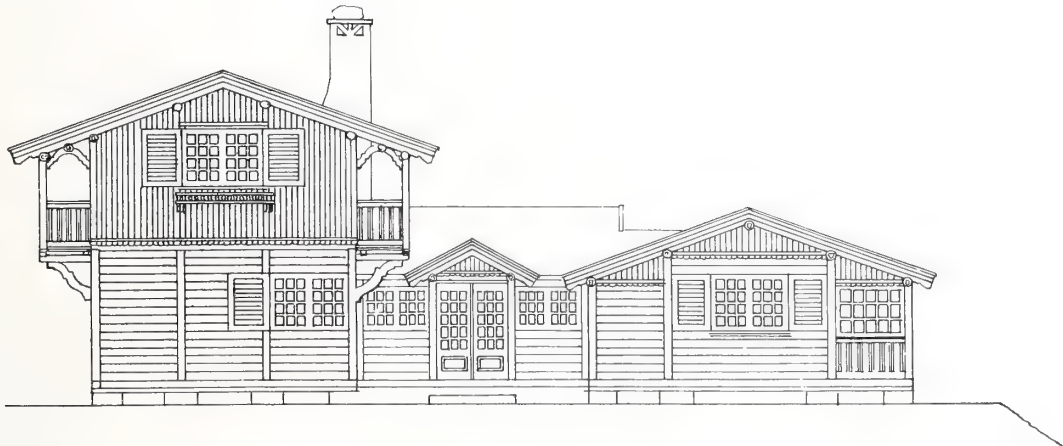
The wall of the timbered house, the *hafteværk* (bond work), to give it the old Norse name, consists of round logs, stripped of their bark; each log is made to lie firmly on the one below by means of a groove, rounded so as to make it fit closely and tightly, and a tightening layer is inserted between each two logs, the best material for this being a vegetable wadding, made in Norway, and probably elsewhere (moss was used formerly, but it requires to be perfectly dry). These walls shrink in the course of time, about half an inch per foot in a hundred years—most, naturally, during the first year or two; and this fact must be reckoned with in the construction of windows and doors, also of chimneys, so that the shrinking process is not impeded and does not bring about any undesirable effects. This problem does not present any difficulties to the experienced builder, but it would carry us too far to deal with the details of the question. ▢ ▢

The *hafteværk* wall cannot be connected with brickwork in a fashion excluding draughts, so the chimney should not be placed in the outer wall, but say a couple of feet inside it; this arrangement will be found in old Norwegian timbered houses, and it leaves a space between the fireplace and the outer wall which is often used for drying wood or clothes. The Norwegian *Pejs*—a wide, plain, open fireplace, with nothing of the drawing-room hearth about it—is quite suitable for a timbered house, and is agreeable from an æsthetic point of view; when properly constructed it will never smoke. One chimney will in many cases suffice also for pipes from kitcheners, etc. The roof consists of planed boards, covered with roofing felt, on the top of which is placed a layer of sward, which makes a picturesque roof, in keeping with the house itself and rural surroundings, and on which different flowering herbs by degrees take root—one may even see small shrubs nestling there. The sward makes a cool roof in summer and a warm one during the winter, presenting far less risk of fire than a thatched roof. In Sweden and Norway use is often made of the bark of the birch, generally plentiful in those



LIVING-ROOM OF DR. EJNAR SCHÄFFER'S SUMMER-HOUSE AT HOLTE. FURNITURE DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECT, C. BRÆSTRUP

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



ELEVATION AND GROUND PLAN
OF DR. EJNAR SCHÄFFER'S
HOUSE, HOLTE, DENMARK. COS-
MUS BRÆSTRUP, ARCHITECT

regions, *never* they call it, and it is quite serviceable, but comes more expensive. In German mountain districts tarred paper, a kind of home-made roofing felt, has been used for centuries and found quite efficient. The sward, however, requires a certain somewhat shallow slope, not too flat and certainly not too steep. Consequently there is not much room for first-floor accommodation; and where such is required, the walls must be made higher.

The plans and drawings reproduced will

demonstrate the wide scope in a timbered house as regards size and lines, but some fundamental principles will be found to prevail in most of them. The roof, it must be remembered, serves as ceiling in the one-storied houses, and with its gentle slope the outer wall need barely be 6 feet high. There are two distinct advantages in having all the rooms on the ground floor: it is cheaper and one avoids the noise and footfall of people overhead, for these timbered houses convey sound in a

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

somewhat marked degree, especially from a higher floor downward. Where two-storied houses are chosen, this drawback, however, can be counteracted by the insertion of a suitable insulating layer. In higher houses it is recommended to place the hall in the one end of the house and let it extend to the roof, whereby a very lofty room is obtained, which lends itself to arrangements of varied decorative effects. It may be advisable to place the floor of such a lofty hall at a somewhat higher level than the rest of the ground-floor rooms, and to have at its back a staircase leading both up and down. The ceilings of the lower rooms, with rooms above them, look well when made of similar timber to that of the walls. A timbered house, altogether, offers a number of possibilities to an able architect, both on a modest and a more ambitious scale, and the last few years have witnessed the realization of several fairly important schemes, though, be it understood, not always in the happiest manner. The architect should be fully conversant with the traditions and true principles of the timbered house proper, and embark upon his task with sincere admiration for what

has been handed down. A timbered house may very well be modernized in some or most of its interior arrangements, but its true spirit, its old-time dignity or simplicity in design should not be interfered with.

The accompanying reproductions of drawings and photographs will give an idea of the variety which can be attained within the restricting considerations touched upon above.

M. Paul Richardt's house at Tibirke, *Tibirkestuen*, is in more than one respect an interesting structure. It became the forerunner of a large number of timbered houses, it possesses distinct and varied merits, and, lastly, M. Richardt, aided by his wife, has built the house himself, done all the work of designing, carpentering, carving, painting, thatching, the only aid being two carpenters during four weeks for the roughest preparatory work. In consequence this really charming house only cost its owner a mere song; so as not to call forth the sceptic I shall forgo mentioning the actual figure. It contains a large hall or living room, with a delightful, old-time stove, and, further, on the ground floor a dining-room, two bedrooms, and



LIVING-ROOM OF MR. EJNAR
SCHÄFFER'S SUMMER-HOUSE,
HOLTE. C. BRÆSTRUP,
ARCHITECT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



HUT ON THE EDGE OF A LAKE
DESIGNED, BUILT AND DECORATED
BY THE OWNER, KAJ BOJESEN

kitchen. On the first floor, which only extends over part of the house, and to which leads a picturesque inner staircase at one end of the hall, are two more bedrooms. The interior is in many places ornamented by means of carving, painted in transparent oil-colours, the furniture, specially designed and also made by M. Richardt has been treated in the same manner. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

M. Mikkelsen's house at Nærum has also been very happily placed, in charming environs. It has all the dignified simplicity and other characteristics of the old Norse timbered houses, and is, to boot, both roomy and very cosy. ♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. E. Schäffer's house at Holte, Denmark, like most of the timbered houses only used as a summer residence, is built by M. C. Bræstrup, the architect. It enjoys an excellent position in a very pretty neighbourhood, well wooded, amongst hills and lakes. It was originally only a small house, but has been materially enlarged, the additions being effected

in an able and happy manner, resulting in picturesque corners and much increased accommodation. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

M. Kaj Bojesen, the well-known Danish craftsman in silver, has built himself a charming timbered toy house, for it really is not much more, though very ingeniously arranged. It stands on the border of a lake, in the midst of luxurious vegetation. This clever little cabin is decorated, both inside and out, with quaint carvings, though of distinct artistic merit, and other amusing devices, and is entirely an individual Bojesen creation. Next to this, a friend, M. Bregnö, the sculptor, has built his little shanty, which also bears testimony of an artist's handiwork. ♦ ♦ ♦

The last two of the present series of illustrations (p. 28) show a wooden house of a different type, the summer residence of M. Ove Rohde, Danish Minister of the Interior, of which M. Baumann is the architect. It will be noticed that the outer walls are covered with boards, no logs being visible. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR.
OVE ROHDE, DANISH MINISTER
OF THE INTERIOR
DESIGNED BY M. BAUMANN
(See preceding article)

IN MEMORIAM : EVELYN DE
MORGAN ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

WITH the passing of Evelyn De Morgan, the last of an eclectic little group of rare Victorian painters has ceased.

She was one who, shunning notoriety, and indifferent to the praise or censure of the hurrying multitude, worked faithfully for art's sake ; drawing her inspiration from the same source as the Early Italians, with whom she was curiously in sympathy.

By nature retiring, she formed friendship at an early age with those artists who were imbued with the same aims and lofty ideals as herself. They had reached the height of their fame, they belonged to an older generation ; hence she outlived them by many years. The modern school of realism made no appeal to her. ♦ ♦ ♦

The cult to which she gravitated instinctively worshipped beauty, sought it everywhere, and eschewed the bizarre and superficial. In a word, the unseen realms of imagination were more real to these artists than material things. They expressed their message through symbolism : Evelyn De

Morgan's work was permeated with this precious quality. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The distinguishing features of her art were her fine spiritual vision, strong imagination, good composition, and a delight in sumptuous colour, rich textures and draperies. The classical rendering was present in much of her work, with something of the Botticelli influence. I have often thought how entirely she would have harmonized with the period of the Early Italian masters. She owed much to her early study of their methods at the National Gallery, and another influence which helped in shaping her mentality were those youthful days coloured and tinged with the warmth, light and beauty of scenes viewed under Italian skies. ♦ ♦

Evelyn De Morgan, whose maiden name was Pickering, was descended from a highly intellectual family. Her uncle, Mr. Roddam Spencer-Stanhope, with whom she spent a good deal of her time in Italy, was a distinguished artist. She studied for a time at the Slade School, winning a scholarship, which she discarded in favour of studying in Rome. Though she ex-



THE
STU-
DIO

"SLEEPING EARTH AND WAKENING
MOON." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY EVELYN DE MORGAN.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STIRLING.)

hibited at the Grosvenor and New Gallery annually when young, in common with many of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, she never sent to the Academy. Her pictures were best seen by themselves; the varying scales and colours of surrounding pictures were at war with such individual work as she produced. ▯ ▯ ▯

It would be beyond the scope of this article to mention more than a few of her pictures. The four illustrations, however, give an idea of her versatility. ▯ ▯ ▯

Sleeping Earth and Wakening Moon is a fanciful poem in terms of paint. The sleeping figure of Earth resting in shadow is the embodiment of repose, while set in a sphere of tempered light the exquisite little Wakening Moon's golden locks trail away into light clouds. The shadow of the earth is faintly seen through the moon. The whole picture is full of luminosity.

Cassandra shows another phase of her art. It was Cassandra, daughter of Priam, and high priestess of Apollo, who foretold the destruction of Troy to unheeding citizens. She is represented in the act of rending her hair, as she stands in her sorrow with her back to the burning city of Troy, and the red roses lie scattered at her feet. The colour scheme is of soft shades of blue, orange and brown, and the blue robe is very decorative. ▯ ▯ ▯

Venus and Cupid was executed when the artist was twenty-three. The calm, sweet majesty of Venus and the radiant youth of Cupid illuminate the canvas. The colour is particularly charming, and the low horizon gives a feeling of restfulness to the composition. ▯ ▯ ▯

Evelyn De Morgan did not confine her art to one medium: she has left many drawings in crayon and pencil, and she also excelled as a sculptor. The monument to her husband was her design, carried out by Sir George Frampton. The figure on the left symbolizes grief, in the act of quenching the torch she carries. Psyche, on the right, is inciting her to fairer thoughts. It is interesting to note that the mourner bears a strong likeness to Evelyn De Morgan. The inscription was her own wording: "Sorrow is of the earth. The life of the spirit is joy." When Mrs. De Morgan lost her husband the mainspring of her life was broken. The time of probation was brief,

she passed away last year after a short illness. Those who cared for her felt that this was just as she wished. ▯ ▯ ▯

The pictures now reproduced are the property of Mrs. De Morgan's sister, Mrs. Stirling, who has made a collection for some years with a view to forming a gallery for the nation to contain some of the finest specimens of both Mr. and Mrs. De Morgan's art. Other examples are at Leighton House, belonging to Mr. Spencer Pickering's collection. ▯ ▯ ▯

The present age is not in sympathy with symbolism and the things dealing with eternal truths. A future generation will doubtless turn to them again, and it is safe to prophesy that Evelyn De Morgan's works will be as eagerly sought after as some of the Old Masters are to-day. ▯

ISABEL MCALLISTER



MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM DE MORGAN, BROOKWOOD CEMETERY
DESIGNED BY EVELYN DE MORGAN



**"CASSANDRA." FROM
THE PAINTING BY
EVELYN DE MORGAN**
(In the possession of Mrs. Stirling)



"VENUS AND CUPID"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY EVELYN DE MORGAN
(In the possession of Mrs. Stirling)

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—At a General Assembly of the Royal Academy on January 21, Mr. George Henry and Mr. D. Y. Cameron were elected Royal Academicians. Mr. Henry became an Associate in 1907, and Mr. Cameron as recently as 1916. Both are Scotsmen and members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and the art of both has been the subject of articles in this magazine at various times. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Almost simultaneously with these elections came the announcement of the death of Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., at the age of 72. Mr. Parsons, who was a native of Somerset and was a clerk in the General Post Office before he took to painting as a profession, began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1871, but his election as Associate did not take place till more than twenty years later; he was made a full member in 1911, just forty years after his *début* as an exhibitor. He succeeded his fellow-Academician, the late Sir Ernest Waterlow, as President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1914. He was famous as a painter of gardens and flowers, and besides being an ardent horticulturist was noted as a mountain climber and as a waterman. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Academy has suffered a further loss this year by the death of Mr. Andrew Carrick Gow, R.A., who died on February 1, at Burlington House, his official residence as Keeper of the Royal Academy, which office he held since the death of Mr. Ernest Crofts in 1911. Mr. Gow was a Scotsman born in London, and was a few months younger than Mr. Parsons; his first appearance at Burlington House as an exhibitor was, however, a year earlier—1870. Showing at the outset of his career a special predilection for the "subject" picture, he especially distinguished himself in the rôle of historic painter, his most notable work being the picture of *Cromwell at Dunbar*, painted while he was an Associate and acquired for the nation under the Chantry Bequest. ♦ ♦ ♦

Many who practise the craft of wood-carving in this country will learn with regret of the death of Miss Eleanor Rowe, for many years in charge of the School of

Wood Carving, which was organized on a sound footing mainly through her instrumentality. Miss Rowe was the author of a manual of wood-carving which has had a considerable vogue among students of the craft. She was herself an earnest student of architecture, and it was due to her initiative that women were admitted to the course of training in that faculty at University College. ♦ ♦ ♦

One by one the art societies which have been in a state of suspended animation since 1914 are resuming their pre-war activities. The Pencil Society is one of these and its first post-war show was held at the exhibition gallery of Messrs. Derry and Toms at Kensington at the end of January. Some fifteen artists were represented by drawings revealing a very considerable diversity in the use of the medium employed—charcoal or pencil in most cases—as well as in the subject-matter. Among them were drawings of the Western Front by Mr. Gilbert Holiday, figure studies by Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. Ross Burnett, and others, animal and bird drawings by Mr. Warwick Reynolds and Mr. J. A. Shepherd, maritime and land drawings by Mr. Cecil King, impressions of prominent personalities by Mr. Bert Thomas, architecture by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and a set of "Masks" and other drawings by Mr. Vernon Hill. ♦ ♦

The recent acquisition of the business of Messrs. Derry and Toms by the firm of John Barker and Co. has, we regret to learn, put an end to the excellent exhibition gallery at the top of the former firm's premises, which during the past two or three years has been devoted to various manifestations of modern art. ♦ ♦

The Modern Society of Portrait Painters is another society which has this year resumed its exhibitions after an interval of several years, owing, in this case, to many of the members being on active service. Though the display presented by the society at the Institute Galleries in Piccadilly last month contained little that could be described as of unusual significance, the average quality of the work was far from mediocre. Most of the Society's twenty-five members were ably represented, notably Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Fiddes Watt, Mr. Eric George, Mr. F. H. S.



"LA SÉPARATION." FROM THE
PAINTING BY WILLIAM LAPARRA
(See Paris Studio Talk, next page)

Shepherd, Mr. Gerald Kelly, Mr. Oswald Birley; and the interest of the show was strengthened by the work of non-members such as Mr. Howard Somerville, Mrs. Filson Young, and Señor Guevara. ▯

Under the presidency of Sir Frank Short, R.A., the policy of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers has of late years been to encourage young artists of promise by electing them Associates of the Society. This policy has much to commend it, and the work shown at the thirty-eighth exhibition, held last month in the "Old" Water Colour Society's Galleries, by those who have been elected during the past two or three years afforded ample justification for it. One of the results of this infusion of new blood is a greater diversity of method and

subject, and even if the efforts of the newer recruits may not stand comparison from the point of view of technique with those of their seniors, they are welcome as evidence of vitality and as a relief to the monotony which often ensues from exclusiveness. The exhibition was also notable for the representation given for the first time to wood engraving. Mr. Noel Rooke and Mrs. Raverat, the two Associates recently elected under the Society's enlarged sphere of activity, contributed to the display, and Mr. Sydney Lee and Mr. William Robins were also represented by wood-block prints; while an additional feature of interest was a series of war prints by Mons. Steinlen, who has become an Honorary Fellow of the Society. ▯

The Painter-Etchers have so far ab-

STUDIO-TALK

stained from admitting colour prints to their exhibitions, but now that they have recognized the wood-block print it would be worth their while to consider a further extension in this direction. Certainly the colour print, whether from metal plates or from wood blocks, would be no more incongruous in their displays than in those of the Senefelder Club, to which the presence of prints in varying ranges of colour imparts an agreeable note of animation. The annual exhibition of this Club at the Leicester Galleries last month was an eloquent testimony to the manifold resources at the disposal of the artist who expresses his pictorial ideas by means of lithography. The collection of prints there assembled was exceptionally interesting, all the great masters from Senefelder onwards to our own day being represented. ❧

A collection of recent sculpture by Mr. Jacob Epstein exhibited concurrently in the same galleries has attracted much public attention. In addition to a number of portrait busts and heads, it comprised as its principal feature a more than life-sized figure of *Christ* just risen from the sepulchre and standing erect with head slightly tilted back and hands held out showing the wounds. To those who cherish the traditional conception of Christ, perpetuated in those elaborately illustrated Bibles which were so popular with past generations, Mr. Epstein's interpretation must appear almost blasphemous, but those not so hampered cannot but accept it as a remarkable interpretation, full of pathos and without any symptom of irreverence. ❧

Other notable exhibitions last month included a display at Messrs. Colnaghi and Co.'s gallery of original drawings and studies by Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A.; a group of water-colours of Isle of Wight and other scenery by Professor Frederick Brown at the Goupil Gallery—chiefly remarkable for the variety of atmospheric conditions recorded by the artist; and at the same gallery the first exhibition of a new Anglo-French group of Impressionists who designate themselves the "Monarro" group—a name apparently compounded from those of the two leaders of the school, M. Claude Monet, honorary president of the group, and M. Pissarro. This inaugural exhibition consisted largely of

landscapes, but there were also some excellent studies in portraiture and other figure subjects—as, for instance, M. Lucien Pissarro's *Portrait*, M. Rodo's *The Green Jumper*, Mr. J. B. Manson's *Portrait of Mary*, Mr. Van Rysselberghe's *Etude de Nu*.

The two last-named artists act for the group as honorary secretaries for London and Paris respectively. ❧ ❧ ❧

PARIS.—To obey the sensations he experiences and to translate them with all the art of which he is capable, with due regard to the teachings of the past, such is the proper function of the artist who pursues his destiny while



"LA LEÇON DE PIANO"
FROM THE PAINTING
BY WILLIAM LAPARRA



"LE BENEDICITE." FROM THE
PAINTING BY WILLIAM LAPARRA

preserving his individuality intact. That is the case with William Laparra, and it accords with the impression created by the recent exhibition of his works at the Georges Petit Galleries. For all who follow the development of art in France this manifestation of a talent, at once wholesome and forceful, justifies the highest hopes. ▀

Winner of the Grand Prix de Rome in 1898, *hors-concours* at the salon of the Artistes Français, William Laparra profited during his sojourn at the Villa Medici by the opportunities it afforded him for studying the works of the Masters of the Italian School at the chief museums. These made a deep impression on his imagination already awakened by the multitudinous aspects of beauty which confronted and delighted him wherever he went. Besides Italy and Sicily, he visited Greece, Tunis, and even Egypt. ▀ ▀

But great as was the impression which

Italy made on the young artist, it was even exceeded when he made his first visit to Spain, the country of Velasquez, of Goya, and of Ribera. From his successive journeys beyond the Pyrenees his vigorous talent has derived an increasing impetus.

"Spain with its character at once wild and sombre," he remarked to the writer one day, referring to the two Castiles, "Spain with its uncouth-looking monasteries and sleepy pueblos, its ancestral aspects unchanged, its rugged, gloomy, windswept plains; Spain with its odour of dust and death, and which, in its popular ballads or *coplas*, can sing only of love and the tomb—this is the Spain which I desire to express." It is this Spain that gave the artist his *Coplas* of the Luxembourg Museum; *El Silencio de la Séo*; *Sur la Route*, an impression from Toledo; *Les Chanteurs Mendiants*, of the City of Paris Museum; numerous austere interiors and

REVIEWS

typical scenes of the strongly marked character of *Le Benedicite*, bought by the State at the Salon of 1914 and here reproduced with two other important canvases.

In addition to the works inspired by his visits to Spain, mention may be made of several choice examples emanating from Italy, such as *Le Réfectoire de San Damiano*, *L'Eglise inférieure de St. Francesco*, *Le Cloître de San Lorenzo*, and other souvenirs of Assisi and Carrara. Among other works of his which may be cited are a large triptych for a glass works at Albi; *Le Piédestal*, a very imposing picture to which the events of these last years have given a singular and prophetic character; *Le Regard en Arrière*, a touching souvenir of the war, executed while the artist was on active service; *Une Chambre d'Enfant sous les Obus*; *La Marchande de Simples* (Bordeaux Museum); and *La Vieille Madrilène* of the Musée Decaen at the Institute. To this recital should be added numerous studies of the nude, distinguished by excellent modeling, and also some quite remarkable portraits, among which may be specially named that of the artist's brother, like himself a winner of the Grand Prix de Rome, but in music, and those of Professor Metchnikoff (Pasteur Institute), Cardinal Merry del Val, and Maître B. L. This side of his work was well represented in the exhibition at Georges Petit's, and contributed much to its success. ■ ■

A sound and able painter, William Laparra has a great respect for the traditions of pictorial art, and holds that so far from ignoring them, they should be studied and followed; at the same time, that one must take care not to linger in the past—must not become inert. Of the painter himself it may be said that he is moving forward, but without haste or precipitation; he puts on record his impressions and sensations with all the energy and talent with which he is endowed.

L. HONORÉ

The year's salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, to be opened at the Grand Palais on April 14, will have, in addition to the usual sections of painting, sculpture and medals, engravings, architecture and applied arts, a special section for ecclesias-

tical art; the object of which, according to the *règlement*, is to promote the renaissance of religious art and to provide new churches, and particularly those in the regions devastated by the war, with fittings and decorations of an esthetic and modern character. Original designs only will be accepted, and the works submitted will be judged by a special commission. ■

REVIEWS.

A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries. By SIR GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Bart., C.B., etc., Keeper of the King's Armoury. With an Introduction by the BARON DE COSSON, F.S.A. (London: G. Bell and Sons.) To be completed in 5 vols., price £15 15s. net complete. Vol. I.—The subject of which this work treats has never claimed a more enthusiastic, more painstaking student than



CREST OF AN ITALIAN BASCINET, FOURTEENTH CENTURY, MOUNTED ON HELMET OF MUCH LATER DATE (From "European Armour and Arms")



AQUAMANILE (MIDDLE THIRTEENTH CENTURY), IN BARGELLO MUSEUM, FLORENCE
(From "European Armour and Arms," by Sir Guy Laking)

Sir Guy Laking, and though death, abruptly intervening ere his signature to the preface was scarcely dry, has robbed him of the gratification of seeing the first instalment launched, his memory will long be kept

alive by the fruits of his labours as embodied in this monument of his unremitting industry and encyclopædic knowledge. We gather from the publishers' announcement that it was practically completed at

the time of the author's death, and that its publication in instalments has been rendered necessary by the vast amount of material accumulated by him for the purpose of illustration, consisting not only of photographs of actual examples of armour and arms, but of a large number of drawings made by the author from other sources of information, such as paintings, engravings, illuminated manuscripts, tombs, brasses, etc. Although in the very prime of life when he died he had spent many years in this accumulation, for it was while a mere boy that his enthusiasm was aroused. The fact that the complete work will contain something like 2000 illustrations is sufficient evidence in itself of his zeal, but what is even more important than the mere number of illustrations is the guarantee he is able to give of the genuine antiquity of every piece of armour illustrated. The first volume of the work is devoted mainly to a general history of arms and armour in successive periods from pre-Norman days to the end of the fifteenth century, while in the remainder certain specific aspects of the subjects are dealt with—the bascinet head-piece and the early helm. It is from these chapters that our two illustrations are taken, one being an exceptionally fine crest in gilded copper, now preserved in the Bargello Museum, Florence—a unique example of late fourteenth-century metal craft—and the other a thirteenth-century *aquamanile*, formerly in the collection of M. Louis Carrand, and now in the museum just named. These *aquamanili* were water-vessels intended to hold the scented water poured over the hands of favoured guests at the banquets of the nobility. They were often modelled in detail to represent mounted and fully armed knights of the period, and some of them have survived to afford important evidence as to the kind of armour worn in those far-off days of perpetual conflict, while only scanty remains have come down to us of the armour itself; in fact, as Baron de Cosson remarks in his interesting introduction, not a single complete suit dating from before the middle of the fifteenth century is now extant. The subsequent volumes will likewise deal with the subject chiefly under specific aspects, but in the final volumes the general aspects of the

period of decadence will be dealt with and the question of forgeries will be discussed.

Catalogue of Modern Wood-Engravings (Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design, Victoria and Albert Museum). By MARTIN HARDIE, A.R.E. 15s. 6d. net.—This carefully compiled catalogue of more than 400 pages comprises all the monochrome wood-engravings in the Museum collection from the time of Bewick down to the present day. Of the many thousands of prints entered in it the great mass belong to the category of engravings executed by professional wood-engravers like the Brothers Dalziel, J. Swain, W. J. Linton, after drawings made for the purpose of illustration by the leading illustrators of the Victorian era, especially F. Barnard, R. Caldecott, Gilbert, Leech, Millais, Pinwell, Tenniel, and F. Walker, who between them take up nearly half the catalogue. The wood-engraving or wood-cut as a modern medium of original expression figures very sparsely in the collection, Mr. Sturge Moore being the only artist who is at all adequately represented. No doubt the Museum authorities have taken note of the revival that is taking place in this branch of art, of which some evidence was given by one of our recent Special Numbers, and will rectify the omission so far as it is in their power. The director, in presenting the "Review of the Principal Acquisitions during the year 1916," just issued, appeals to the public to help in making good the deficiencies in various sections, and it is to be hoped that this assistance will be forthcoming to make the collection of wood-block prints truly representative of every phase. ■ ■ ■

In his prefatory note to the Report just referred to, Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, alluding to the presentations made to the Museum in memory of those who have fallen in the war, points out that in many cases it would be difficult to find a more appropriate memorial than a fine work of art in the national collections. Since the publication of the Report several gifts of this nature have been announced. Notable among them is that of Sir Frank Short, R.A., P.R.E., who has presented 160 of his mezzotints, aquatints, and etchings, in memory of his son, Captain Leslie Short, who died on active service in 1916. ■

Albert Pike Lucas



EARLY MOONRISE

BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS

ALBERT PIKE LUCAS
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON
Lucas artis munera pandens

ON TURNING to page 1696 of "Who's Who in America," it may be gathered that Lucas was born in New Jersey, studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Herbert and Boulanger 1882 to 1888, has exhibited at the Salon since '89, also at the leading exhibitions of Europe, and at the New York Academy. Furthermore, he received a medal at the Buffalo Exposition, 1901, Honorable Mention at the Paris Exposition 1900, and examples of his work may be seen at the National Gallery, Washington, and the Metropolitan Museum, New York. He is a member of the Beaux Arts and life member of the Lotus and National Art clubs.

It is not our intention at present to discuss his abilities as a portraitist, painter of the nude or as a sculptor, in all of which branches of art he has

great proficiency, but rather to touch upon that side of him which to the writer, at least, seems his most fascinating direction.

The thrall of the quiet hours, of the day "off duty," as it were, Lucas loves to depict—early morning, anon the crepuscular hour and, especially, bewitching moods of moonlight, the tender, redeeming shadows of the night. Garish day, and garish colour have no place in his pictorial esteem. The mood must be expressed when mass opposes mass, large planes of colour almost devoid of detail with rich shadows and vibratory lights, the sky like a human eye ever revealing depth below depth in mysterious layers of pigment. In all his subjects one detects the simple rule of three: As the figure is to the foreground so is yonder shepherd or hayrick to the answer; or, as the sky is to that row of poplars so is that tired wayfarer to the answer; there is no conflict of emotions; a few elemental objects stripped to their final analysis are presented in



WAITING
BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS



ROCKS AND OCEAN
BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS



Exhibited at the Lotus Club

HOME COMING

BY ALBERT PIKE LUCAS

uncompromising contrast and unity. The very simplicity of his pictures baffles at first the understanding as to how they can command an enduring interest; yet they do, and for that very reason. His figures never betray origin, nor do his landscapes disclose locality, but each supplements the other—you appreciate the apt setting of figure to landscape and vice versa; it is the universal appeal in the lyrics of nature ever tuned to the pipes of Pan. Lucas's pictures point no moral and tell no tale, but they stir the emotions profoundly, taking us from the vales of humdrum life up to the very pinnacles of one's spiritual conception.

"Few people" says Mr. Chesterton, "will dispute that all the typical movements of our time are upon the road towards simplification. Each system seeks to be more fundamental than the other. Each seeks to re-establish communication with the elemental, or, as it is sometimes more

roughly and fallaciously expressed, to return to nature."

It is just this tendency to escape from "mirror to nature" painting that has led to abnormality and insanity in art. Imitation of nature though the foundation is not the end of an artist's aspirations and it is this simplification plus individuality that characterizes the work of A. P. Lucas.

For a landscape to be a work of art there should be centripetal and centrifugal forces at work, the conscious intelligence that simulates and imitates nature kept vigorously in check by the subconscious mind removed from the trammels of reality attaining the pulse rather than the anatomy of a landscape. Herein lies this artist's strength, in the collaboration between the two forces and an adequate adjustment. Art is a language to be understood of all, and must therefore never be bewildering.



The French Woman's Influence on the Art and Industry of England

THE Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—so tremendous in its effects upon the art of Jacobean England—has been ascribed by Baird, the historian, to the religious zeal of a woman.

She was Françoise d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon; and through her influence it is probable that there came about the greatest emigration of artist and artisan in the history of France.

The story of Madame de Maintenon is one of the romances of human record. Born in the precincts of a prison and married at the age of sixteen to an aged and crippled poet, she lived to be, for thirty years, the wife of the greatest Monarch of his time and the most potent influence in France.

The very ministerial councils were held in her chamber, where she occupied herself with

needlework; and within a little after a year of her marriage her desire for the conversion of all France bore fruit. Louis, "greatly troubled by the condition of his soul's devotion" revoked the Edict of Nantes and so denied religious freedom to the unorthodox. Immediately Huguenot craftsmen poured into England. Skilled designers tided there, bringing with them the decorative styles of Louis XIV, characterised by rigidly balanced details, realistic interpretations of flora, a juster modelling of lights and shadows, more marked and accentuated tone contrasts. And they brought, too, great treasures of damasks, brocades, and velvets, to match the tapestries, furniture, painting and architecture of the period.

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(Continued from page 7)

but with an unaffected avoidance or unconsciousness of the usual things that please.

In the Florentine picture the happy, serene and capable rendering give us confidence in mankind. In the Bernardino da Conti our confidence is stimulated by a spirit of love that is unostentatious in its character, in the painting of the figures, the simple drapery, and in the general feeling of unpremeditation. Furthermore in spite of the tenderness that pervades the picture there is a certain moodiness expressed, both in the painting of the figures and the landscape.

THE FRENCH PAINTINGS

THE following appears in the *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art* under initials "H. B. W."

The exhibition of modern French art lent by the government of France opened December 15 with a private view for members and their friends, and will remain until February 1. The general effect produced by the galleries in which the paintings hang is one of brightness and color. These happy sunlight effects, where even shadows become vibrating color, the world owes primarily to the courage and genius of a few Frenchmen, the masters of Impressionism, who introduced elusive, transitory effects of sunshine and atmosphere into the legitimate field of subjects for the painter, and who developed the principle of the division of tones as a mode of expression. While the present exhibition is by no means confined to the work of a single school, it can still be said that few paintings in the exhibition, and indeed few pictures by artists of our own America, would have been painted quite as they are if the great so-called Impressionists of France had not lived and labored.

The exhibition includes an important early work by Monet, whose influence on American landscape has been so peculiarly powerful. This painting, which is dated 1876, is one of the rare figure pieces by the artist. A tall, blonde young woman is shown standing and looking over her shoulder at the spectator. She wears an elaborately embroidered Japanese robe which is well expressed and interestingly painted, though with little presage of the methods of Monet in his better-known style.

Two canvases of superlative quality by Renoir represent fittingly the work of another of the greatest masters of modern painting. The artist's recent death lends just now a peculiar interest to these pictures. Renoir is accorded by critics a place of increasing importance in the history of French art. Without declining the use of modern methods, indeed, making a decided contribution of his own, he has carried forward the Gallic tradition of Boucher and Fragonard. "The race speaks in him," writes Camille Mauclair. "Renoir is the most lyrical, the most musical of the masters of this [the Impressionist] art." The type which he has rejoined in is thoroughly feminine, a creature of instinct, a form supple and voluptuous within which dreams a spirit capricious and girlishly innocent. The picture dated 1881, called *The Bath*, depicts a charming woman of Renoir's favorite type holding

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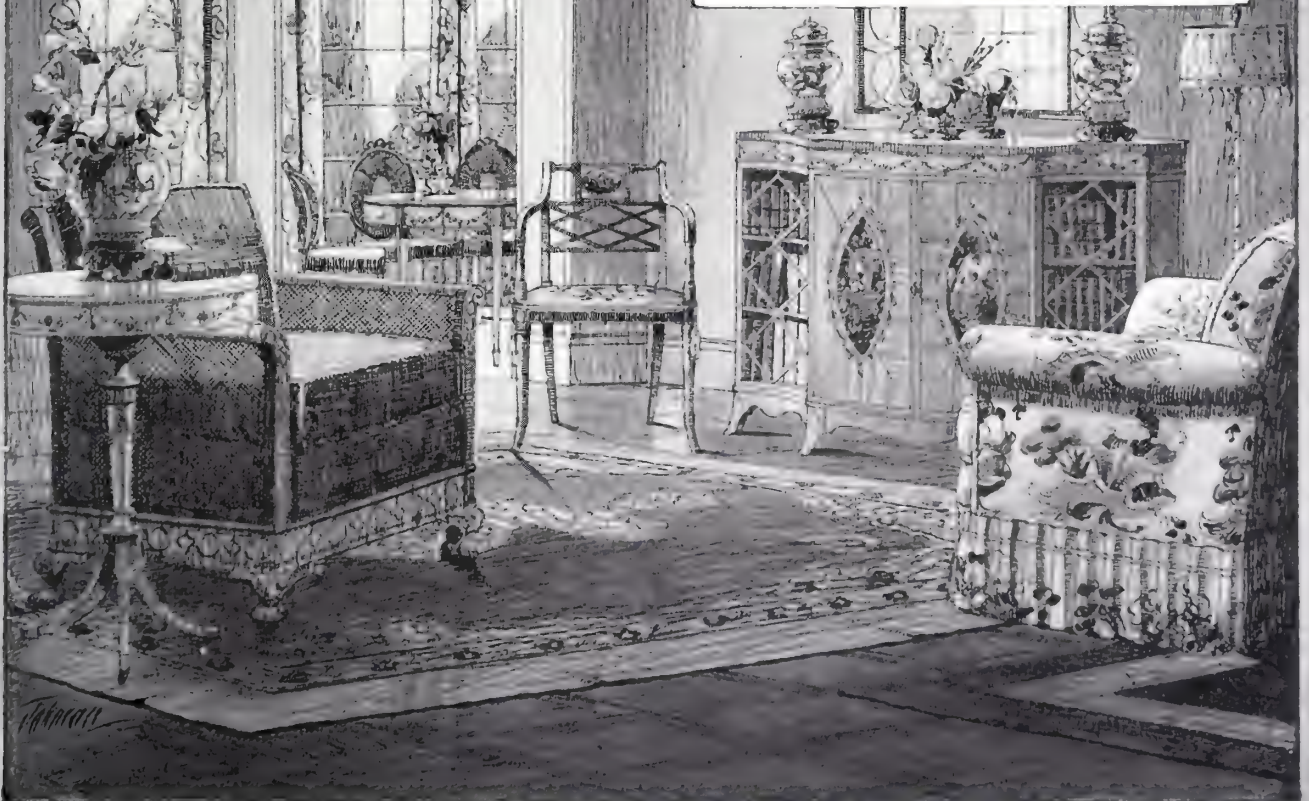
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a child on her lap. The colour shows the original and sensitive qualities which helped to make the artist's work famous. *The Bather* represents a nude painted in Renoir's masterly manner seated on a rock past which water is swirling. The textures and consistencies are more carefully differentiated than in his later work.

Balancing the painting by Monet hangs on the opposite wall the impressive portrait of Cardinal Mercier by Albert Besnard. The Belgian primate is shown standing beside a large crucifix. The artist has dwelt not upon the patriot but rather upon the sensitive priest. Besnard's accustomed gusto and love of vivid colour are here restrained by his theme. The painting conveys a sombre effect, despite the red of the Cardinal's robe and the suggestion of battle glare in the background. The portrait was painted in Rome in 1916.

Breathing a spirit peculiarly French, a spirit which no vicissitudes can subdue, are paintings by d'Espagnat and Chéret. In the former there is humour as well as tenderness. The attitude of the child is highly expressive, while the shadowy modelling and the scheme of colour seem in some mysterious way to accord perfectly with the intimacy of the subject. In the flesh tones the blue rug is skillfully brought into harmony with the red curtain. In Chéret's *Farandole*, airy figures dance a carnival with the Parisian gaiety that has made the artist's posters a joy since the days when bicycles came into vogue.

An example of refined decorative quality has been chosen to represent Albert André. An enchanted passivity has cast its spell upon the bathers. There is a classic harmony of linear movement throughout. The pleasing, tapestry-like surface quality and the sensitive feeling for colour are characteristic of this talented French artist.

A study of worshippers in a church has been chosen to represent Lucien Simon. The sombre scheme of yellow, red and black recalls the art of the Spaniards. Cottet, whose name one naturally associates with that of Simon because of their common interest in Breton folk, shows a group of picturesque women halted in a meadow on their pilgrimage to Plougastel. The scene is treated with rich colour in a vein of strong optimism. It recalls a picture by the same artist exhibited in America some years ago, showing the journey's end with the little church of St. Anne-la-Palud surrounded by thousands of white-capped Breton pilgrims.

A painting by Ménard shows a highly characteristic landscape with tints of the black opal among marsh grasses and distant woods. It has a lyric quality breathing a profound peace which almost makes the beholder aware of the classic figures which on this occasion the artist has omitted. Visitors familiar with French art gladly recognize such names as Aubur-tin, Dinet, Raffaëlli, and Charlot.

Henri Caro-Delvaile has supplied from his studio a nude of the type which has made him famous in the past. The strong accents of black hair and orange ribbon serve as foils to the pearly flesh tones and delicate boudoir decorations.

The tender mood of Impressionism is seen in landscapes by Henri Martin and Le Sidaner. Signac's view of the Maas

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J. F. HERRING, 1795-1865—Fox Hunting—20 x 25. The best known English painter for hunting scenes is undoubtedly Herring. Even the colored prints made after his paintings are sold everywhere and for good prices.

JAN BREUGHEL, 1565-1625—Landscape with figures—22 x 27. The paintings of the "Velvet Breughel," as this Flemish master and cooperator of Rubens is usually called, are much in demand for collectors and museums.

JACOB JORDAENS, 1593-1675—St. Paul's Conversion—25 x 27. Jordaens and Van Dyck are the two greatest pupils of Rubens, and as a colorist Jordaens stands even higher than Van Dyck according to the great Flemish expert, Max Rooses.

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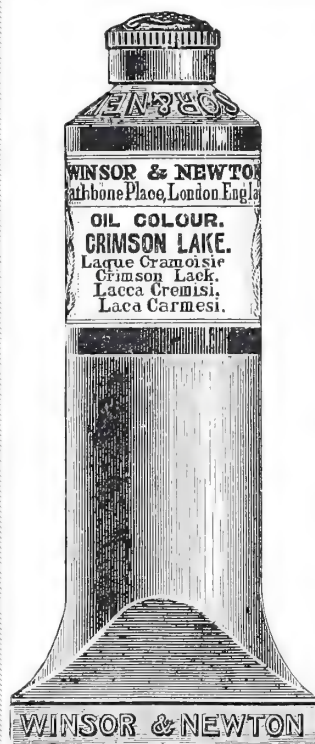
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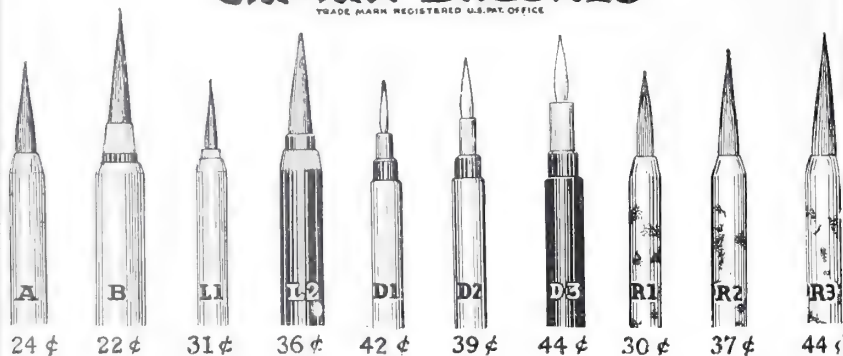
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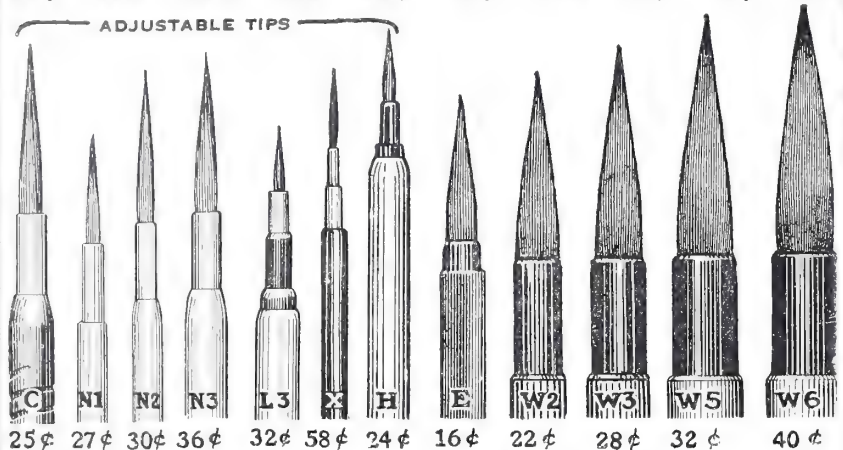
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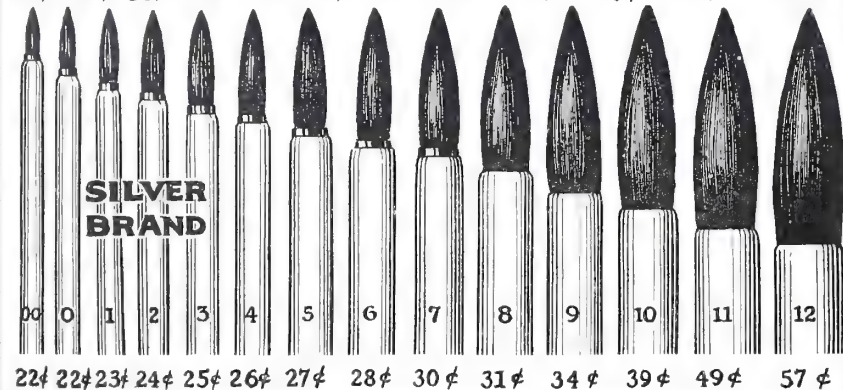
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bridge at Rotterdam is a good example of the more scientific pointillism.

The younger group of artists, who are responsible for the decorations of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in Paris, have sent a number of interesting pictures, including the spirited *Maidens Waylaid* by Xavier Roussel, *The Little Sister* by Mme. Marval, and canvases by Henri Lebasque and Maurice Denis. The picnicking scene by Balande with its happy groups disposed about the lawn in marked sunshine and shadow is immediately sympathetic to Americans being in the view of some of our own painters. Added to those just mentioned are works by such men as Bonnard, Vallotton, Zingg, Manguin, Désiré, Piot, making a truly modern exhibition, an event which cannot fail to help Americans in understanding the France of today.

PORTRAIT OF THEODORE ATKINSON, JR.

BY JOSEPH BLACKBURN

THE Director of the Rhode Island School of Design writes as follows on an interesting portrait:

Students of the history of art are interested in the large number of artists whose shadowy personalities and period of activity are clarified by documentary or artistic evidence. They are especially numerous in the Renaissance, and the pursuit of information about them has fascinated many persons and furthered the sale of early paintings by bringing to light information on their authorship. Not all of these productions measure up to the highest standards, but some have archaeological or historical significance, and others make a distinct contribution to the world of art. One can understand how this may be true of the Renaissance, but may not be prepared for the statement that the same thing, in a lesser degree, is true of our early American painting. At present the greatest mystery and fascination surrounds Blackburn, whose work had such an influence on Copley. His paintings were in fact usually ascribed to Copley until recently, but now we are beginning to distinguish Blackburn's work. The acquisition with the Museum Appropriation of the portrait of Theodore Atkinson, Jr., makes the subject of the portrait and the artist persons of interest to friends of the Museum.

We are living at a time when extended research is being made for material relating to Blackburn. At the present moment our knowledge can be summarized in a few lines. Dunlap in his "Arts of Design" (1834, Vol. I, p. 32) gives no information save that he painted in Boston, and does not give his first name. Tuckerman ("Book of Artists," 1867, Vol. I, p. 45) adds the information that he painted in Portsmouth, N. H., and other New England towns, and suggests that he was a visitor to this country. The next writer to discuss Blackburn was H. W. French ("Art and Artists in Connecticut," 1879, p. 29), who apparently took liberties with our artist and fostered upon him the name of Jonathan B. This, until the past year, has been accepted without question by other writers of articles, catalogues, and labels. Since

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then, however, our progress has been more rapid and accurate. Circumstantial evidence in the form of advertised letters in the Portsmouth post-office, and more positive evidence in the written signature on the portrait of Andrew Faneuil Phillips, belonging to Mr. Wallace T. Jones of Brooklyn (see *Brooklyn Museum Quarterly*, July, 1919, Vol. VI, No. 3, p. 150) gives us definite knowledge that his name was Joseph and not Jonathan B. Final proof has come in a signed receipt which has been found (*Ibid*, Vol. VI, No. 4, October, 1919, p. 229).

The rest of our present information is meagre but interesting. Blackburn painted in this country from 1754 to 1762, to which year belongs the portrait recently acquired by the Museum. Since his first work in 1754 shows his technique fully developed, and nothing is known of him previous to that date, one might infer, subject to later correction, that he was English and not American, and visited this country for the period noted. No painter of his quality by the same name is known in England, so he may have assumed the name of Blackburn in this country. All this is unsupported evidence, but seems probable. He disappeared at the close of this period as suddenly as he appeared, leaving behind him a series of portraits of which Mr. Lawrence Park has identified over eighty, a number of which are in public collections. Our contribution to the discussion is simply to push the time of his disappearance one year later, since family tradition, which has come with the Atkinson portrait, states that the young man was "painted in his wedding costume," and 1762 was the year of his marriage.

Theodore Atkinson, Jr., who was known as the fifth Theodore, was prominent during his short life in the social and political life of New Hampshire. His father was Colonel Theodore Atkinson (whose portrait by Blackburn is in the permanent collection of the Worcester Art Museum), and his mother was Hannah, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth and sister of Governor Benning Wentworth. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1733, and graduated from Harvard College in 1757. In 1762 he married his cousin Frances, daughter of Samuel Wentworth of Boston. In the same year he was appointed Counsellor, and his father withdrew in his favor from the office of Secretary of the Province of New Hampshire. This office he held until his death from consumption in 1769. He had no children. (For these biographical details the writer is indebted to Mr. William H. Wentworth of Lexington, Massachusetts).

The story of Lady Atkinson perhaps is of interest, since her name has been mentioned. She had first been engaged to her cousin John Wentworth, who was the first royal Governor of the Province of New Hampshire, but became put out with him, owing to his being away on a business matter for a long time, and married Theodore Atkinson. After his death she waited two weeks and then married John Wentworth. At the time of the Revolution the Wentworths went to Nova Scotia, where he was Lieutenant-Governor from 1792 to 1808, and where he was created a Baronet. Lady



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Atkinson's portrait, painted by Copley in 1764, is now in the collection of the New York Public Library.

The portrait of Theodore Atkinson, Jr., comes to the Museum with an unusually clear account of the parties in whose hands it has been. It first hung in his father's house until his father's death, in 1779. Since then it has been owned by six different people, all descendants of the Atkinson or Wentworth families. A copy of the painting is in the office of the Secretary of State of Concord, N. H.

A THOMAS SULLY CANVAS

AN unusually fine example of the work of Thomas Sully has been installed in the Maurice A. Scott gallery of the Toledo Museum through the generosity of Florence Scott Libbey. It adds one more name to the notable group of works by early American painters as it will hang with good examples of West, Stuart and Copley. The picture was painted in the early part of the eighteenth century and is a portrait of Mrs. Burnett of Philadelphia. It is a remarkably fine example and shows Sully at his best. Undoubtedly it was a good portrait, but more than that, it is a lasting work of art and the oncoming generations in their admiration for an early master may add a sprig of rosemary in recognition of a charming subject.—*From the Museum Bulletin.*



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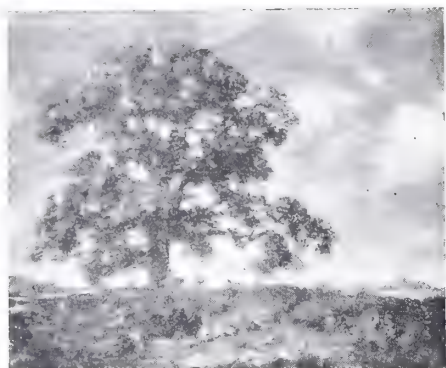
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WOODCUTS BY ALBERT DÜERER

WM. M. IVINS, JR., provides useful hints for those visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see the Dürer woodcuts:

For those who have not been familiar with Renaissance woodcuts, the following notes may be of use in looking at the Dürer woodcuts now hung in the Print Galleries.

In one of the floor cases there are exhibited side by side the original wood blocks for the *Decollation of Saint Catherine* and *Samson and the Lion*, and early impressions from them. As can easily be seen, the cutting of the blocks involved not only a good deal of labour and a quite considerable amount of skill, but a great deal of time. There is nothing to prove that Dürer himself cut these, or any of the other blocks from which his woodcuts were printed, and every reason to believe that the work was done by one or another professional woodcutter or formschneider, as they were then called. This fact might tempt people to say that, then, the impressions from the blocks cannot be "original"—but any such deduction would be wrong, for they are most highly original in the sense of not at all being reproductions. Dürer drew his design in ink on the plank of wood, drawing each line just as he wanted it to appear in the print. The cutter then took the plank and with his knife and gouge cut away every bit of the surface that was not covered by Dürer's lines. Ideally he did not touch the drawing at all, simply the white spaces between the ink lines. He brought nothing to the work of art, not a single line did he insert or change. Certainly he could by being clumsy spoil the lines, but he added nothing of his own. Artistically he simply didn't count as a factor, any more than the acid does with which an etching is made—because he was really only a human mordant.

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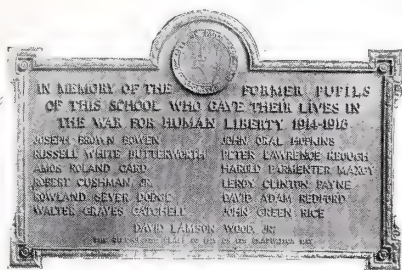
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implying that a woodcut is too common and ordinary a thing, too vulgar even, for the likes of them. Of course there is no reply to make to such an attitude as this. It is so much like that of the man who didn't like spinach, that it precludes any discussion. All that one can do is to say that a number of highly intelligent persons, like Dürer and Holbein, and Titian and Rubens, and Blake and Daumier, have made or designed woodcuts, and that handsome is as handsome does, and to advise those people to dismount from their high horses and give their spectacles a fresh rub with a plain linen handkerchief because silk won't help a bit.

If they do get down and rub their glasses, they will possibly see that the plain paper which shines so brilliantly between the good solid black lines of the woodcut is very nice after all, and even, conceivably, that the beautiful texture of the mellow old handmade paper is infinitely handsomer than the brown ink which modern etchers have got into the habit of putting all over their etchings like so much Worcestershire sauce. For, you see, ink smeared all over a print is exactly like a bottled condiment, it is only put on because the thing that it covers isn't good enough to pass muster without its aid. And when people don't like Renaissance woodcuts because they are so plain, they are just like people in the restaurant who cover their food all over with some bottled sauce before they even taste it—one can tell offhand what dreadful kinds of things they have grown accustomed to, poor dears.

Now there is no denying the fact that the Renaissance woodcut, as compared with the typical modern etching, is coarse of texture—so strong and brilliant that one can actually see it across the room and tell what it represents from that distance. This is possibly disconcerting to persons who have become accustomed to seeing the prints about their walls simply as little black or gray or brown spots which couldn't be seen at all were it not for the nice white paper mats that surround them. But, after all, it is hardly fair to dislike a work of art because you can actually see it—since it would seem as though that were what it was intended for. This bigness and strength, therefore, instead of being a blemish is really a virtue; more even than that, it is the very reason why woodcuts are so nice, they are really black and really white, and never those in-between, indecisive things, that people call half-tones.

Now "half-tone" is more than a mere name for the certain kind of photographic reproduction with which our books and magazines are illustrated, it is far more than that—it is a psychological aberration which has afflicted a large part of the world. Artists, no matter what their medium, work in half-tone, from the etcher who smears ink all around, and the sculptor who never makes a direct statement of a plane, to the writer who is afraid of a clear, simple sentence and says "as it were" instead of "is." And this is the real trouble with the old woodcuts, in so many modern eyes, they are full of the "ises" and "ares" of affirmation, and guiltless of the "possibly" and "perhaps" of hesitation and indecision. The really good ones all have an air as though



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repeating to themselves the refrain "I know what I know."

Then there is one other point. I have just said that the old woodcuts are black and white, which is a very important thing, and not nearly so trite as it sounds, because back of it there lies a simple optical fact which is of the greatest importance to any one who is interested in the whys and wherefores of prints. Everyone has seen how some prints are brilliant and others soggy, but few people have ever stopped to think what it is that causes the difference. It is just this, that in some prints the whites stand out, and they are the brilliant ones, while in others the whites are hidden and obscured, and they are the soggy ones. It all comes back to the whites, and to the fact that it is the whites that make the picture, not the blacks. Black, any student of optics will tell you, we can't see—wherever there are black lines, the paper under them has been blotted out so that it doesn't exist any more, because so far as seeing is concerned it has been covered up by a little piece of darkest midnight. The whites we do see, and it is the shapes and forms and contours of the whites that make the picture for us.

Curiously enough, in the woodcut, this optical truth is true also in the actual making of the print—the work of the woodcutter has all gone into making the whites and not the blacks, it is the whites that he has cut and fashioned and trimmed into shape, and the blacks are merely the parts that he hasn't bothered with. At first this seems an odd point of view, and very queer, but once one accustoms oneself to it, it is simply and obvious enough, and it explains a great many things which previously one was merely rather dumbly conscious of. Also it affords a remarkably good working test for the goodness or badness of prints, a sort of æsthetic touchstone, which, while far from infallible, is still as little fallible as any. It will never solve any of the mysterious questions to which personality gives rise, but so long as people are going to go around looking at prints and saying that this is a good woodcut or etching, as the case may be, and this a bad one, without ever thinking anything about draughtsmanship or composition or imagination, it is as good a rule as we can find to test the validity of statements about the goodness and badness of prints. At least it asks whether they are good black and white, things, that is, which are really white and in some places really black.

Finally there is another thing about these old woodcuts which should be borne in mind and that is that they were popular in the fullest and best sense of the word. Like certain wonderful texts, they were printed and reprinted in vast quantities, and sold for very small sums so that the poorest in the land could and did possess them in intimacy at home. As matter of fact, the poor still can and do have them in vast quantities, because they have been copied and facsimiled as no other designs ever have been. Even during the war in Germany they published sets of facsimiles, most excellent ones too, at prices running as low as a few cents apiece, and their publishers found them most advantageous merchandise, for they seem to have been sold in the greatest quantities.

Now there is something in this that is worth thinking about. Sets of prints made four hundred and more years ago that are still in the heyday of their broad popularity are not everywhere to be found, and something very real must lie back of it. Perhaps it can best be explained by an analogy.

From the collector's point of view there can be no question about the fact that, as compared with a copy of "Hamlet" dated this very year, that famous and much-discussed first edition of which but two copies are known is much the more desirable. One costs but the equivalent of breakfast in a dairy lunch; possession of the other confers immortality in the memories of collectors. And yet from another point of view, an ordinary one perhaps, that first edition is far from being so remarkable as the other, which is perhaps of the three thousand four hundred and sixty-seventh edition. The number of books that have been printed once is legion—perhaps the worst thing one says of a book is that it was printed "once." But three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven, not copies, but editions, is something not only very rare but something quite extraordinary, because it means so very much. It goes back of editions entirely, discards the physical object, and presents us not with so much torn and tattered paper, but with "Hamlet," a living thing in which men, not merely some people, still find interest. Had there never been but those two copies of 1603 in existence—one may ask what would they bring, and where would be their fame, for both price and notoriety are based on the existence of all those millions and millions of later copies. And it is in these that the greatness of "Hamlet" lies.

Now as for Dürer, much the same is true. His greatness is not to be found in the priceless and unequalled impressions in the Museum or in any other "collection," but in the thousands and thousands of mediocre impressions, of copies, and of reproductions, with which the world is filled, for they mean that he lives and moves in men's minds and does not lie perdu, solander-boxed for the privy inspection of the few.

The great majority of people who know and admire Dürer's work today have never even seen an original impression from one of his plates or blocks. They know and possess his work in reproduction of every kind and size from a post card up, and they get what they look for, what they want, from those reproductions. Some people say of certain artists that their work is so superlatively fine and delicate it cannot be reproduced, and can only be appreciated and understood from the very finest originals. But one may very justly query whether any such butterfly-wing beauty as this is really more than that *beauté du diable* which is one of the attributes of youth and freshness, a cosmetic beauty which is no more than skin deep and quite unfit to stand the passing of time. Real beauty lies so much deeper than that, that it is impervious to such little things as time and wear and facsimile. In fact, the facsimile and the close copy may very well be regarded as the colanders of real beauty; what won't pass through is doubtfully worth while.

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GARDEN ORNAMENT
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And so it is with these woodcuts, they have been more printed, more copied, more facsimiled, than any other prints ever made, and whatever the collector may think of them in his desire for exclusiveness, the great world knows that in them there is more of what it wants in the way of a print than in any other prints which have ever been made, they are really great pictures that suffer less in reproduction—i. e. in reprinting, like Shakespeare or the Bible—than anything else it has ever found. And that is saying a very great deal, for after all a print is a print, that is, a picture of which a great many duplicates are and can be made. If duplicates can't be made, what actually is made may be very lovely, but really is it a print?

WATER COLOUR PAINTING

In a bulletin, under initials "C. B.," is the following upon watercolours:

In the recent acquisition of six water colours by Gifford Beal and two by Hayley Lever, supplementing the few previously owned, the Museum has secured the nucleus of a collection of water colours, which, as augmented from time to time, we hope to see become representative of the best work in this medium.

The works of Mr. Beal entitled: *Spring, Arabesque, Windy Day, Hudson River, New York Freight Yards, Summer Landscape*, and *Central Park* were purchased from the Elmer J. Farwell Fund and the income of the William C. Yawkey Fund.

The Lever paintings entitled: *The Wharf, Gloucester* and *Boats, Gloucester*, were acquired, one from the income of the Elliott T. Slocum Fund, the other presented by the artist.

The works of both these men show the importance and superiority of this medium in the hands of artists who have acquired a sense of the right use of their material and mastery of its resources.

Painting in water colour on paper had its origin in the drawings of the Renaissance, in the employment of transparent sepia washes by the old masters to give tone to their sketches. This flat tinted monochrome, used as the auxiliary of line, was gradually supplemented by a sense of modelling, and as a convenience in indicating to his artisans or a prospective customer the colours to be employed in a given scheme, the draughtsman soon after began to use tints merely as memoranda to suggest the effect of full colouring.

The Dutch and Flemish artists of the seventeenth century seemed to anticipate the possibilities of modern water colour. There are landscape sketches in full colour by Rubens in which this is shown. It was not until the eighteenth century, however, that the tinted drawings gave way to a developed and distinct technical method, by the immediate predecessors of Turner, and this great master in England, on the threshold of the nineteenth century, was among the first to bring it to its fullest expression. The National Gallery preserves ample evidence of the skill and resourcefulness of Turner in the employment of the medium to record his observations of wide stretches of nature, seen under the caressing atmosphere of his native land. Water colour painting has flourished in England continuously since

(Continued on page 10)

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"A VASE OF MARIGOLDS."
NEEDLEWORK PANEL
BY E. RUTH RAYNER.
(See page 70.)

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXX No. 278

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MAY, 1920

THE ROMANCE OF OLD CHINTZES BY MARY HARROD NORTHEND

A COLLECTION of old printed cottons is rare and growing more rare each year, as the source of supply decreases and the specimens now in existence are subjected to the deterioration of time. The collection from which these specimens were chosen for pictorial illustration has been preserved by much fine and painstaking needlework, as the background bears witness. So well has it been done that—in the technique of the photographer—the eye of the camera does not see it. These choice fragments of a bygone art must be handled with excessive care—in fact it seems almost a sacrilege to handle them at all. The connoisseur usually frames them under glass and very beautiful wall decorations they make. A lady in Philadelphia who has one of the most extensive collections in this country has the halls of her palatial home hung with these soft-hued, yet exotic creations; and though they are only printed cottons, their appearance thus handled is more like the old woven tapestries which hang on the walls of Hampton Court—that haunt of all good Americans who love the beauties of olden time art.

To illustrate the infrequency of this particular hobby among antique "collectors," a famed New York dealer is quoted as replying to an inquiry with these words, "What do you know about printed cottons?" And no wonder he asked, for apart from the devotees, there is such a slender source of information available—one or two chapters in one or two books on antiques seems to be all that has been written on the subject. Perhaps, one reason is that their origin historically is very uncertain. However, the few facts available will suffice to introduce to the reader this time-old artifice; and as later on new revelations come to

the writer's notice, a further exposition may be expected. There is a very firm determination to get at the inner secrets of things, as well as people, which eggs us on in our pursuit of the elusive and difficult of attainment, and the lure of the fantastique is like the attraction of a magnet at the distant end.

In the first place, it is necessary to correlate the term "printed cotton," which the print collector invariably will employ in speaking of his treasures, with the more familiar but less exact "printed chintz," which is used in the title heading. Now chintz is a word of Hindu origin—chint is the original derivative. The early form of the word in English usage was c-h-i-n-t, the plural c-h-i-n-t-s in time becoming mistaken for the singular c-h-i-n-t; and so we find the newer form "chintz" as a singular with its own plural "chintzes" commonly employed to designate "cotton cloths printed in a number of different colours and often glazed." The present vogue for chintz draperies, loose covers for chairs and settees, even table cloths, has once more made the quaint old word one of common modern usage covering a wide range in quality and design. The original definition would have been "a painted or stained calico from India." And from this definition it becomes apparent how in due course chintz became known as an English fabric. The imagination cannot fail to picture the caravanseries of rich spices and jewels and choice robings which the East India Trading Company conveyed from the Orient to European shores at such great cost of time and money, that Christopher Columbus set out for to find a short way round to the East Indies, and just chanced upon our hemisphere. And amongst the more elegant silks, satins, and velvets, came the calicoes—the printed and stained "calicoes" of India. To this day in England, one buys calico



A PRINT SHOWING MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES
[BROWN AND YELLOW]



BELOW: KING CHARLES II AND HENRIETTA GOING FOR A HORSEBACK RIDE. ABOVE: KING CHARLES
HIDING IN A TREE WHILE CROMWELL'S MEN ARE HUNTING FOR HIM
[SOFT BROWN AND WHITE]

The Romance of Old Chintzes

not cotton cloth. A world of romance is woven into their travels from East to West. It is barely possible that a few fragments exist of the real "Indiennes" or "Siamaises," as they were known in France before they were first fabricated in Europe.

There is mention of the industry in England in the sixteenth century, but there is no record of the first English chintz printer, or "calico printer," as the trade card reads in the old print at the British Museum: "Jacob Stampe, living at ye Sighne of the Callico Printer in Hounsdlitch prints all sorts of Callicoes, Lineings, Silkes Stuffs, New or Ould, at Reasonable Rates." This was in the reign of King James the Second of England, near the end of the seventeenth century. It was the Dutch and Flemish emigrants from the Continent who introduced the industry to England. It is likely that the Dutch were the earliest exponents of the art in Europe, although there is some trace of it in Russian contemporaneous records.

The French periods of production are clearly defined because of the prohibitory law which was enforced up to the year 1759 when the manufacture of such stuffs was fully authorized by royal decree. Abraham Frey of Geneva, who had printed furniture coverings at Corbell for Madame de Pompadour, in defiance of the prohibitory law opened an establishment near Rouen, in upper Normandy, in 1758; and in Alsace, as early as 1746. Samuel Koechlin of Mulhouse, conducted a factory which for a long time had almost the exclusive control of the French market. Koechlin made many improvements in the then infant industry, chief among them being the discovery of a red acid—"mordant rouge"—by means of which a solid red colour could be printed. One of the severest handicaps of the early printers was the limited colour range. In the present day it is customary to hear the merchant say apologetically but honestly, "we cannot guarantee the colour to be fast on account of the lack of German dyestuffs." So it is true that as far back as two hundred years it was a German who discovered the secret of red dye. Green was another trying colour, it having been necessary to use a blue impression over a yellow.

The majority of early manufacturers in France were of German birth or descent. The man whose work is of greatest importance in its general bearing on the trade was Christophe Phillipe Ober-

kampf. He was a naturalized Frenchman born at Wiessenbach, Bavaria, in 1738, and died at Jouy-en-Josas, near Versailles in 1815, from shock occasioned by the destruction of his workshops during the invasion of that year.

Oberkampf with a capital of only 600 francs, often with great difficulty obtaining the legal right, opened a factory in an abandoned building he had hired at Jouy. His models were the Persian and Indian cottons which had the outline only printed and the subject matter painted in by hand. In order to print in the colours he set to work, and with his own hands constructed machines, which perfected processes invented by his father for printing by means of block and cylinder. He was thus at the same time mechanician, designer, printer, dyer and engraver, as well as merchant. He was so successful in merchandising his products that he was able to send agents to England and Germany and even to Persia and India to study the best processes, especially those of dyeing, which were only known in the East. He soon surpassed all rivals and as the goods became fashionable in France, he was honored by an edict of Louis XVI in 1787, making his works a royal manufacture. He was obliged to close the works during the revolutionary rule, but later on in the Empire period, the industry flourished and reached its zenith. In 1809, he was awarded the first prize in the first class of decennial prizes instituted by an imperial decree dated five years earlier at Aix-la-Chapelle. As before stated, in the year 1815, the invasion of France by the Allies—at that time, England, Prussia, Austria and Russia—caused the destruction of the workshops of Oberkampf and his own death in consequence.

In 1818 work was resumed at Jouy and an improved two-cylinder process adopted; but by this time the printed cotton and linen industry had spread throughout France and the former distinction of the "toiles de Jouy" was lost in the multitude of cheaper productions. The age of machinery brought a degradation of the art and from 1830 there is little of interest historically or artistically. With modern methods came the base perversions and inartistic imitations which mark the so-called Victorian Era—an era from which the world is happily recovering to a new and better art which includes a reversion to the more beautiful Queen Anne and Louis XVI periods. America is hardly to be considered in



A PRINT DEVOTED TO MATRIMONY
[BROWN AND WHITE]



JOAN OF ARC
[TONES OF PURPLE]

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the early history of the industry, although today American fabricators are turning out productions of the old and modern variations of which we can be justly proud. There are some specimens of the early American cotton printing which will survive the test of art and time—notably a wonderful old quilt in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

The quality of the goods manufactured at Jouy was always excellent, well dyed and with fast colours. Even in the nineteenth century there was a rage for the numerous stuffs with floral designs of small bouquets and disjointed sprigs on sanded backgrounds, as though the flowers had been plucked and cast upon the cloth, the Oberkampf factories supplied the best, and their furniture coverings and other fabrics for hangings were not less sought after. The Norman manufacturies were patterned closely after Jouy and are very similar both in quality and design.

The designs followed in great measure the historic periods of the nation. In the time of Louis XVII and Marie Antoinette, the shepherd's crook and pipes are frequently met with in the decorative and ornamental designs then in vogue.

During the Napoleonic era there was the Egyptian period characterized by sphinxes, pyramids, Isis and Osiris, and the old Nile gods and goddesses, gaudily bedecked camels and military trappings; after the campaign in Italy, classic scenes, views of ruins, temples, palaces and triumphal arches formed the prevailing motif. Again, after the Consulate and during the Empire, the Greek and Roman influence is shown in mythological scenes, historic episodes, medallions and cameos representing warriors and law givers. In the period of the "Restoration" under Louis XVIII and Charles X scenes from the fashionable romances of the period—Sir Walter Scott's among them—village weddings, pastoral scenes, ladies and their lovers, brigands and roisterers, figure profusely. Thus, it is quite an easy matter to fix approximately the date of a piece by the design. Furthermore, the methods of workmanship give prima facie evidence of the time of execution.

At first the stuffs, which were rather coarse and loosely woven, were printed by means of wooden blocks, some of which are still in existence. These blocks were hand made and as a design was usually in four sections, four blocks with the

outline were necessary, the design being then reproduced the requisite number of times. A length of cloth was stretched upon the table, a boy dipped the blocks in the dye tub and handed them in turn to the printer, who applied them at marked intervals on the cloth, striking the block with a wooden mallet to stamp the dye firmly into the threads of the material. At first only the outline was printed and the colours painted on by hand as in the imported specimens. As dyestuffs were discovered, separate blocks were then applied. The first impression being styled "Moule" or mould. The second block was "Entrure"—the entering of colour. And as it became possible to use a third or fourth colour, the blocking was called "Rentrure," or re-entering of the mould. "Picotage," or purling, was invented as a novelty and greatly beautified the background. Brass wire points planted by means of a punch like the bristles of a brush in the wood in the between spaces of the pattern and dipped in the ink or dye produced the finely dotted or sanded background effect alluded to. In 1809 Oberkampf brought out a variation by executing the design in white on a coloured background. In 1818 a process was invented whereby two cylinders which acted simultaneously, the pattern on the one being in relief and the other sunken. The cylinder in relief replaced the "Entrure," the sunken one printing the "Moule" or outline.

(This article to be concluded in a later issue.)

STANFORD WHITE MEMORIAL

THE memory of the late Stanford White is to be perpetuated through the erection this autumn of a pair of bronze doors which the friends of the distinguished architect and art lover will present to the New York University. They will be installed at the entrance to the library building at the university which Mr. White designed. The trustees have formally signified their acceptance of the gift and the committee in charge will begin at once to appeal for funds solely from friends and admirers of the late architect. Subscriptions from the general public, while they may not be refused, are not desired.

As a delicate attention from the men in charge of the project, the work of designing the memorial has been entrusted to the son of Stanford White, Mr. Lawrence Grant White, who may thus pay a personal tribute to the memory of his father.

Landscape Painting in America



OLD FARM AT MONTCLAIR

BY GEORGE INNESS

LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN AMERICA BY AMEEN RIHANI PART I

Two artists stopped before the picture that seemed to be the magnetic centre in the gallery. One of them criticized it from a proper distance, the other approached it condescendingly and, with a familiar gesture, pointed out "a good passage." As one would say, after reading a poem, "There is a good line in it." But neither method can serve a good purpose when the point of view, in treating a subject somewhat unwieldy for a magazine article, must necessarily be synthetic. Movements, more than individual achievements, I set out one day to investigate. (The reader need not fear of losing himself with me: he can change his mind and stop wherever he please.)

But we must first make up our mind that the "gesture artistic" and the "good passage" are negligible in our method of approach. We shall leave the detail to the recognized authorities in the cavilling art. And if we succeed in getting a general and correct idea about landscape painting in America, from the pioneers of the Hudson Valley down to the moderns, making the acquaintance of the few peaks that loom beyond

the marsh-land on our way, we shall consider it, whatever might be said to the contrary, a happy adventure.

The question, "Is there an American art?" can be dismissed at the outset as irrelevant. There is, one would say, and there is not. If we consider art as a product or an industry, like the cotton that grows on our land, for instance, or the cloth we weave in our mills, then we have not an art that the archeologist would call autochthonous. If we consider it as a product of the mind and the traditions of the ages, then we have an art that is neither American nor European, but partakes more or less of both. Our first painters were English; our contemporary painters, were they ever to get together, would form an ethnological congress. Moreover, the centripetal forces of the times affect alike the industries and the arts, the commerce and the culture of the world. And the centres of nationality, no matter how distant from each other and divergent, are more than ever being imbued with the universal spirit of art.

I walked into a gallery one day, and lo, I was in a land of colour and song, where blue and green have a thousand shades, where earth and sky are vibrant with poetry and music, where every-thing is waiting, it seems, for the artist

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—and waiting upon him, doing half his work. because of this co-operation, the result, in that exhibit by an American artist, was excellent. I said an American artist, but his name proclaims aloud his blood. A. G. Warshawski transported me to the Riviera without making me feel the motion of his wings, as it were—without obtruding upon me the lumber of his technique, faulty or perfect, it matters not. He is direct, simple, frank, unaffected; and there is little or no evidence of labor in his achievements. Why should there be, when nature herself collaborated with him!

In another gallery, another American artist, who found his inspiration abroad, brings back to us a new version of familiar scenes, as pleasing in its simplicity and picturesqueness as the folk-lore of a people. Harry B. Lachman, though inclined to be pictorial at times, made the very stones of old France, under favoring conditions, of course, yield somewhat of their poetry to his brush. He, too, like the faithful Jinn of the Arabian Nights, carries one to the Cote d'Or, the golden coast of dreams, without as much as a whisper about his own identity or purpose.

From the Cote d'Or and the Riviera to the cold, bleak, snow-covered desolations of Pennsylvania and New England, is a far cry. I had but to cross the street, however, to accomplish the miracle. And there I found myself amidst scenes, not unfamiliar, but unfriendly, in the congealing atmosphere of a land devoid of colour and song—in the presence of nature, reticent and sinister and glum. A landscape to paint, forsooth. Success to the hand that does not shake in the task. Elmer Schofield needs not my good wishes. Nor does W. L. Lathrop. They have both made a good bid for success and got it. And they deserve it, at least for the fact that they have to work unaided. Nature here will not collaborate, and man, in his architectural abominations, allies himself with nature against the artist.

I have often wondered what earthly significance there is in an insignificant and often irredeemably ugly scene for an artist to waste his canvas and paint upon. And a good technique is often wasted too. For a barn is a barn, no matter which way you look at it and no matter what setting you can give it. I may be blaspheming against modern art; but I can not see how any subject, according to one of its principal tenets, can be made artistic by treatment. Monet might create a good setting for a barn; but when he is through with the

picture, you look in it for the four-square thing in vain. It has receded into the hazy distance, disappeared in a blaze of light. And we must admit that there are scenes in nature that are as uninteresting as the four cardinal virtues. We go through them at times from a sense of duty; we accept them if they are mentioned in the deed; and we hasten to get rid of them. We may even give them away for a song, but not for a canvas that would perpetuate them in our memory. No, we do not relish them even on canvas. For no matter how much paint is lavished upon them, they can only be made tolerable at best.

In the work of Messrs. Schofield and Lathrop I find good examples of the colourless, insipid, flat, inexpressive atmosphere of an American landscape. If there is any poetry in Elmer Schofield's *Valley Forge*, it is certainly impressive in its big, bold rhythms of dull brown and grey—what time he must have had seeking it, intriguing nature for it. If *The Stubble Field* or *Neglected Farm* of Lathrop contains any hidden meaning in colour or line, or any mystically rustic significance in composition, I deplore the opacity—my own opacity, perhaps—that stands between them and my vision.

I mention these two native American artists in connection with the two others who painted abroad to emphasize a point which I think is most essential. There are scenes where nature is so intensely expressive, her personality so evident and predominating that the artist can be a realist, even a literalist, without compromising her or his art. All he has to do—he can even shut his eyes and paint. And there are scenes where nature is so perversely reticent, cold, forbidding, enigmatic, that the artist has to do all the guessing, so to speak, filling up the gaps in the composition, interpreting the silences, supplying the personal note himself. In the first instance a landscape can be easily spoiled, I admit, by a meretricious effect; but in the second, it has to be raised from the level of reality or freed, at least, from the deadly pall of a democratic architecture. It can be saved, in other words, by a personal interpretation, an individualistic treatment, and given a lease on canvas. The personal note is not missed in the Riviera and Paris scenes of Warshawski and Lachman; but we do miss it in the American landscapes of Lathrop and Schofield.

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The question of an American art depends, therefore, both upon the artist and his subject matter. And that this subject matter, however hopeless it may seem, can be redeemed and made artistic in the hands of genius, though it should take two hundred years to do it, is the fact that I would prove in this brief survey of American landscape painting, from Thomas Cole, through the Left Wing of the movement, down to, or up to Childe Hassam. And that genius, in painting more than in any other art, can seldom thrive in schools or abide in "isms," and will always have to look upon a host of followers and imitators, who scramble for its heritage and gamble in academies for its garment, is another fact sufficiently evident in the mere roll-call of the Right Wing, from George Inness down to J. Francis Murphy.

A landscape represents an entity of feeling, of fancy, or of thought, but seldom of the three qualities combined. It is often made to tell a tale, or state a fact, but seldom does it embody that underlying mysterious something which is the essence of both the fact and the tale—seldom does it give us the truth. And truth is stranger than any technique. To achieve it the artist and nature must collaborate, in what is obviously real and unreal, through the medium of personality, which is, by no means, only human and subjective. For nature, too, has a personality more interesting in its latencies than its exteriorizations. Mirrored in the soul of the poet, reflected in the consciousness of the artist, it passes through his own personality and is colored more or less by it. The result on canvas depends upon the quality and intensity of the artists' feeling, his temperament, his vision, his receptive faculties, and, it should be added, his cultural and traditional heritage. Lacking any of these, the result is not always pleasing, is often commonplace, is sometimes repulsive.

But this does not justify the attitude, provoked by the bizarre and the grotesque, we sometimes take against personality in a landscape. Such criticism does not compensate for a real loss. It has the tendency, too, of fostering reaction. As well criticise the prodigality of nature or the bizarre in her variable moods. A ray of light dancing in a grove of scowling hemlocks is an impertinence; the morning dew on the lips of a sun-veiled rose is irrelevant; a mass of sunset

colours bulging out of a cloud in chromatic candor, is a redundancy: but in the distribution and setting, a true artist gives them their proper place and value, makes them essentially articulate, imparts to them a vitality without which his composition, a personal creation, is incomplete.

Indeed, without personality, a landscape, if well done, is a proof only of a seeing eye and a dexterous hand; it would be devoid of feeling, of thought, of imagination, of that intangible something that gives it a distinction and marks it out for the ages and the world. A mere outward delineation of nature is craftsmanship, not art. Form and colour are often the pitfalls of the technician, who, having exhausted his subject or his talent, can not resist the temptation of merely amusing himself in paint. But to the artist of genius, forms are but opacities in which a mobile, fluid beauty is ever struggling for expression; and the value of tones, which are only half-revealed and half-concealed, which are sometimes dormant in a lingering shadow or lurking in the meadow grass, is as important as the value of the brilliant colours in an autumn scene.

The first landscape painters of America did not trouble their heads about such matters. Nature to them was but a medium through which was reflected the spirit of the times. The Hudson River School was a branch, in a sense, of the national propaganda of the day. Cole and Doughty, Bierstadt and Church were, indeed, patriotic Americans, too patriotic to achieve the high distinction of artists. They painted in the style of the period, which was didactic, bombastic, oratorical—the grand style of which nationalism dominated everything. They had, we must admit, a genuine love of nature; they were sincere and unaffected, but untaught. Of selection, simplification, organic arrangement, they had little or no knowledge. And with their predilection for historical and national themes, they made nature the vehicle of moral allegories, civic virtues, and such like. Even like the poet Bryant who, in "Thanatopsis," made it a setting for elevated platitudes and noble banalities.

These American painters, who were still under the English influence, who observed the English tradition in art, were neither behind nor ahead of their time. They were, like so many of our contemporary artists, very much with their time and for it. But what appeal have they to-day? We stand before one of the huge canvases of

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Church—whose work was a panorama of the wonders of creation—in which a landscape sprawls amidst the ruins of empire, deploring the loss of paint and material—and money in travel (Church believed only in ennobling subjects in nature, and he sought them, in the spectacular and monumental, all over the world).

But they reflected the spirit of the times, these Hudson Valley painters. They surrendered wholly to the seductions of the prevailing manner, even as some of our modern artists are doing today. And as *The Aegean Sea* of Church and *The Course of Empires* of Cole have become objects of curiosity, have no longer even a historic interest, so, too, will those canvases of contemporary artists—even the best of them—the Hassams, the Bellows, the Luks; canvases of the war, in which a mawkish sentiment prevails—canvases recording the industrial struggle, destined to become as obsolete as those recording the struggle for Independence—canvases depicting oddities in fast shifting scenes or giving the obvious and the grotesque a local colour and a name—canvases that have nothing, in fact, to do with art, and will not even be understood by future generations.

Before considering the influence of the Barbizon School upon the second group of American landscape painters, I would like to emphasize the fact that those who preceded them loved nature, like the Barbizons themselves, for its own sake; but, aside from their technique which was primitive, and their point of view which was naive, they were so saturated with the spirit of the times, so dominated by nationalism that the message of nature never reached them. They were too literal to be poetic, too national to contribute to true art.

George Inness, after many years of experimentation, broke away from them. It is a question, however, whether he would have continued to paint in the style of Bierstadt and Church had he not gone abroad to study. We know from his earlier work that there were no signs in him of a coming revolt against the Hudson River School. His *Leeds in the Catskills*, done in the rhetorical style of Bierstadt, could scarcely be recognized as the work of the man who later painted *Moonrise*, *Autumn Woodland*, and *Old Farm at Montclair*. Even in his *Peace and Plenty*, which shows his classical and elegant style at its best, the tendency to ramble is still

evident, the feeling pales here and there into abstract emotion; the composition, as a whole, lacks vigour and decision.

But I am approaching the pitfalls of analysis which, at the outset, I said I would avoid. What I do want to say now is that the development of the work of Inness was not wholly due to his own genius, although this alone would, no doubt, have given him in the end a higher rank than his predecessors or any of his contemporaries. It was due also to the fact that, instead of wasting all his years in experimentation, seeking a style, a new method of expression, he found it ready to hand in the Barbizon School, was quick to grasp it and make it, in America, his own.

Inness was too spiritual to be a revolutionary in the French sense of the word. To the painters of the Hudson Valley, he was an innovator, a modernist, to be sure; but he was of a temperament that could not delight in alarums and excursions in paint. Supremely religious in feeling, with a penchant for mysticism, he became in his latter days a Swedenborgian. He was, indeed, a distinct individuality. Like Corot he painted, not with the artistic sense foremost, but with the ecstasy of a zealot. Nature to him was a temple, living, palpitating with mystery. And he responded in his later work only to her spiritual moods. The preference he had for the placid scene, what he called a "civilized landscape," was lost in the contemplation of azure distances and amber depths veiled in the haze of dying summers. His Swedenborgianism got into his brush.

Homer Martin, the melancholy Martin, was also a mystic, although physically he was heavy-heeled, square-shouldered and robust. Which qualities seldom appear in his work. He painted, as he lived, with his head in the air. He could catch, quicker than any of his contemporaries, the evanescences of colour and light, but he seldom saw what was directly before him. He was the first to admire Corot, when he was but slightly recognized even in France; but he was not influenced, consciously at least, by the Barbizon School. He is the first original, I think, of American painters: his technique, whatever its merits or demerits, is his own. His translucent surfaces, like the smoke of incense rising before an altar and veiling its images and its lights, express best his spiritual longings. His poetry is not of the earth; it comes, as in his *White*

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Mountains, from azure distances through saffron intensities to flood the hills and lull the very rocks in Elysian dreams. His *View on the Seine*, charming in its simplicity, deeply suggestive in its setting, and his *Sand Dunes*, resonant in its tonalities and its amber glow, reflect two distinct moods, the symbolic and the purely æsthetic. Martin, like all deeply religious artists, was a symbolist. And this is shown best in his *Fire Worshippers*, which has an apocalyptic grandeur—the spirit, but not the technique, of Gauguin.

Unlike Martin and Inness in temperament, but sharing with them the laurels of the new movement, is Alexander Wyant. His pictures have been called “musical lyrics in a minor key.” I find a suggestion in them, too, of the epic poetry of the earth. And not a little that recalls the manner and the quality of the Barbizons—the sombre intensity, for instance, of Rousseau, the placid beauty of Daubigny, and now and then a spiritual suggestion expressed in the delicate lace-like effects of Corot. But Wyant is not a mere imitator. He has his own distinct qualities; is more rugged and more consistent at times than his two distinguished contemporaries. We get in his work the first nearest approach to a real American landscape that can readily be identified as such without offending the artist or his subject. In *An Old Clearing* and *Broad Silent Valley* is a vivid sense of the reality of things radiating the beauty of the poetry that is latent in nature.

No, they did not merely imitate the Barbizons, these pioneers of American landscape painting; but they did follow in the footsteps of a general movement. They, too, revolted against—I should say departed from—a method and style already established in their own land—a method and style that made a faithful transcript of nature, a literal rendering of visible scenes, the highest standard of perfection. Barring their poverty of technique, or total lack of it, the Hudson Valley group might be called the realists of their time. We shall see how some of the moderns, with a blare and blazonment of technique, are harking back to these standards.

But Inness and Wyant and Martin put into their work the stuff that can dispense with mannerism and technique. And this stuff is not imported from Dusseldorf or Barbizon or Karlsruhe: it is native American genius. True, the influence of those schools marked their earlier work; but gradually they found themselves, and,

standing on their own feet, became the masters of a new movement in American landscape painting. They were then the modernists: they are to-day the accepted and respected and much abused models of the conservatives, the academicians. But this is not their fault. In their work inhered an originality which must necessarily exhaust itself through reproduction; and in it, too, is an individuality which produces in the course of time strange atavistic results.

We can better judge of this to-day. For the manner of expression and repression in contemporary art is a proof of the fact that the influence of the Barbizon School, transmitted chiefly through Inness, has accentuated the individuality of the artist, without awakening in him the consciousness that recognizes the deeper individuality of nature. He may be a competent draughtsman, but oftentimes he lacks vision. He may transform the unreal and make it seem quite real through the medium of paint and temperament; but when he is only conscious of self-expression, he fails. This is not the fault of the American artist only; it is inherent in modern art, particularly in that branch of it that has little or nothing to detain us outside of an insisting obliquity of view or a crying eccentricity of treatment, or both. But I am not concerned now with the ultra-moderns, in whose work may be detected the influence of various opposing schools.

Coming down with Inness and Wyant I meet with a group of painters who are directly influenced by these masters only, and whose slavish allegiance to them is amusing, often, too, provoking. They are true lovers of nature, to be sure, even like the Hudson Valley painters, and their point of view is the same as that of the masters they follow and imitate. But what have they to distinguish them one from the other? Inness expressed his own individuality; Wyant did not imitate Inness, except in the spirit of finding his own method of self-expression; and Homer Martin followed his own light. Moreover, in seeking perfection in their art, how many canvases did they destroy, how much conscientious effort was spent in the development along their own lines from the sterility of a formula to the poetry and spirituality of creation. But their followers and imitators content themselves with what seems to be a mechanical perfection.

I have seen, for instance, many pictures by J. Francis Murphy; and every time I see a new

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one I ask myself, "Where have I seen this before?" I have seen a few landscapes by Dwight Tryon, a few by Chas. H. Davis, and many by other painters whose names, no matter how differently spelled, should be pronounced Davis or Tryon. They are competent draughtsmen, or is it craftsmen? And they are no doubt sincere, genuine lovers of nature. But I doubt whether they get from her anything more than a simpering smile. They seem to see her only in one or two aspects—either in her holiday attire, or on her farm, so to speak, in a show of rural banalities. And they approach her, judging from her reaction on canvas, in the most formal manner. No wonder that their work is so meticulously finished, so unspeakably chaste. It is an edition de luxe limited to two or three copies, which are being continuously and faithfully reproduced.

The Tryons and Davis, the Murphies and Cranes of America recall to my mind the ancient scribe who spent his life making copies of his work for his friends and admirers. And yet, who would not prefer an ancient beautifully illuminated manuscript to a thousand canvases that parrot each other—a thousand hallelujahs to nature!

Considering that there is a mind and a poetic soul in the palette of Mr. Murphy, his work to me is a miracle of monotony; but considering the size of his art-estate, it is a miracle of fertility. There it is with a barbed wire fence around it. And what have we in it? The silver sheen of the moon, the golden glamour of sunset, the sentimental swoon of the afterglow, the cow and the meadow-brook, the old barn and the hay wagon, the farmhouse and the pump—to be able to juggle these and set and reset them into so many pictures a year, is a task, indeed. But what a futile and melancholy task! I wonder who is suffering the most from it, art or Mr. Murphy himself. And yet, he is, I am told, one of the most successful painters in America—his pictures sell—command high prices! What of it, my friend. Is not the *Ladies' Home Journal* the most popular magazine in America? Is not Harold Bell Wright the most successful author in the United States today?

It must be admitted, however, that there is a certain knack in handling the obvious so it hold, so it might not fall to pieces. There is a sort of skill, even talent in vitalizing the irrelevant, in idealizing the innocuous and superficial, in decorating the obvious, in giving a lisping tongue

to the "pretty thing." Herein lies the way to success in business and to failure in art.

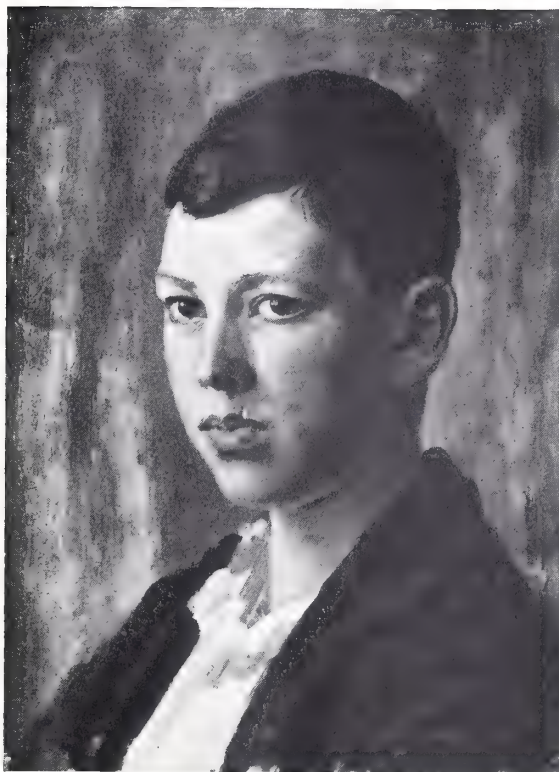
Observe the decline in the movement that broke away from the Hudson River School. From Inness and Wyant and Martin down to Tryon and Davis and Murphy marks a thinning of the process, not only of treatment, but also of thought, and a gradation of feeling changing to sentiment, to sentimentality, to a mawkish version of the obvious and tame and commonplace, the "pretty thing." Inness gives us the deep spirit of nature; Tryon specializes in her superficial elegances; Murphy would overwhelm us with her banalities. Here, in other words, is the scale, as I conceive it, of inverted evolution. Inness, Tryon, Murphy—a dignity of feeling, a pretty sentiment, a swooning sentimentality. And yet, Inness the Master is the parent of Murphy, the Master of the Swoon. Is it strange, considering this decline, that there should be again a new movement in art?

(To be continued.)

A NEW SCHOOL OF ART

LOS ANGELES is becoming one of the principal art centres of the country and the latest testimony to the Angel city's special fitness for the development of artistic talent, as regards climatic conditions and otherwise favorable environment, comes from Walter D. Merrick of New York, who recently came to Los Angeles to perfect plans for the establishment there of a great resident school of art at the behest of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who will back the school with an initial gift of \$500,000. The plans, which will be prepared by Robert D. Farquhar, a Los Angeles architect, provide for a fine building to be set in the midst of attractive grounds. There will be a spacious, dome-shaped auditorium with a seating capacity of two thousand and a stage generous enough in its proportions to permit one hundred persons to rehearse upon it, for the school in addition to furthering the arts of painting and sculpture, will provide for instruction in grand opera, dancing and the dramatic art.

Children will be admitted by competition and instruction will be free. The institution will be operated somewhat after the manner of the Imperial Ballet of Moscow, formerly supported by the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor's school in Vienna.



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY"
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN
(Purchased for the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia)

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER. ♦ ♦ ♦

ONE good effect of the progress of photography has been to clear up our ideas about portrait painting. For a time there was confusion between the two arts, with excited arguments as to which was the "truer." The answer is quite simple. Each is true in its own way, and the two ways are perfectly distinct. If you want a likeness to the eye, no painter that ever lived could beat a good photograph. If, on the other hand, you want a likeness to the mind, the best photograph is beaten by the most elementary scribble of a child on a slate. Or, to put it another way, the photograph is addressed to the eye as a critic of reality; the painted portrait is addressed to the eye as a channel of perception. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

LXX. No. 279.—MAY 1920

Portrait painting, in fact, is a branch of painting and not a form of imitation. The mirror that the portrait painter holds up to nature is not his canvas but his art. It may seem a back-handed compliment to pay, but the great advantage of Mr. Augustus John as a portrait painter is that he is not a specialist. He approaches the subject not so much as a student of faces as a painter in the broader sense of the word. At a time when the young student is being pressed, with the promise of immediate gain, to take up "special" forms of art without general training, this is a useful thing to bear in mind. The War, Peace Conference, and other portraits at the Alpine Club Gallery are the work of a man who is, before everything, grounded in the general principles of his art. ♦

The first result is that Mr. John has created a gallery of living persons. Each

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, O.M., G.C.V.O.
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

has a strongly marked individuality, but they all hang together in the world of painting as the characters of a good novelist hang together in his pages. They have an independent existence but, at the same time, they are true to the context. Paradoxical as it may sound, the question of likeness to life, as it strikes the eye, is comparatively irrelevant. The important thing is that you should believe in the painted people themselves. There can be no question that you believe in the painted people of Mr. John. They so convince you of their independent existence that you take their likeness to the originals on

trust. Here and there your acquaintance with one of the originals persuades you that your confidence is not mistaken.

The question of likeness to life is comparatively irrelevant because it cannot really be decided by the appeal to the eye. Off-hand you might say that you know people in life by how they look. As a matter of fact you don't. Your impressions of them are made up of a host of things into which the eye does not enter at all. Whether you are conscious of it or not, your impression of a man is a mental conception to which the eye is only a partial contributor. Painting is an



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



"A CANADIAN SOLDIER"
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

art of expression; it records not only what the painter sees with his eyes but what he takes in with his other senses. The success of a portrait painter depends, finally, on his including what psychologists would call his total reaction to the subject before him; and, in the long run, this depends upon his mastery of his craft. In proportion as he is a good draughtsman and painter his hand will respond automatically to the combined gleanings of all his faculties. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

That is where, it seems to me, Mr. John scores over most contemporary portrait painters. He is more consistently a painter; a man trained to expression with his brush.

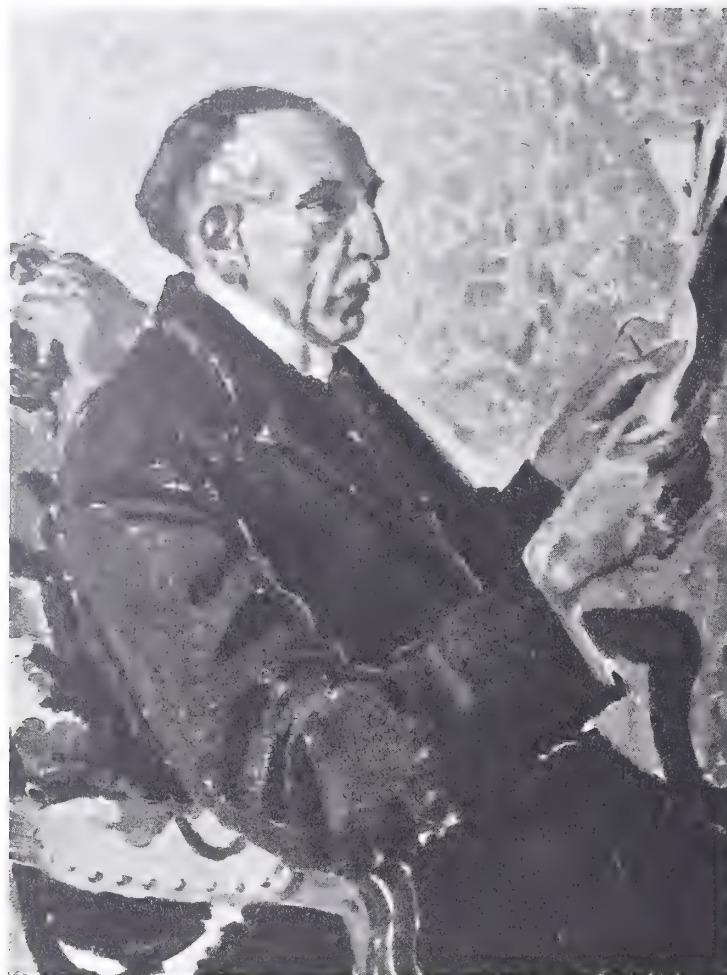
That he happens to be an acute observer and a man of remarkable sensibility would be little to the purpose if his hand were not so perfectly responsive to what he sees and feels. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

To turn to the portraits in detail is to be aware of a dozen felicities not only of drawing and painting, but of interpretation—if the word must be used. Almost necessarily one reads into portraits of eminent men what one has heard about them. Mr. Hughes, for example, is generally described as a "live wire." The report by Mr. John certainly tallies, but it tallies in a way that does not suggest hearsay. The nervous vibration of the man



H.R.H. EMIR FEISUL
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN
(Purchased for the Birmingham Art Gallery)

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HUGHES,
P.C., PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

is conveyed, not in any action or gesture, but by sheer quality of painting. It is a "simmering" portrait. *Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., P.C., Prime Minister of Canada*, compels attention by weight of personality. One would expect him to be a scant speaker, long in deliberation, and firm and rather abrupt in utterance. In *H.R.H. Emir Feisul* one is aware of the painter's enjoyment of his task in the suave relation of tones, but the character is not missed. The picture could never be mistaken for a study of the costume model; it is obviously a portrait. From a purely psychological

point of view *The Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, P.C., M.P.*, is the most remarkable portrait in the room. It is impossible, of course, to forget hearsay in looking at this picture; but, even assuming that Mr. John was affected by what he had heard about Lord Robert, it would still be an extraordinary piece of shorthand interpretation. *Portrait of a Boy* reminds us that, with all his modernity, Mr. John is a traditional painter. Nothing, to my mind, is more significant of his personal security than the candid way in which he will refer to this or that painter of the past. Painting is, after

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN AS PORTRAIT PAINTER



THE RIGHT HON. LORD
ROBERT CECIL, P.C., M.P.
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN

all, a traditional art, with standards of its own drawn from the deep experience of the race. By long and continuous experiment it has found out what will and what will not "work" as a means of communication between one human being and another. Mr. John is not only grounded in painting as a craft, but in painting as a tradition; and in the long run that serves a man better than a great deal of assorted information about the facts of nature. ♣

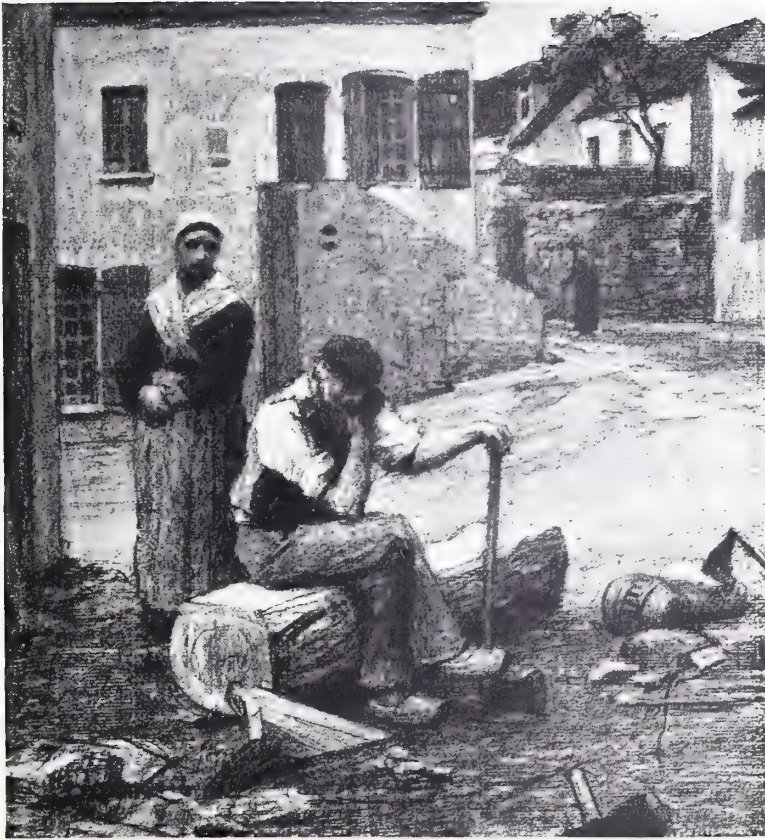
Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, O.M., G.C.V.O., is almost too good to be true in its confirmation of popular belief. At the same time, it is all done by and through

painting, so that you are forced to conclude that the popular belief is founded in fact. Finally, we come to the portraits of women. It is quite obvious that they are done in a different faith, so to speak, than those of men. They are much more subjective. The impression they give me is that in painting them Mr. John depends even less exclusively upon his eyes than at other times; that he allows his brush to be guided less by the looks than by the temperament of the sitter. But in *Princess Antoine Bibesco*, at any rate, the bidding of temperament has produced a definite personality.

CHARLES MARRIOTT



SIR ROBERT BORDEN, G.C.M.G.,
P.C., PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA
BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN



"THE WOODMAN." BY
LEON LHERMITTE

MODERN MASTERS AT BARBIZON HOUSE.

PEOPLE who buy pictures to live with often find it difficult to imagine how those works which they see and like in public galleries would look if they were hung in their own houses. Indeed, many pictures which look well when seen in a gallery with a top light produce a disappointing effect in the light of an ordinary living-room, while others which "go" admirably in a private apartment seem to lose a great deal of their attractiveness when displayed in a public gallery. The works of the Barbizon painters are generally of the latter kind. Their modest proportions, their subdued and delicate schemes of colour, and, above all, their intimacy of feeling make them delightful to live with, but disqualify them for asserting themselves

in the glare and distraction of a public exhibition. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The recognition of such facts may have induced Mr. Croal Thomson to choose a private house instead of the regulation gallery with sky-lights for his new place of business. At Barbizon House, in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, the pictures and drawings which pass through his hands can be displayed under the conditions of an ordinary collector's house. The new gallery is simply a tastefully furnished home. The surroundings create the proper atmosphere for their enjoyment, and enable collectors to estimate the effects which the objects they admire will produce in their own homes. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

During the past two seasons Mr. Thomson has filled his house with a succession of fine paintings, drawings, and statuettes. In June last he delighted his friends with a pri-

MODERN MASTERS AT BARBIZON HOUSE

vate view of the best things in the collection of the late Sir George Drummond of Montreal, a collection which, sold under his direction, afterwards realized such amazing prices at Christie's. Among them were two of the most wonderful water-colours which Turner produced. *Zurich* was one of the last drawings Turner made—he was nearly seventy when he did it. It is unlike anything on earth, but it has something of the glamour, the splendour, the terror, and the transitoriness of the sights one sees in the skies sometimes as the days draw to a close. It is a work of genius, vast, unfathomable, disturbing, awe-producing, and overpowering. No man but Turner could have painted it, and I should imagine that no one could look at it without admiring it and without trembling before the almost superhuman powers displayed in its production. The drawing must have stirred many memories in Mr. Thomson's mind. It was once in the possession of the late Mr. Irvine Smith, an Edinburgh collector who lived sparingly to devote all his savings to the purchase of Turner drawings.

Towards the end of his life failure of eyesight led him to sell some of his cherished possessions, and it was Mr. Thomson's lot to go to Edinburgh to arrange for their purchase. The price he paid for this drawing appeared large at that time, but Mr. Thomson's courage was justified. The drawing realized £6510 in the Drummond sale, the highest price that has yet been paid at auction for a Turner drawing. ■ ■

But remarkable as the *Zurich* drawing is, it is yet the work of an old man. It is garrulous, wilful, and fitful. It has something of the incoherence and impatience of an old man's talk. The other Turner drawing to which I have referred—the *Dudley Castle*—was evidently the work of a younger man. It is just as incommensurable as the *Zurich*, but all the artist's marvellous powers were more firmly under control when it was painted. The play of light from the burning furnaces, from the dying sun and the rising moon, on the muddy water of the canal, the smoke of a manufacturing town, the wooded hill-side and the ruins of the ancient castle, is



"RIDEAU D'ARBRES, SOLEIL COUCHANT." BY J. B. C. COROT



"GOING TO WORK"
FROM THE DRAWING
BY J. F. MILLET



"THE CANAL, DORDRECHT"
BY JACOB MARIS

vigorously observed, and the whole is firmly knitted into a design of uncommon beauty and - poignant imaginings. All Turner's works are original, but the *Dudley Castle* is perhaps one of the most original of his drawings. It seems to have foretold and summed up all that the more enterprising and experimental artists of Europe have been trying to do since Turner died. ▯

In a brief notice it is obviously impossible to refer to a tithe of the numerous things Mr. Thomson has displayed at Barbizon House for the enjoyment of his friends and patrons. Last July he delighted them with the sight of a number of Jean-François Millet's drawings in chalk, among them *The Woodchoppers*, *The Shepherdess and her Flock*, *The Sick Child*, and *The Knitting Lesson*. We had

seen several of these drawings before, as they formed part of the Staats Forbes collection, but who was not glad to see them again? Lhermitte's crayon drawings, *The Woodman*, *The Market Place*, *Bethune*, *A Street in St. Malo*, and others which Mr. Thomson was showing at the same time are more academic in style than Millet's synthetic designs, but they possess a quiet charm and compel respect and admiration. Among the paintings which I have seen recently in this gallery are Corot's *Rideau d'Arbres*, James Maris's *The Canal, Dordrecht*, some pieces by Matthew Maris and D. Y. Cameron, an exquisite village-street scene, *At Barbizon*, by Millet, and a characteristic little study, *Green and Grey*, by Whistler. ▯ ▯

A. J. FINBERG



THE
STU-
DIO

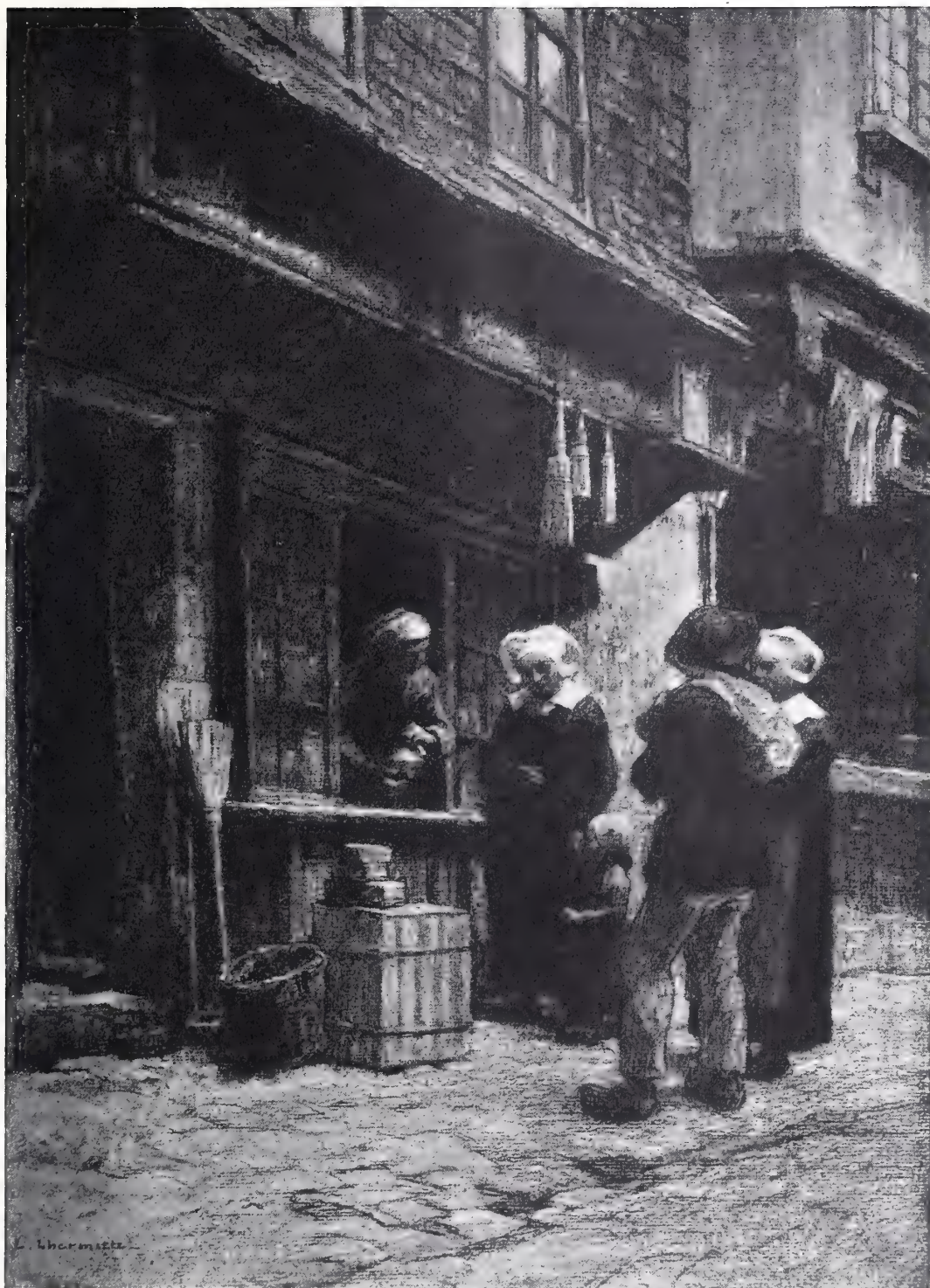
"AT BARBIZON."
BY J. F. MILLET.



"GREEN AND GREY"
BY JAMES MCNEILL
WHISTLER



"BETHUNE." BY LEON
LHERMITTE



"A STREET IN ST. MALO"
BY LEON LHERMITTE

A RUSSIAN PAINTER: N. K. ROERICH. BY N. JARINTZOV

IN our days the struggle between "mechanical civilization" and "the culture of spirit" (to use Mr. Roerich's own expressions) is reaching a decisive point. When an artist to whom it is given to reflect the colours, the sounds, and the thoughts engendered in Infinity remains whole-heartedly within the vibrations linking him with it, he makes them tangible to all; but it must be a whole-hearted, spontaneous attitude on the part of the artist; only then does he stand as one of the leaders clearly outlined on the summit of the mountain where the battle is raging.

One of such leaders is the Russian Academician, N. K. Roerich. "Man cannot be the king of Nature; he is her pupil. I have never felt inclined to paint mere portraits. Man's place in the universe—that is what is important," Mr. Roerich said to me the other day. This oneness of mind and heart with the artistic gift is the key to the convincingness of

his creations. They fill you with the desire of hearkening, expectant, to the whispers of Eternity. The silence of Roerich's northern waterways speaks. The weight of his rocks and ancient walls breathes life. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

"Wonderful landscapes?" No, it is not the landscape itself. Nearly always there is somewhere, often most unobtrusive, a human figure, or figures, doing something full of meaning. And yet their action is not the main thing either; it is not underlined by the artist, there is no finesse, no intended subtlety; it is simply "Man's place in the Universe." In other words, the only thing that matters. ♠

Everything in Roerich's works, viewed from the ordinary standpoint, looks fantastic; yet all meets the eye of the onlooker as if it has always existed in the hidden depths of his own vision. Therein, in spite of the essentially Russian forms, Roerich is not only Russian, but human in the broadest sense. He is above theory, above tendency, even above style as such. He is not a follower of any other artist,



"THE CALL OF THE BELLS"
(FROM THE "OLD PSKOV" SERIES)
BY NICOLAS ROERICH



"ST. TIRON DISCOVERING THE SWORD
SENT TO HIM FROM HEAVEN." FROM
THE PAINTING BY N. K. ROERICH.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER : N. K. ROERICH

or school, although some compare him to Gauguin, Blake, or Vroubel, others see the spirit of the Far East and Byzantium in his mural decorations and ikons. But he devotedly follows his own path, linking up for him humanity with the spirit of the Cosmos. One without the other is impossible to him. ♦ ♦ ♦

A profound study of the Stone Age and his own excavations in Russia, have given Roerich a complete grasp of the inner spirit of ancient life. The old Russian churches, cities, and homesteads on his canvases breathe of their intimacy with their mother-soil. Russia has lived through so many turmoils that people who have had to defend themselves have held on to that soil fast and firm. Outside, there unfolded itself the vast beloved land, to grow corn on it, or to fight for it, or to gaze at the passing foreign caravans. Inside, within

the thick walls beset with the turrets and porches of the younger generations, there lurked the naïve life where the seclusion of women, the wise old men's predominant place, the ideals of hermit life, the hiding of treasures, and the fascinations of the Byzantine church nestled side by side. Roerich loves the simple atmosphere of that life and its legends : it forms a natural setting for the truth-throbbing vision which inflames his art. "Inspiration is absolutely real. All art creations exist before we sense and materialize them," says he.

N. K. Roerich is descended from a Scandinavian family that came over and settled in Russia in Peter the Great's time. Now, no one could be more Russian—in the knowledge of, and love for, all essentially Russian conceptions of Spirit, Art, and Beauty. Roerich is a writer and a poet too. The titles of his



"WELCOME TO THE SUN"
BY NICOLAS ROERICH
(Skidelski Collection)



"THE IDOLS" ("PAGAN RUSSIA" SERIES). BY NICOLAS ROERICH

paintings are stately, sonorous, unhurried—untranslatable in their ancient poesy. His essays on ancient Russia unfold a panorama that makes you hold your breath. If Russia herself (instead of the Bolsheviks) offered him all the opportunities for the application of his gifts—he might rejuvenate the exhausted country by reimbuing her with the charms of her own youth! ♦

Russia has absorbed the elements of beauty from all who ever crossed her land, not only from the hired Scandinavian princes and warriors, from their reckless highwaymen and merchants, from the Byzantine missionaries and the Asiatic caravans, but even from her oppressors the Tartars. All these elements became

blended in the mind of the unsophisticated Russian with the clarity of his primitive conceptions, i.e. with that clarity which is the more striking the more mystical the object of the idea would seem to be. It is this very clarity, this simplicity of greatness, that is reflected in Roerich's works. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Roerich was born in 1874. From 1893 to 1897 he was student at the Petrograd University, and at the same time at the Academy, in Professor Kuindji's class. In 1915 Russia celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Academician's artistic activity. Long before that time he was the first President of the society or group called "The World of Art," amongst the



"THE ENCHANTED CITY."
FROM THE PAINTING
BY NICOLAS K. ROERICH.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER : N. K. ROERICH

leaders of which were Sierov, Vroubel, Somov, Bakst, Benois, and other artists well known in Europe; Director of The Society for the Encouragement of Arts; Member of the Paris "Salon d'Automne" and the Rheims Academy; also of the Vienna Secession, his connexion with which he severed in 1914. ▯ ▯ ▯

In 1907 Roerich was first inspired to compose scenery for an opera (Wagner's "Valkyries"), not to order, but "for himself"; very soon he became a past-master in that branch of art, wonderfully harmonizing his creations with the music of the operas and the spirit of the dramas. His were the sceneries for several operas in Sergey Diaghilev's productions, and for plays at the Moscow Art Theatre and the Ancient Theatre. He has recently completed the scenery for Rimsky Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan" (Pushkin's fairy tale), in pursuance of a commission given by Sir Thomas Beecham. ▯ ▯ ▯

The Pochayev Cathedral and two or

three private chapels are adorned with numerous mural paintings, done with Roerich's ever-present inspiration and love both for the subject and the technique suitable for it. He also worked enthusiastically for two years at Talashkino, the famous estate of Princess M. Tenisheva, where Ruskin and William Morris would have found all their ideals carried out by a group of inspired and inspiring people.

There is no museum or art gallery in Russia that does not own Roerich's canvases and designs for decorative art. In all, his creations number now over seven hundred. A good many of them have been acquired by the National Gallery in Rome, the Louvre (Pavillon Marsan) and the Luxembourg museums in Paris, and public art galleries in Vienna, Prague, Venice, Milan, Malmo, Brussels, Chicago, Stockholm, San Francisco, and Copenhagen. London saw some of Roerich's works at the Exhibition of Post-Impressionists in 1911. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯



"ST. PROCOPIUS THE RIGHTEOUS
BLESSING THE UNKNOWN TRA-
VELLERS." BY NICOLAS ROERICH
(Slietsov Collection)



"THE SACRED LAKE"
BY NICOLAS ROERICH

Besides being a connoisseur, Roerich has also been an ardent collector of old paintings. He possessed a valuable collection of these in Petrograd, the fate of which is unknown, because he would not accept the high post offered to him by the Bolsheviks. His collections also included 75,000 objects illustrating the Stone Age.

He does not claim to be the founder of a school : ever discovering new harmonies between colour, line, and spirit, he thinks that every one should work out for himself his own conceptions and technique.

The main series that can be traced in Roerich's paintings (leaving aside his church frescoes and decorative productions) are as follow :

(1) The Saints and Legends. *Procopius the Righteous Blessing the Unknown Travelers* ; *St. Tiron discovering the Sword sent to him from Heaven*, etc. All these paint-

ings breathe of the power of spiritual calm, although the heavenly word is nowhere enforced upon the onlooker : it is only a characteristic tone in the general harmony of the composition.

(2) The Fascinations of the Stone Age. To this category belongs the canvas depicting the aborigines in some arctic region invoking the sun which is a living entity to them, as well as the one called *The Idols*—a shrine the like of which must have existed in ancient Russia on the top of many a hill overlooking open vistas. Another version of this painting contains a figure of an old initiate shielding his eyes from the sun and absorbed in the speaking silence of the distance. This work was completed in Paris, where Roerich worked for a year (1900) under Cormon. Cormon fully realized the untrammelled bent of Roerich's genius ; encouraging it,

he said : " We shall learn from you. *Nous sommes trop raffinés.*"

(3) Landscape, and Old Russian Architecture. *The Call of the Bells* shows a nook in Old Pskov, where the figure of the angel on the church wall is part and parcel of the responsive atmosphere.

(4) The Spells of Russia. Wizards, enchanted places, hidden treasures, spirits of eternal fairy tales, maleficent animals, a beautiful horseman ever guarding a city from evil powers (*The Enchanted City*), a little aboriginal creature furtively hiding his treasures. . . . It seems to be the fate of Russians to hide their treasures ! Numbers of them are being hidden now, just as they had to be hidden in the tumultuous times of yore. No wonder that whole codes of magic rules have come into being, teaching how to handle treasure both in hiding them and in searching for them. A hidden treasure is almost a living creature ; it has its own whims and moods, it can choose to be benevolent or mischievous.

(5) In 1913-1914 another order of creations came into existence through the intuition of the master : it may be designated " The Prophetic Paintings." To this group belong : *The Lurid Glare*, which later on appeared to be the symbol of Belgium ; *The Doomed City*, a lifeless city encircled by an enormous serpent ; *The Messenger*, a phantom boat standing motionless before unapproachable cliffs ; *Human Deeds*, wise men contemplating a heap of ruins ; *The Cry of a Serpent*, since the creation of which Roerich learned of an Eastern legend that a serpent utters a cry when it apprehends the approach of peril to its country.

The overwhelming majority of Roerich's works are in Russia ; and a chronological list giving the titles and ownership of most of them appeared in the Russian magazine " Apollon " for April-May 1915 ; but between thirty and forty remained after the exhibition in Malmo, and are to be exhibited, together with his recent paintings, in May at the Goupil Gallery.



" THE TREASURE." BY
NICOLAS ROERICH
(Skidelski Collection)



"SUNDAY AT COPENHAGEN (H.M.S.S. 'CONCORD' AND 'CARDIFF')"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING
(The property of the Imperial War Museum)

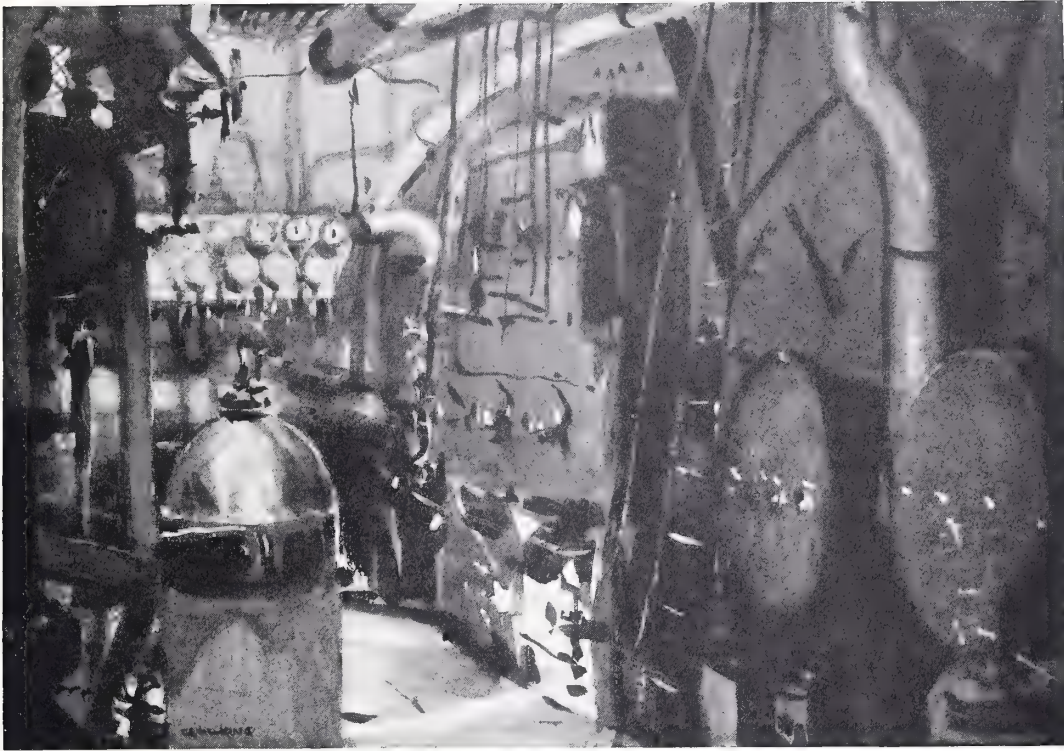
STUDIO-TALK

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—A very charming example of needlecraft is given in the coloured reproduction of Miss Ruth Rayner's panel, *A Vase of Marigolds*, which forms the frontispiece to this number of *THE STUDIO*. Miss Rayner possesses an instinctive feeling for decorative fitness, and in dealing with floral motives such as those upon which she has here exercised her dainty skill, she invariably avoids results which are incongruous with the means employed, at the same time that she succeeds admirably in portraying the natural characteristics of her models. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Cecil King's work as a marine painter was exemplified by two reproductions in our recent Special Number on "British Marine Painting," and some further examples are here given from the

important collection of drawings executed by him in the winter of 1918-1919, during a mission to the Baltic at the instance of the Imperial War Museum. It is unfortunate that a painter of his capacity should not have been selected as one of the Official War Artists, and should indeed have had to wait until after the Armistice before having an opportunity of contributing to the national records. An enthusiastic Territorial for years before the war, he joined his unit for active service in August 1914, and for a year commanded a company on coast defence. Drafted to France in 1916, he served with a cyclist company in the Arras sector, and was subsequently transferred to the Map Service of the Sixth Corps, many of the maps used in the Battle of Arras in 1917 being made under his supervision. Later he was selected to assist Mr. Norman Wilkinson in developing the system of "dazzle" painting which in



"BOILER-ROOM, H.M.S. 'CURLEW'"
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING

the last year or two of the war helped materially to thwart the enemy's submarine activities. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Since its inauguration in 1915 the British Industries Fair, instituted to provide an annual rendezvous for wholesale producers and retailers such as that afforded by the Lenten fair at Leipzig, has with each succeeding year assumed larger and larger proportions. This year's fair, held at the Crystal Palace early last month, was from all accounts, a remarkable success from a commercial point of view, but we are afraid it cannot be said that in regard to design as distinguished from purely technical qualities, the goods displayed showed any marked improvement. With the exception of a small minority our manufacturers as represented at this fair would still seem to lack a proper appreciation of the commercial value of good design, and to harbour the fallacy that because the public buy what is offered they would not buy something better if it were available.

We look forward with more hope in this respect to the exhibition which is being organized by the British Institute of Industrial Art. This exhibition, to be held at the Institute's spacious building in Knightsbridge early in June, will comprise furniture, textiles, pottery, porcelain, earthenware, glass (including stained glass) of British production, and its aim will be to demonstrate that success in competition in the world's markets can be ensured by *quality* of production as well as quantity. The Director of the Institute appeals for the co-operation of all manufacturers and others interested in this aim by participating in the exhibition. The latest date for receiving work is May 8. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Society of Women Artists has just held its annual exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, and it was, on the whole, distinctly more interesting than any of the Society's shows of recent years. Partly, no doubt, as a result of their training, there is still, perhaps, a little too much



"H.M.S. 'CALEDON' IN THE ICE
OFF LIBAU, JANUARY 1919."
WATER-COLOUR BY CECIL KING
(The property of the Imperial War
Museum)

effort on the part of these women painters to simulate qualities appropriate to the work of men and to repress any manifestation of feminine feeling and outlook, though the charm and grace begotten thereby would in their case be preferable to a display of affected virility. ♡ ♡

Turner was again the glory of Messrs. Agnew and Sons' annual exhibition of selected water-colour drawings by artists of the early English School, the collection displayed containing more than thirty examples of his work, ranging in date from 1796 to 1843, and comprising some of the finest productions of his magic brush. De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Girtin, Gainsborough, J. R. Cozens, and, among artists of a later date, R. W. Hunt, E. M. Wimperis, D. G. Rossetti, and Sir John Millais were represented in the exhibition. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

At the Goupil Gallery a miscellaneous

group of pictures comprised some recent work by Mr. William Nicholson, including some of those essays in still-life painting for which he is famous, and two or three landscapes; and in another room were assembled a large and interesting collection of paintings and drawings of Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India made by Sidney and Richard Carline for the Imperial War Museum. At the Fine Art Society's there was an exhibition of landscape paintings by the Hon. Walter James, nearly all of them low-toned vistas of those broad stretches of country for which this artist evinces a decided partiality. The water-colour landscapes of Mr. Reginald Smith, A.R.W.S., in an adjacent room, though a little insipid in colour, showed an excellent appreciation of atmospheric subtleties. An interesting exhibition of pastels at the Eldar Gallery (Great Marlborough Street) comprised

examples of work in this medium by Brabazon, Corder, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Clausen, and Albert Moore, as well as a series of landscape impressions of the Malvern district by Mr. Leonard Richmond, whose pastel work shows, we think, that this medium is the one that suits him best. ▯ ▯

The people of Brighton owe much to Mr. H. D. Roberts, the enterprising Director of the Public Art Gallery, where since he took charge, some fourteen years ago, many exhibitions of more than ordinary interest have been held, culminating in the very fine collection of paintings and drawings by Richard Wilson, R.A., belonging to Captain Ford, which have been on view during the past few weeks. What, however, has distinguished Mr. Roberts's tenure of the directorship has been his broad-minded eclecticism; rightly believing that a change of artistic pabulum is as necessary for our emotional natures as a variation of diet is for our physical well-being, he has on several occasions looked beyond the shores of this country for work to exhibit in the galleries under

his control, and his latest venture in this direction is an exhibition of modern Dutch paintings to be opened shortly. It will, it is said, be the first exhibition of the kind to be held in this country, and if, as we presume will be the case, the paintings to be shown are those of living artists, this statement must be accepted as true. It is usual, of course, when speaking of the Modern Dutch School, to think of the stalwarts like Israels, the Maris Brothers, Mauve, Mesdag, Bosboom and their contemporaries, whose work the London public, at any rate, have had fairly ample opportunities of seeing; but, apart from such names as those of Marius Bauer and Louis Raemaekers, next to nothing is known at first hand about the generation that has succeeded them, although it comprises a number of painters whose work certainly deserves to be known in England. The contemporary Dutch School is, perhaps, chiefly notable in the domain of landscape-painting, but the great traditions of portraiture and figure-painting are also loyally upheld, and the school is not lacking in capable marine painters. ▯



"BEYOND." BY JONAS LIE
(Pennsylvania Academy; see
next page)



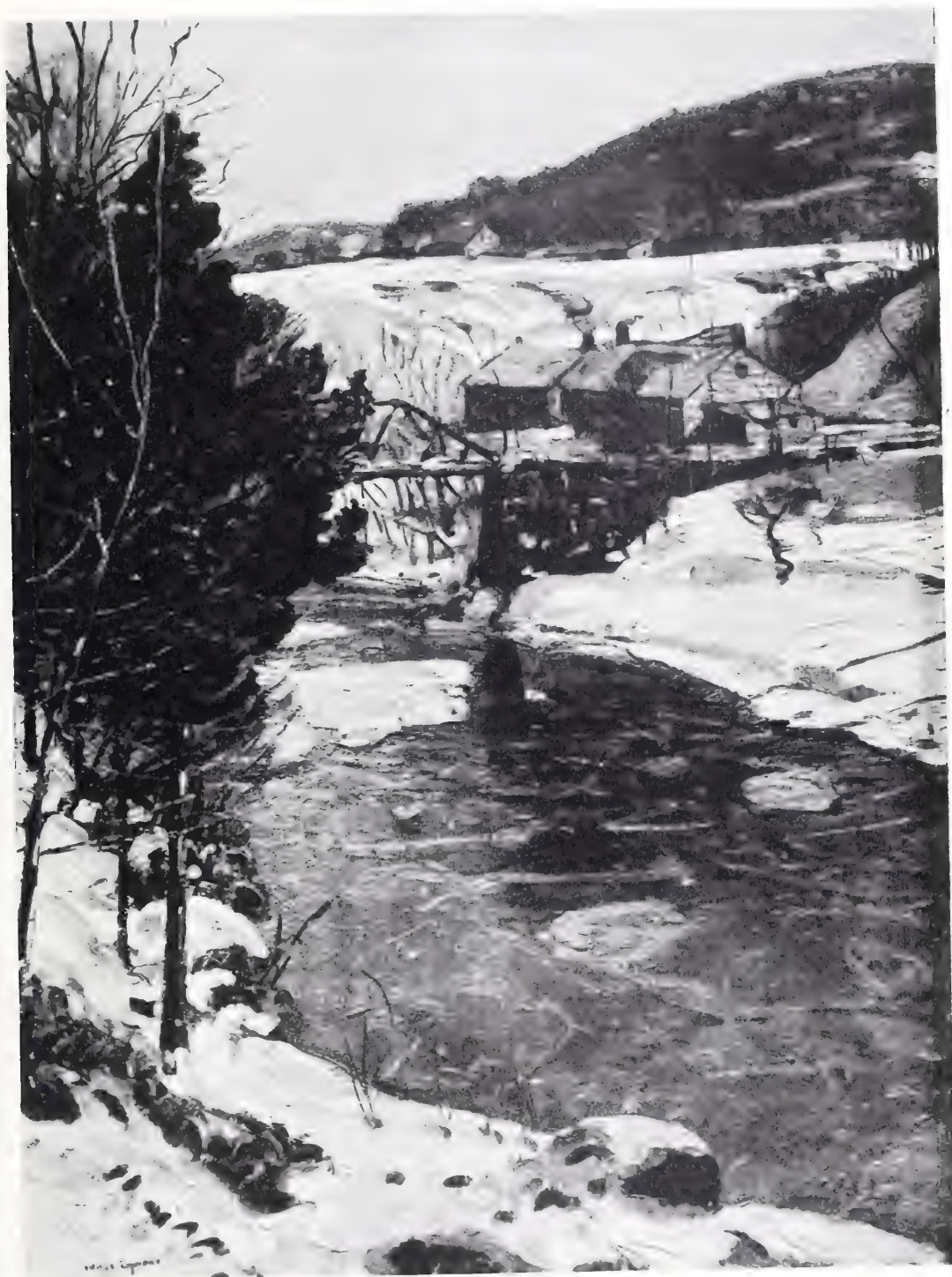
"THE GATE OF THE HIGHLANDS." BY GIFFORD BEAL
(Pennsylvania Academy)

PHILADELPHIA.—Comparisons are sometimes invidious, but one is obliged to observe that the One Hundred and Fifteenth Annual Exhibition, held in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts during February and March, did not seem to be quite up to the standard of last year's show. There were many good pictures, it is true, in the collection of three hundred and sixty oil paintings, and many attractive small bronzes and portrait busts among the one hundred and fifty-eight pieces of sculpture on view, but there was also quite a number of works of only mediocre merit, surprising to find in a show that has hitherto kept up the level of achievement in American contemporary art. The hanging was particularly bad. To find, for instance, the late J. Alden Weir's delicate and refined double portrait, *The Sisters*, hung in the place of honour in Gallery F., flanked on one side by Mr. Gifford Beal's strong green landscape, *The Gate of the Highlands*, and on the other by Mr. Jonas Lie's

sunlit harbour scene *Beyond*, gave a decidedly incongruous air to the group.

A notable exhibit was Mr. Leopold Seyffert's portrait of Colonel Richard H. Harte, C.M.G., as also his bold and vigorous painting of *The Hunter*. The same gallery contained Mr. Eugene Speicher's *Portrait of a Russian Woman*, awarded the Carol H. Beck Gold Medal; *The Red Kimono*, by Mr. Joseph De Gamp, awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize; and Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge's *Edge of the Woods*, awarded the Jennie Sesnan Medal. Mr. Ernest Laws received the Temple Gold Medal for his landscape *Ice Bound Falls*, Miss Mildred B. Miller the Mary Smith Prize for *In the Window*, and Miss Malvina Hoffmann the Widener Gold Medal for her bronze group, *The Offering*.

There were well executed portraits of *Benjamin Rush, Esq.*, by Mr. Edward C. Tarbell; of *Wm. P. Gest, Esq.*, by Mr. Wm. M. Paxton; of *Dr Morris Jastrow, Jr.*, Professor of Semitics in the University of Pennsylvania, by Mr. Wayman Adams; of



**"VILLAGE AND HILLS
IN MANTLE OF SNOW"
BY GARDNER SYMONS**
(Pennsylvania Academy)

STUDIO-TALK

Walter MacEwen, the painter, by himself; of little *Mary Shippen Schenck*, by Miss Adelaide Cole Chase; of a boy, *Sport*, by Miss Camelia Whitehurst; of a *Boy in Blue*, by Miss Alice Kent Stoddard; of *Captain Dan Stevens, Lighthouse Keeper*, by Mr. Randall Davey; a *Portrait Study*, of fine character, by Mr. S. G. Phillips; and a portrait of a local artist, *Mr. Haward*, by Mr. Fred Wagner. Mr. Childe Hassam exhibited a delightfully illuminated figure subject entitled *New York Winter Window*; Mr. Robert Vonnoh a good colour scheme in his *Fantasy—Blue and Yellow*; Mr. Juliet White Gross sent a well-drawn nude, *Morning*; and Mr. Phillip L. Hale a work, including a nude figure, entitled *Day and her Sister, Night*, having a considerable feeling of the Pre-Raphaelite art. Mr.

George De Forest Brush illustrated the unity of the arts in exhibiting both painting and sculpture—the former represented by *A Family Group* painted on a circular canvas, and the latter by a statuette of a *Mother and Child*. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Paul King's *Lime Quarry*; Mr. Charles Morris Young's *Enchanted Island*; Mr. Gardner Symons' *Village and Hills in Mantle of Snow*; Mr. Elmer Schofield's *November Frost*; Mr. Charles Rosen's *Sunny Morning*; and Mr. Edward W. Redfield's *Day before Christmas* were good examples of American landscape. *The Murder of Edith Cavell*, by Mr. George Bellows, was an interesting echo of the Great War. Life in the Far West was depicted in Mr. Carl Rungius's *On the Trail*. Mr. Hayley Lever was at his best



"NEW YORK WINTER WINDOW." BY CHILDE HASSAM
(Pennsylvania Academy)



"THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD
(Pennsylvania Academy)

in the canvas *Drying Sails*; Mr. Everett Warner took us in the aeroplane, *Above the Clouds*; and Mr. Frank W. Benson proved a startling realist in *Flying Merganser*. ▢

The offering of sculpture was unusually numerous, and some of it was very good. There were fine portrait busts of *Lieut.-Col. Phillippe B. Varilla*, by Miss Malvina Hoffmann; of *General George W. Goethals*, by Mr. Sigurd Neandross; and of *Mrs. Nicholas Biddle*, by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie; good nudes in Miss Nancy Coonsman's fountain group, *Frogs and Girls*, and *The Pigeon Girl*, by Mr. Brenda Putnam; and a capital bit of animal work in Miss Laura Gardin Fraser's *Snuff*. ▢ ▢ ▢

EUGÈNE CASTELLO

TORONTO.—The forty-first exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy at the Art Gallery was distinctly richer than its predecessor here some two years ago. It contained four large canvases painted for the Canadian War Memorials, and had also a greater variety of portrait and figure work than usual. The work of younger contributors was fairly progressive in character, and held its own well with the older and more conventional pictures. ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢ ▢

The four war canvases are by J. W. Beatty, Maurice Cullen, A. Y. Jackson, and F. H. Varley. In his *Huy, on the Meuse, Belgium*, Maurice Cullen has frankly abandoned the strict theme of war



"FROGS AND GIRLS"
(FOUNTAIN GROUP)
BY NANCY COONSMAN
(Pennsylvania Academy)

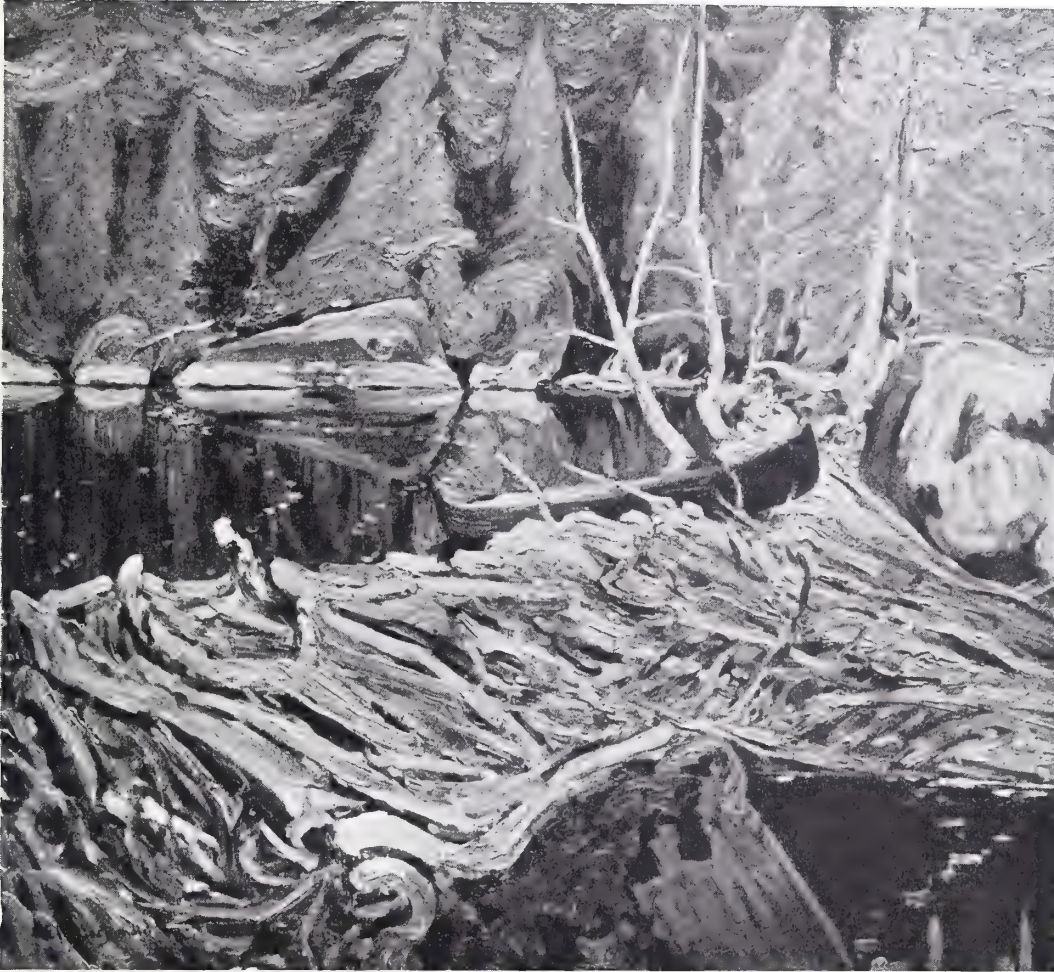
for a spacious wintry perspective of sun and snow across leagues of air; A. Y. Jackson's "*Olympic*" in *Halifax Harbour* is an interesting experiment in explicit design and detail on the part of one who has

wellnigh perfected himself in the art of reticent interpretation, as in his deeply satisfying *Ships entering Halifax Harbour*; here is shown a day of thawing snow among mean shacks by the waterside with the quiet procession of ships beyond, the real Jackson. F. H. Varley's *Prisoners* is quite worthy of being ranked with the two great war pictures that he has already painted. The bedraggled prisoners are seen stumbling listlessly past a row of broken and rotting tree-stumps; one cannot but think it unlikely that the tragic, mutilated trees of the Flanders front have been turned to such account by any other artist. Varley's extraordinary gain in power is the most striking single fact in Canadian art at the present moment. ♠ ♠ ♠

Portraiture was represented by E. Wyly Grier, who has recently invaded Nova Scotia with his palette, by H. Harris Brown with studies of two Toronto celebrities, and by Curtis Williamson, who has not exhibited in Toronto for several years. The two Williamsons were much less fluent but incomparably more penetrating; Williamson is a unique and isolated figure in Canada, sardonic and unsparing in a country which knows little of such qualities. ♠ ♠ ♠

There were several figure studies that deserve mention, M. A. Suzor-Coté's *Vieux paysan canadien-français* taking first place among them with its luminous colour and its beautiful sympathy, and after him the work of Regina Seiden and Emily Coonan. Nor must a smaller picture of E. H. Holgate's, *Amiens Station*, be overlooked, in which a soldier with wife and child is splendidly interpreted by the simplest means. ♠ ♠ ♠

There was less notable landscape than usual, though much repetitive or derivative work, reasonably well done but without particular meaning. The only work that carried one forward was that of J. E. H. Macdonald, whose tousled *Beaver Dam* breathes of the Algoma district which local artists have recently begun to tap, and of Manly Macdonald, a younger artist of considerable promise. Arthur Lismer was a little sketchy this time, but spirited as always, and Mabel May's outdoor studies showed her usual admirable characteristics. ♠ ♠ ♠ B. F.



"BEAVER DAM." BY
J. E. H. MACDONALD
(Royal Canadian Academy)

REVIEWS.

John Thomson of Duddingston, Landscape Painter. His Life and Work, with some Remarks on the Practice, Purpose, and Philosophy of Art. By ROBERT W. NAPIER, F.R.S.A. (Oliver and Boyd.) £1 11s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe, £3 3s. net.—This exhaustive account of the life and work of Thomson of Duddingston will be welcomed by the admirers of this early Scottish landscape-painter. His position in the art of his country has not up till now been definitely assured; but as a result of this instructive and sympathetic mono-

graph it should be more secure. No one is better equipped than the author to undertake such a volume, for he has obviously made a deep study of his subject and has accumulated and marshalled a mass of information, thereby presenting to the student a comprehensive and valuable contribution to the history of Scottish art. It is impossible to peruse the 568 pages of this admirable volume, with its numerous illustrations, without acquiring some of the author's enthusiasm for his subject. His admiration is unbounded; and so zealous is he of Thomson's artistic reputation, more especially in relation to the charge of



"PRISONERS." BY F. H. VARLEY
(Royal Canadian Academy; see p. 78)

amateurishness which has so often been levelled against the parson-painter by certain critics, that he almost spoils his case by overstating it. We owe a debt to Mr. Napier for such a scholarly and sincere appreciation of an interesting and distinguished artist of whom little has hitherto been written. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

En Avion ; Vols et Combats. Estampes et récits de la Grande Guerre, 1914-1918, par Maurice Busset, Peintre-militaire du Musée de l'Aéronautique. (Paris : Librairie Delagrave.) 18 francs.—This folio album contains twenty-four large woodcuts, each accompanied by a page of letterpress descriptive of the subject-matter of the print. The work is the tribute of a fighting airman to the memory of his intrepid comrades of the French Flying Corps who fell in the war, and his prints recording some of their daring exploits bear the unmistakable impress of actuality. Among the incidents figured by M. Busset, in that bold style which distinguishes his

woodcuts, are some of the most thrilling episodes of the war in the air—as, for instance, Guynemer's triumphant fight with six enemy machines, and the duel in which his death was avenged by Fonck, the "ace of aces," at a height of four miles or so. As impressions of an artist who has had personal experience of aerial warfare these vigorous realizations possess a unique interest. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Sketching without a Master. By J. HULLAH BROWN. (London : T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 6s. net.—The subject-matter of this handbook relates wholly to pen-and-ink work, a fact which might with advantage have been indicated in the title, and it is also chiefly concerned with landscape-sketching, including architectural motives. The various aspects of the subject are handled with admirable conciseness, and numerous illustrations are given from drawings by the author elucidating the principles set forth. The book will undoubtedly prove of great assistance to students. ♦ ♦ ♦

A Visit to Hayley Lever's Studio



HARBOR, ST. IVES

BY HAYLEY LEVER

A VISIT TO HAYLEY LEVER'S STUDIO BY HELEN WRIGHT

HAVE you ever been to Gloucester, Massachusetts? If not, and you have some spare time, do not delay seeing this lovely, exquisite part of the New England coast.

It may still be there in the years to come and it may not change. Its winding, crooked streets may never be straightened, and its old houses, with picturesque gardens will continue to stand, as many of them have for nearly two hundred years, and the harbour still show its variety of shore, its myriad boats, beautiful rocks and its wealth of lights and shadows.

Nevertheless, some unfeeling, enterprising, progressive, money-making American *might* want to do some skyscraping building there to plan some "civic improvement" to the utter destruction of its charm.

Gloucester is ideal for the artists who congre-

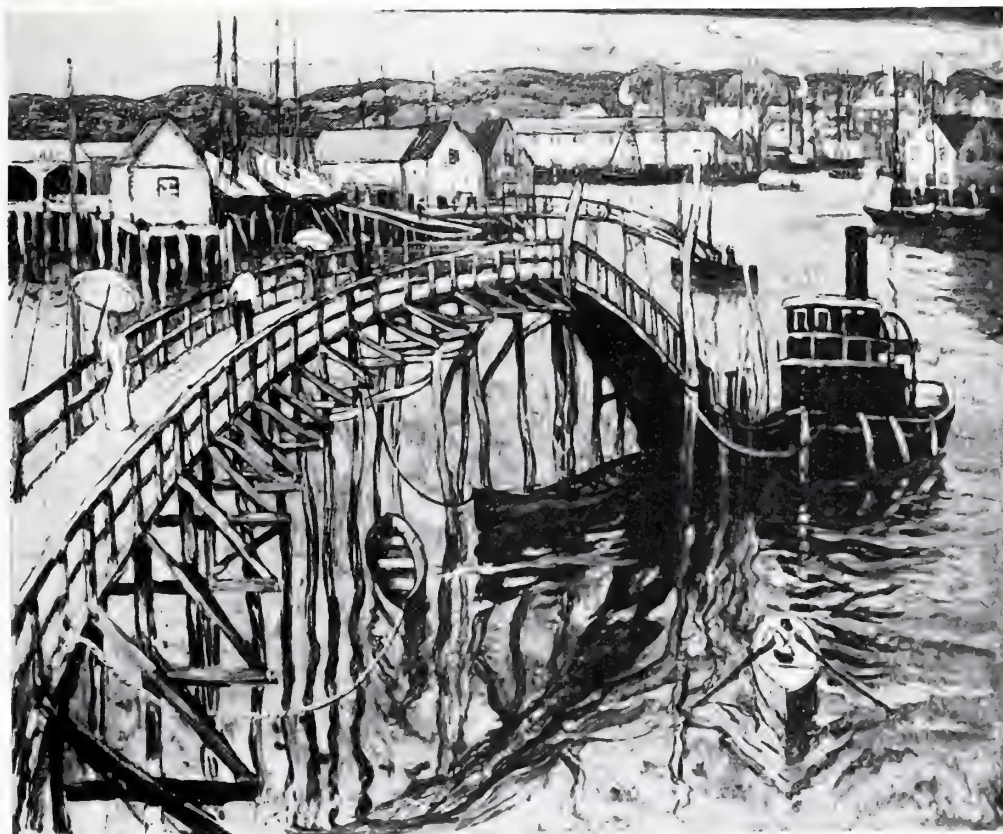
gate there summer after summer, and one sees the colours and pictures made by sea and sky with their eyes. When you come suddenly upon a boat landing where schooners with tall masts and network of rigging are docked, you involuntarily exclaim "Why, a Hayley Lever," or "Ah, Jonas Lie," and so on. So perfectly have the artists made the place theirs and made it for others who haven't their subtle understanding and clear vision. For them the sun shines with greater brilliance, the shadows are deep and blue, and along the horizon the long line of wooded cape is pale in the mist, or purple in the fading day.

The houses are square, with white, blue or green blinds, one or two little steps up to the doors, hollyhocks on each side and goldenglow massed along the fences. And the trees! But they are another story, quite by themselves.

On one memorable occasion, when two people had stolen away from work in the hot city to this haven of peace, they started out one morning in quest of Hayley Lever's studio. We



FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS
BY HAYLEY LEVER



ABOVE: FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BELOW: THE FERRY BRIDGE, EAST GLOUCESTER

A Visit to Hayley Lever's Studio

were told to "go out Mt. Pleasant Street," which was certainly a nice beginning. It led up a long hill where the road wound among the little houses, coming close and then dashing off to curve beneath the branches of the great elms that are everywhere.

Finally, at the top, through a wooden gate, down, down a garden path, hanging as it were upon a hillside, we found a tiny house in a tiny garden, which was a mass of flowers and vines. In the garden Mrs. Lever was a picture herself, sitting at a table, her Titian head bent over some books beside a little girl having lessons.

At the hospitably open door a white rabbit blinked his pink eyes at us, and within was the artist bidding us welcome.

The room, evidently studio and workshop, as Lever is a master of many mediums, was bright with colour. On tables and tall chests were flowers and fruit, tubes of paint, palettes, brushes, etching plates, sketches in oil and water-colour, a beautiful new picture of a moon-path on the water, on the easel before him.

He began at once to show us several water-colours, while we sat still, admiring and listening to his illuminating talk. One of us regretted she was not a stenographer to be able to take down *just* what he said about art and artists and the honest expression of his beliefs. If the exact words were not possible to record, you were impressed with the fact that he is one of the most universal of artists, that he recognizes the divine connection in nature and man.

The "wireless connection" he called it, which must show the underlying principle in all great art, and this must be recorded honestly by each individual, not considering what others have expressed. Scholastic work does not interest him; "you can see pictures everywhere, but to produce great art you must toil for it."

"If real art is easy to express you might as well give up. I have never found it easy. The trees in a picture must be growing, the flowers blooming, the clouds flying, the moon rising, or the sun setting. The trees in most pictures would go over at the slightest breeze, but a real tree meets the wind with rhythmic swaying."

Of water-colours he said: "They are inspirational, immediate, impressionistic, while oils are perhaps richer, possessing more depth, more tonality." Lever hates sham. He praised the French school, Sisley, Renoir, Pissarro, Monet

and Manet—who, with poor Blakelock, finally arrived, though so long unrecognized. "Honest work, honestly done, *will some time* be appreciated and understood." He has sympathy and charity for the most extreme of the moderns, feeling that many of them are working toward a superior organization, more efficient perhaps, if they interpret convincingly the significance of form and space.

Speaking of one of his canvases seen in a private residence in Washington, D. C., he gave a graphic description of his effort to reach the particular vantage point he desired for that particular picture. It required his climbing a perilous coal track, over a coal dump, a mighty physical feat, loaded with canvas, brushes, easel and palette.

It is that honest quality in the man and in his work that one admires. And then his colour—brilliant, subdued, or ethereal as the day, night or hour reveals.

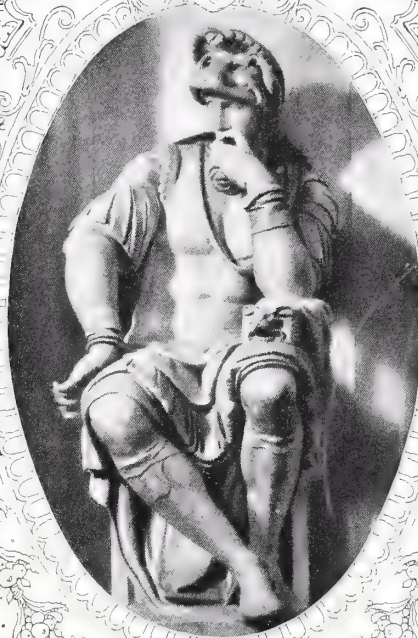
Many of his pictures are of the docks where schooners with tall masts are moored; beyond the shining sea, fading off into mist, or horizon of purple hills. Or perhaps a water-colour of an old Gloucester cottage, set close to the ground, surmounted by two still little red chimneys, its solid shutters, green or white. There may be a garden full of gorgeous flowers, a mass of brilliant colour, a gnarled old willow at the gate.

He paints in a warm tone, that seems to suffuse his canvas. *His* trees are really "up-growing" and his moon *is* shining.

Mr. Lever was born in South Australia in 1875 and came to St. Ives, Cornwall, England, when he was eighteen years old. He studied years among the boats, "when the tide was out and when it was in, at all hours; sunrise, midday, sunset and moonlight." *St. Ives, Cornwall*, is one of his most brilliant canvases. *Morning in St. Ives Harbor* was awarded the Sesnan Gold Medal in Philadelphia in 1917.

He spent two winters in Paris, although he was drawing the figure, there was always the lure of the Seine and its barges.

He is permanently represented in the Brooklyn Museum, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, Sydney Gallery, New South Wales, Adelaide Gallery, Australia; and has received gold and silver medals from the National Arts Club, New York, a gold medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, and Hon. Mention at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and many others.



Statue of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Michelangelo, in the Medici Chapel, Church of San Lorenzo, Florence

"THREE GOLDEN BALLS"

THE origin of the ball-motif in decorative art and also in the accepted sign of pawnbrokers has been the subject of many speculative theories. It seems clear enough, however, to the student of Heraldry. He traces it to the pill of the apothecary who was the original "Medici", and so to the coat-of-arms of the great Medici family, those sublimated Florentine money-lenders whose agents were set in sixteen European capitals. Incidentally an interesting side-light is here discovered.

These agents combined the occupations of goldsmith, pawnbroker, banker; and to guide unlettered clients to their shops what could be more characteristic than to adopt a part of the Medici coat-of-arms? Or more natural that, in later days, the ancient pawnbrokers should display the sign of the Blue Ball, the Gold Ball, the "Three Blue Bowles", or even the "Three Golden Balls" familiar to our own streets?

To return to the field of decoration: the ball motif is not difficult to understand. Besides being the greatest of money-lenders—often taking from bankrupt nobles, fabrics, paintings and works of art as collateral for their loans—the Medici were unrivalled patrons of art and learning. Illustrious painters and sculptors, distinguished craftsmen thrived in the generous noon-tide of their prosperity. Is it unnatural that the coat-of-arms of such great givers should be in part incorporated into beautied form?

Even Louis XI of France, himself, gave recognition of the potency of the Medici activities by conferring upon Piero, one of the Medici, permission to stamp the very lilies of France on one of the balls of the Medici coat-of-arms. So came the humble pills of the apothecary to become apotheosised in kingly edicts and on the walls of art; and so too, in Cheney Silks reflecting the spirit of the Florentine Renaissance.

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(Continued from page 8)

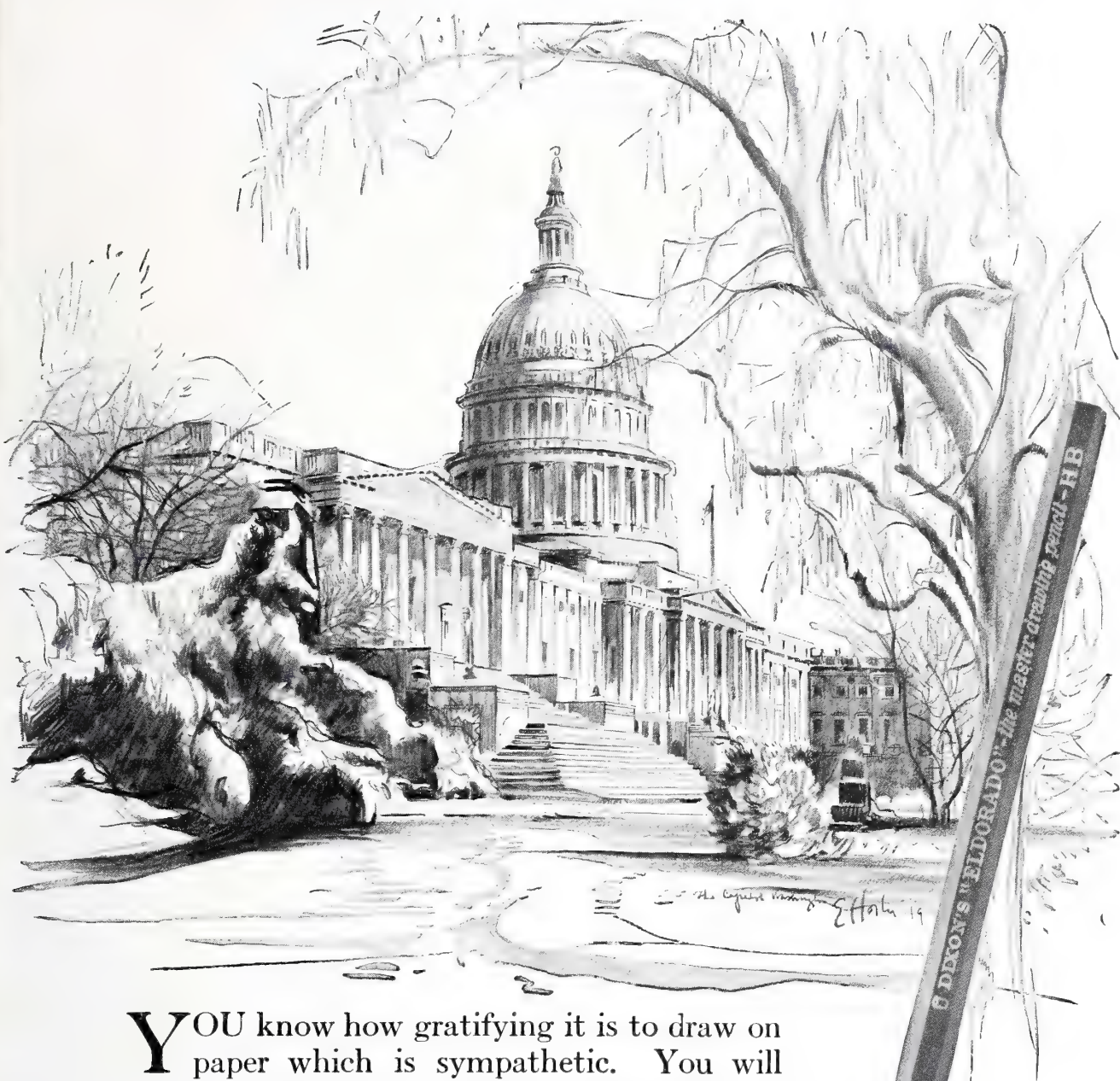
the days of Turner with ardent and serious devotees of the calibre of Sir Alfred East, Frank Brangwyn, Arthur Rackham, and others.

In other countries, however, its progress has been hampered by the prejudice that it was the plaything of the dilettante or the holiday medium of great painters who turned to it in a spirit of relaxation. In American this prejudice was partially overcome when Winslow Homer, with decisive mastery of its resources, showed the full power and brilliant significance of water colour in a way worthy of emulation.

Water colour painting is of two kinds: transparent water colour founded upon the principle that the light is to come from the paper, and opaque founded upon the principle that the light is to come from body white mixed with the hues. These principles are at opposite poles, and admit of a number of variations. The average water-colour exhibitions comprising everything from wash drawings to pastels is therefore confusing to the public. Opaque water colour is amenable to any painter versed in the use of oil colours, and has the same right to existence. Transparent water colour dependent upon the wash and the paper for its effect of light and colour is much more difficult of accomplishment. It requires more skill and dexterity to handle the liquid colour, and to know its resources and limitations. Contrary to popular belief, it is the most difficult of any method of painting. It requires thorough knowledge and mastery of nature's forms, and a sureness of hand for its immediate rendering, which can be only acquired by long practice. Transparent water-colour paintings have an added charm in the fact that their summary passages bring us close to the creative artist. His work is a living thing. In it one may see his eagerness of attack, his mental attitude, his virtuosity of hand. Something of the excitement which he experienced is fixed with his impression to the paper.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM

THE Brooklyn Museum announces the receipt and installation of a munificent gift from Mr. Samuel P. Avery, and that the objects are now on view in the first floor central section of the Museum. The gift in question makes a climax to the already celebrated Avery collection of Chinese cloisonné enamels by the addition of seventy-three pieces, beside which there are thirty-seven ancient Chinese bronzes and gold bronzes. All the pieces were sent from Mr. Avery's home at Hartford, Conn., and make a notable addition in dimensions and quality to the original collection. The recently donated cloisonnés include: A Ch'ien-lung (18th century) palace censer, 47 inches high, of quadrifoil form, with gilt bronze dragon handles, and gilt bronze domed cover, decorated in enamel with flowering plants and rockeries. A Chia Ching (18th century) palace censer, 45 inches high and 32 inches diameter, supported by three cloisonné cranes, and decorated in enamel with landscapes and river scenes. A Ch'ien-lung incense burner, 28 inches high, 19 inches diameter, with gilt bronze handles in form of ascending carp, and enamel dec-



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orations of chrysanthemums, foliage and Buddhist emblems. A K'ang Hsi plant jar (17th century), 14 inches high, 27 inches diameter, with bold design lotuses rising from water, together with aquatic birds and rockeries. A Pekin enamel table (18th century), 30 x 15 inches and 10 inches high, with elaborate floral decoration. An early 19th century Pekin enamel Buddhist shrine, 17 inches high. A Yung Cheng (18th century), enamelled temple bell, 12 inches high, and a Ch'ien-lung lantern, 21 inches high of double lozenge form, two sides of colored glass and two sides of openwork, surmounted by a gilt bronze dome supporting a lapis lazuli sphere; with borders of champlévé enamel on gilt bronze. Among the larger vases ranging from 12 inches to 26 inches in height are a Ch'ien lung biberon-shaped vase, enamelled with lotus blossoms; a Ch'ien-lung pear-shaped bottle, enamelled with lotus flowers and green scrolls; a Yung Cheng vase, enamelled with floral and hieratic designs; a Ming vase, enamelled with lotus flowers, leafy scrolls and grotesque bird motives and the neck encircled by a coiling dragon in bronze; two Ch'ien-lung biberon-shaped bottle vases, one enamelled with bats, Chinese characters and vignette panels, and the other enamelled with Buddhist emblems and lotus flowers; two Ch'ien-lung beakers, enamelled with lotus flowers and hieratic scrolls; a Ch'ien-lung quadrilateral vase with gilt bronze handles in the form of sceptres, enamelled with flowers, bats and Chinese characters; a Ming pear-shaped vase, enamelled with clouds and dragons; and a considerable number of other vases, including many pieces of the Ming dynasty. Besides a large number of incense burners, the following classes of objects are represented by varied examples: jars, jardinières, presentation boxes, perfume boxes, incense boxes, seal colour boxes, manuscript boxes, bowls, trays, dishes, libation cups, wine pots, lanterns, candlesticks, table screens, and water holders for scholar's use, mandarin hat stands, snuff bottles, medicine bottles, and Buddhist deities, emblems and symbols.

These recent additions to the Avery collection have called for the construction of eight additional upright cases, of which five are of the considerable size of 7½ feet long, 4 feet broad, and 7 feet high. The new installation has also involved a rearrangement of the entire collection, already known as the largest and most important of its class in the world.

The total number of enamels in the Avery collection, which includes painted Pekin enamels and champlévé enamels beside the cloisonnés, is 360, of which 109 were presented about a year ago, including a screen from the Winter Palace at Pekin, 9 feet wide and 8 feet high. The total number of cases used to display the pieces is thirty-six, most of which are of unusually large dimensions. Fifteen of the wall cases are each 9 feet high by 7 feet broad. Among the interesting objects of the older collection are a colossal palace ice-box, two colossal kyilins or conventional lions, 40 inches high, a palace dog kennel, several garden seats, a collection of mandarin ceremonial sceptres, and a considerable number of animal and human figures which are rarely found in other similar collections.



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By other authorities the rugs have been called Indian or Indo-Persian, but this, in the light of the latest scholarship, seems to be unfounded. Perhaps one of the reasons for this attribution is that many were found in India, where apparently they had followed in the footsteps of the Mogul Emperors of India, who, it must be remembered, were a Persian Dynasty.

The more these rugs are studied, the more certain it becomes that their provenance must be Persia. They have none of the stiff though naturalistic treatment, or the static quality, inherent in the usual Indian rug design, and their colour tonality is not as rich or full as the typical Indian product. Martin, in his great book "Oriental Rugs Before 1800," in all likelihood gives the correct provenance, when he attributes the entire group to Herat, in Eastern Persia, just over the border of what is now Afghanistan. This city and the surrounding neighborhood, had long been a centre of wealth and culture, and under the rule of Shah Abbas became one of the great rug-weaving centres of Persia, even exporting large quantities of rugs to Europe. It is an interesting fact to remember in connection with this attribution that the typical design which has been carried down into modern rug weaving, the design composed of palmettes surrounded by curved lanceolate leaves, has been commonly called by tradition the Herati pattern.

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characteristic design. Leaves of this type are also found throughout the decoration of the main field, in combination with the Chinese cloud band and graceful scroll patterns.

Herat rugs show a more strongly particularized design than do many of the fabrics of the early sixteenth century, so that the individuality of the rug weaver is lost in a close adherence to type. During the period of the reign of the Shah Abbas (1586-1628), and his successors to the throne, Persian Art had thus sacrificed some of its early delicacy and refinement for a broader, general effect. Yet many of these rugs have a supremely decorative quality, both the colour and the bold character of the pattern being well calculated to carry out the desired end. The colour contrasts of the borders and centre field is particularly happy and throws into relief the beauty of many of the border designs which were carefully worked out as units, so as to permit their repetition as many times as was necessary. Thus, the commercial element entered slightly into their production, but the drawing still shows the greatest possible adjustment of commercial ideas to an artistic product. Later, in the seventeenth century, when these rugs were produced in very large numbers, some of the early artistic qualities were lost.

Martin points out that in the early rugs the borders show the most beautifully thought out designs, and the borders of specimens in the Museum demonstrate this point. In rugs, as in many other forms of art, the cruder renditions of a design do not necessarily come first. They often are the work of imitative artists who merely represent to the best of their abilities the designs which a supremely gifted artist has created.

A continuous degeneration from the designs of the best period led to the final extinction of an historic type. In the third decade of the eighteenth century Nadir Shah revived for a moment something of the former glory of Persia, but the decadence of her power had gone too far, and the success he had was secured at the expense of what was left of her early artistic supremacy. Herat was taken and the entire neighboring district laid waste, the remaining rug weavers being scattered over the face of Persia. His reign thus marks the extreme end of the earlier rug production. For many years it had been steadily declining. The Museum is fortunate indeed in owning six examples which illustrate the characteristics of the early and fine period before the degeneration set in.

The above is extracted from an article by Wm. M. Milliken in the May bulletin of the Cleveland Museum of Art.

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ON May 10, 1917, a fire occurred in the roof of City Hall and destroyed the Cupola, making necessary its complete reconstruction.

The President of the Borough of Manhattan, realizing the æsthetic importance of this feature of the building, which had been a familiar object to the citizens of New York for generations, conferred with the Art Commission of New York, and asked its advice and co-operation in reference to restoration, and the design of new structure. The restoration of this Cupola, therefore, became a matter of special concern to the Commission and received its most serious consideration and study.

Upon investigation, it appeared that the Cupola originally placed on the building, in accordance with designs of the architect, Mr. John McComb, Jr., had once been altered, and once entirely replaced; and that the one that existed at time of the fire did not accord with the original McComb design.

McComb's original design was used again with certain modifications, as is indicated by the very rare and valuable "Wall Print" dated 1826, a copy of which is in possession of the Commission as a gift of Art Commission Associates.

Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury was retained as architect for the restoration; and fortunately, for he had superintended the restorations of the interior of the building under the generous bequest of Mrs. Russell Sage, and his thorough study of the McComb designs, undertaken at that time, made him especially competent to make the restorations contemplated.

Some minor changes in dimensions were made as result of careful study of the figured drawing, which was discovered among Mr. McComb's effects. The only material change made appears in the enclosure of the arches as a protection from weather, and to make possible the installation of a clock which the citizens of New York for two generations had been accustomed to look upon as an essential characteristic of the Cupola.

BENJAMIN WEST

Of the many artists claimant to the title of father of American painting, perhaps no one deserves it so much as Benjamin West, one of the founders and second President of the Royal Academy of England. Though born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, only his earliest and most childish efforts were

produced on American soil for, impelled by the yearning for instruction in art which he could not receive in his native country, he went as a young man to Italy where he spent four years in the study of the great masters and then proceeded on to London where he was received with great acclaim due to his ability, his personality and his romantic early history. The London to which he came was that which lives today in the pages of Boswell, and Dr. Johnson and Byron were his contemporaries though not his friends, for West had no intimates except perhaps King George III in whom as a patron and friend he found a kindred soul. When he reached London, Hogarth was still alive, Wilson and Reynolds were prominent, and Gainsborough, though not living at the capitol, sent his works there regularly and in consequence was well known.

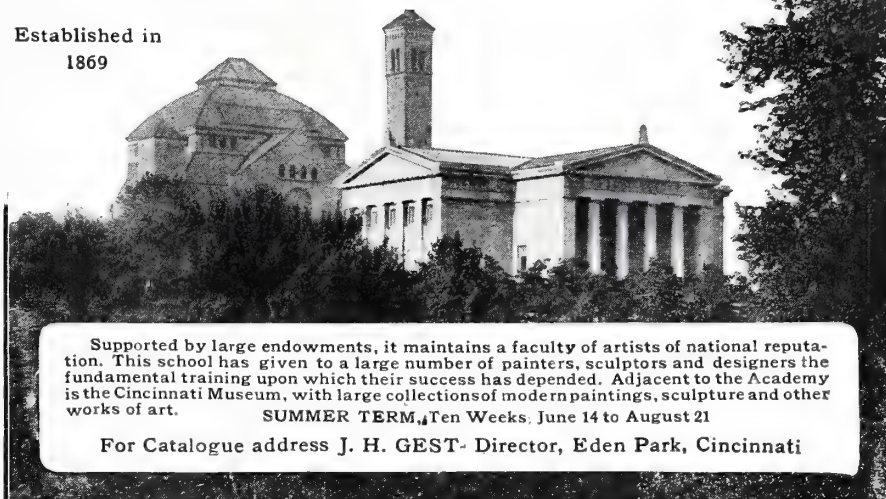
West's claim to the parentage of American art may be based not on the lasting character of the works which he produced nor on their influence on the future course of art in his native country, but rather on the fact that his studio was always open to young artists from America and that he was as generous toward them with his bank account as with his advice and teaching. Matthew Pratt, Charles Wilson Peale, Dunlap, the American Vasari, Robert Fulton, of greater fame as inventor of the steamboat than as an artist; Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, Washington Allston, Edward Malbone and Thomas Sully, not to mention a countless number whose names are now forgotten, passed through his studio and were the recipients alike of his friendly counsel and gratuitous instruction in the theory and technique of painting.

As an artist, West was rated higher by his contemporaries than by anyone since. His early portraits had a charm not inferior to that of Copley's work. In his historical paintings, West introduced an innovation which has entirely changed the character of that art for all time. When he first came to London and started to paint *The Death of Wolfe on the Heights at Quebec*, even Sir Joshua Reynolds interceded with the king to prevent West from using the contemporary costume of the heroes rather than clothing them in the pseudo-classical garb which it was supposed the Greeks and Romans wore into battle. But West was not to be dissuaded, and when he had finished his painting, Sir Joshua acknowledged that he had conquered and went further by saying that he foresaw that the picture would occasion a revolution in art. Such indeed was the fact.

Continued on page 10.

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VOL. LXX. No. 279

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JUNE, 1920

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND

It is in the unique opportunity for the study of the result of and effect on the art of painting in Great Britain, France, the United States, and to a limited degree in Scandinavia, Spain, Russia, and even Poland, and for comparison of the inspirations and technique of the modern painters of these countries, afforded by the nineteenth annual International Exhibition—which may justly be termed an International Salon—now in progress in the Carnegie Institute Galleries at Pittsburgh—that its chief value and importance to the artist, art student, and the art lover lies.

The large expenditure necessitated by the selection and transportation from Europe of no less than 175 canvases, most of them of large dimensions, and with heavy frames, and even of the remaining 198 American works from the leading art centres of the country to Pittsburgh and their insurance, with such added costs as the bringing over from Europe and sending home again of two of the Jurors, André Dauchez of France and Julius Olsson, now of England, and their entertainment with that of their fellow American Jurors, would have rendered such a Salon impossible in any other of the country's art museums. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will be made for the transference of the exhibition at its close in early July to other American museums or galleries. Such a display should not be broken up and will not have served its full mission if only offered to one American city, and that a comparatively new art centre.

Interrupted by the war, the present exhibition resumes a series of similar displays which have annually been held at the Carnegie Institute since 1896. These, while their educational effects have been unfortunately confined, save through descriptions in the press, to Pittsburgh, have yet, through a flow, even if a limited one, of foreign and American works from the exhibitions to private galleries purchased by art loving visitors and a few American collectors—notably the late George Hearn—given to many Americans, deprived of frequent visits to the European art centres, something of a conception of the art movements of the time in England and on the Continent. Now that American art lovers and students have been entirely shut off, since 1914, by the war from any opportunities for the study of foreign art, this year's revived annual display is of unusual importance and value.

But important and valuable for educational ends as are the nearly six score of foreign paintings shown, the display of no less than 198 pictures by the strongest modern American artists, culled from those shown and found in the larger routine exhibitions, the dealers' galleries and the artists' studios themselves, during the past three or four years and the present season, is almost equally important. Careful selection, which has brought to Pittsburgh only those canvases of acknowledged worth and merit and which, with their European fellows, evidence the results and tendencies of contemporary painters, makes comparison and deduction possible, and of educational value.

And this study and comparison of the 373 foreign and American pictures as now shown

The Carnegie Insittute Exhibition

at Pittsburgh, would seem to prove the surprising fact that the war and its horrors, stress and strain, has not appreciably altered the viewpoint, the inspiration, or the methods, of certain of the painters both here and abroad whose pre-war work was the best known. There is, to be sure, almost an entire absence of examples of what are most widely termed "modernist" painters—subdivided into such cults as "Cubism," "Vorticism" and the latest,—whose exemplars have not yet reached America,—"Dadaism"; and those who sincerely, or who insincerely, profess to believe in and follow these cults may assert that the absence of these examples makes the Salon unrepresentative of modern painting of the day.

But Lucien Simon, Charles Cottet, Henri Martin, André Dauchez, Renoir, Degas, and Monet and his contemporaries and followers of France; Nicholson, Dugdale, Algernon Talmage, Hornel, Orpen, Sims, Munnings, Spencer Watson, and Glyn Philpot, of England; Olga Bosnanska of Poland and Nicolas Fechin of Russia, as also Zuloaga and Zubiurre of Spain, Ciardi and Mancini of Italy, and the several Scandinavian artists such as Anna Boberg, Fjaestad and Prinz Eugen, cannot be called too academic or unprogressive. Yet all these clever and forceful painters are represented, and well represented, at Pittsburgh. When it comes to the Americans can even the most strenuous advocate of the so-called modern art gibe at such painters as George Bellows, Gifford Beal, Leon Kroll, Ernest Lawson, Jerome Myers, Arthur Crisp, Robert Henri, and John Sloan, all of whom are not only represented but featured?

Academic as a whole the Pittsburgh exhibition may be called, but not in the sense that it is dry or dull. While the majority of its exhibits have been painted in accordance with the traditions of true and sane art since the dawn of painting, those traditions which the masters of old and of to-day have followed, and which the masters of painting will always follow, as have and will those of music, the drama and literature, there is abounding vitality in modern painting which is not distorted in drawing, false and inharmonious in colour, and ungraceful in design, made so in

the hope to draw attention through sensation.

If the curiosity seeker, the imaginative and sensation-loving visitor to the exhibition desires a thrill at something out of the ordinary, let him contemplate Glyn Philpot's *Antony and Cleopatra after Actium*; that most forceful, if unpleasant, portrayal of the fallen Roman Emperor and the pristine world's vampire. He, crushed and despairing, she a mænad of impotent rage. Would this powerful, if repellent, work appeal the more if presented à la Matisse, with distorted figures, crooked eyes and noses, or à la Picasso in cubistic lines and patterns? The strong, vividly colored Swedish and Lappish landscapes of Anna Boberg, the splendid Norwegian marine and coast scene of Tholmboe's *Lotofen Mountains*, the cold rushing deep blue waters at the base of lofty, snow-clad mountains over which fly the eider ducks of the locale; could a scene of wild nature be more strongly depicted? And yet there are no tricks in the painting of this canvas, no strange devices, no departure from the sane and true canons of the best art. Study also that remarkable figure and character work of the Spanish painter Zubiurre, *Basque Gypsies at Supper*, one of the great pictures in the display, truthfulness to character and type, truthfulness of expression and of details, feature the performance, for performance it is. The painter may derive from Velasquez, El Greco, or directly reflect Manet and the later and contemporary Zuloaga, but if so he derives from and reflects masters who themselves, while original and virile in the extreme, did not stray into by-paths in their rendition of form and color and light. The extraordinary strength of technique and expression of Zuloaga himself is also shown in his full-length standing portrait of Mrs. John W. Garrett, done in a low key of browns and grays. Again and as a contrast, but as examples of sane modern art, one may study with delight the enchanted reveries which best describes the series of some twenty-two landscapes by René Ménard, (of which *The Golden Age*, reproduced in this article, is perhaps the most typical), to which the "Room of Honor" is deservedly given. These wide, deep valleys, sleeping beneath deep-foliaged trees and cov-



THE WALKER BROTHERS
BY GEORGE J. COATES

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

ered with the lush greens of summer verdure, ringed around by lofty mountains and through which human forms and steeds of old Grecian days roam together, are so filled with the poetry of classical days, so rich with bloom, so full of the fragrance of flowers and trees, as to inspire, and yet to strike the universal note of sadness. This Menard room alone is worth the journey to Pittsburgh.

Lucien Simon is also another able French painter who finds occasional inspiration for his brush in classical themes, and his larger decorative canvas *Nausicaa at the Fountain*, while pitched in a higher key than that of Menard's work, and lighter in tone and more joyous in feeling than the former, is remarkable for its drawing and composition. It is unnecessary, even if space and time permit, to note in any detail others of the fifty-three distinctive French pictures, all of which demand study and attention. Some are familiar, such as J. E. Blanche's striking standing portrait of Rodin, Aman-Jean's *Child with Goldfish*, Besnard's *Siesta*, Caro-Delvaillie's large decorative mural *Pageant of Spring*, Charles Cottet's *Portrait of Girl with Amber Necklace*, André Dauchez's landscape with trees in white light, *Clump of Pines*, M. Huys' truthful and awesome *Ruins of Ypres* (almost the only picture reminiscent of the war), Meunier's *Portrait of Marshal Foch*, the characteristic examples of La Thangue and Le Sidanier, the fine character work of Xavier Prinnet, *The Tradition*, the *Churning Butter* of Vallot, and the representative canvases by Renoir, Degas, Pissarro, Monet, Sisley, Maufra and others of equal fame.

If the visitor admires originality of motif, generally accompanied by cleverness of execution, he should study the eighty-three British—for there are a few Scotch and one Canadian—canvases. Modern British painting still has its followers of the old time "Story" picture school, and there are several good examples of this school in the display. Richard Jack heads the list with his *Solo*, notable for its portrayal of character, its simple, strong composition, interior light effect and painting of details. A music lesson, nothing more, but what a story in the pose and expression of the two characters. W. Dacre

Adams' amusing *Magic Circle* tells its own story. Stanhope Forbes in the *New Mount* and the *Munition Girl* is at his best in composition and character expression portrayal, and Laura Knight gives to her small, rich coloured *Boxing Lesson* knowledge of the "noble art" and a strength of modelling that are masculine. Gerald Moira and Alfred J. Munnings are the English painters of "the open," with figures that most attract. The former's *Bathers* and the latter's *Somerset Gypsies* and *Departure of the Hop Pickers* are delightful rustic scenes, while R. J. Moony's *Tell us a Story* is rather Pre-Raphaelitish. George W. Lambert's *Important People*, a trio composed of a young Englishwoman of the shop-girl class, a young British workman, and a London dandy, grouped around a baby lying in an improvised crib on a sea beach, while well painted and arousing curiosity as to its title, is not an impressive canvas, and William Strang's *Barmaid* is flat in tone and colour and not up to his standard.

The British portraits measure up well. Sir William Orpen presents *Mrs. St. George of New York*, a tall young mondaine standing at full length in an attractive brown and gray costume with furs, a distinguished work, and his well-known strongly painted portrait *A Man from Arran*. William Nicholson's full length standing presentment of Walter Greaves in conventional London street attire is a strong characterization, albeit a near-Whistler. George J. Coates (whose *Spanish Dancer*, although a reflection of Sargent's *Carmencita*, is a clever technical performance) shows the best English portrait, his double one of the Walker Brothers, a most virile, truthful work. Sir Arthur Cope's *Kenneth Mathieson* is also a virile half-length, while R. G. Eves' *Lord Cozens Hardy* is one of those conventional British Royal Academy presentments, too familiar for comment. Charles Shannon's *Lillah McCarthy as the Dumb Wife* is interesting if not convincing, and J. J. Shannon's *Kitty* and *Phil May* are familiar and of course cleverly painted works.

Before leaving the English pictures mention must be made of Algernon Talmage's



MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
AFTER THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM
BY GLYN PHILPOT

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition

By the Cornish Sea, which won the second Carnegie prize, and deservedly so, a simply but strongly painted figure of a young Englishwoman on a brilliantly clear summer day, walking along a beach, holding her protecting parasol against the sun's rays, a work full of charm and through which the breeze blows, and in which one can hear the gentle ripple of the blue waters. There are life and joyousness in E. A. Hornel's *Coming of Spring*, done in his typical, almost stippled manner, and there are several of those truthful, sunny English landscapes which so appeal to nature lovers, notably those by John R. Connor, Alice Fanner, Maurice Grieffenhagen and Marcel Jeffries.

The American paintings are naturally in the majority, and come, as has been said, from all the best routine exhibitions, those in New York, Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston of the past few years, with many additions from studios and dealers' galleries, chosen the past year. They range from the clever illustrative work of John Sloan and Jerome Myers; the allegorical, Botticellian canvases of Arthur B. Davies; the virile portraits and figure works of Leopold Seyffert, George Bellows, Gari Melchers, Robert Henri, and Walter Ufer; the suave, refined and truthful portraits of Louis Betts, Irving Wiles, Cecilia Beaux, Adelaide Chase, Lydia Emmet, and Helen Turner, to Wayman Adams' clever characterizations, and Tarbell's conventional presentments. Malcolm Purcell, a young artist, shows one of the best portraits in *Anna Rholene*.

The landscapists are well represented from the bolder and stronger Ernest Lawson, Joseph Boston, Gifford Beal, Roy Brown, Charles H. Davis, Carl Rungius, Frank Benson, Gardner Symons, George Elmer Browne, John F. Carlson, E. W. Redfield, Charles Rosen, Horatio Walker and Cullen Yates, to the poetic Chauncey F. Ryder, J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Daniel Garber, Olaf Brauner, George H. Bruestle, R. Sloan Bredin, Alson Clarke, Willard Metcalf, Leonard Ochman, Ben Foster, Elliott Daingerfield, John Folinsbee, W. L. Lathrop, Howard Giles, Granville Smith, Albert Groll, Walter Griffen, Oliver D. Grover, Birge Harrison,

Frank T. Hutchens, Paul King, Harry Lachman, Elliott Torrey, William S. Robinson, Elmer Schofield, W. H. Singer, Harry Van der Weyden, J. Alden Weir, and C. Morris Young.

Then too are the marine and coast painters: Emil Carlsen with his gray, storm-tossed Baltic waters, Paul Daugherty with his sunlit or gray English Channel waves, F. J. Waugh with his mid-ocean billows, Howard Russell Butler with his enchanted Maine moonlights and dashing waves on rock-bound coasts, Haley Lever with his Cornwall harbors and boats in silvery light, and Jonas Lie with his moonlit Norwegian fjords and harbors.

The figure men, such as Murray P. Bewley, Irving Couse, W. M. Paxton, Karl Anderson, Frederick Clay Butler, Bryson Burroughs, Elliott Daingerfield, Frank Duveneck, T. W. Dewing, F. C. Frieseke, Richard Miller, Louis Rittman, Henry S. Hubbell, Louis Kronberg, Gari Melchers, Ivan Olinsky, and Abbott Thayer, to the last of which went the first Carnegie prize for his *Woman in Olive Plush*, a strong, serious work influenced by Bronzino, must not be overlooked.

Altogether the nineteenth annual Carnegie exhibition more than carries out the promise of its predecessors, of those dear Hunless days before the war, and is significant in its exhibits of the fact that despite all discouragements the world of art, at least, is fast returning to the "primrose paths of Peace."

PAGEANTRY IN PHILADELPHIA

THE presentation of a carved stone temple court, 400 years old, hailing from Madura, S. India, to the Pennsylvania Museum was occasion for a pageant which was enacted four evenings, beginning with Monday, April 19th, and on one afternoon, and the performance took place in the court of the temple itself, which has been set up in one of the galleries in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park.

The representation was under the direction of Mr. Joseph Lyndon Smith, pageant master. The text had been written by Mr. Langdon Warner, director of the museum, and Dr. H. J. Savage of Bryn Mawr College.



THE GOLDEN AGE
BY EMILE RENE MENARD



NAUSICAA AT THE FOUNTAIN
BY LUCIEN SIMON

The Hannevig Foundation

THE HANNEVIG FOUNDATION
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE American Portrait Foundation of 1918 during its two years of existence has made no effort to make itself known outside and, as a matter of fact, very few people if asked about it could give any clear account. It is only in the last few weeks indeed that a glimpse has been vouchsafed into some of the work performed. It was felt that until the allotted task which this foundation set out to accomplish had been finished, there need be no hurry about taking the public into its confidence. Now, however, that some of the portraits have been shown it appears to be an opportune moment to explain this movement and allow people to judge of the scope and aims of this far-reaching enterprise.

To begin then at the beginning: Mr. Christoffer Hannevig, a Norwegian subject, with great shipping interests here and a deep regard for a country which has yielded him such ample opportunity for furthering his ambitions, felt the urge to make some little return on his side, and in casting about for a suitable form of expression, it occurred to him that it would be both a popular and a patriotic act to perpetuate the memory of the foremost men who have fought on field or forum to uphold this great Democracy during the eventful years since the United States was forced into war.

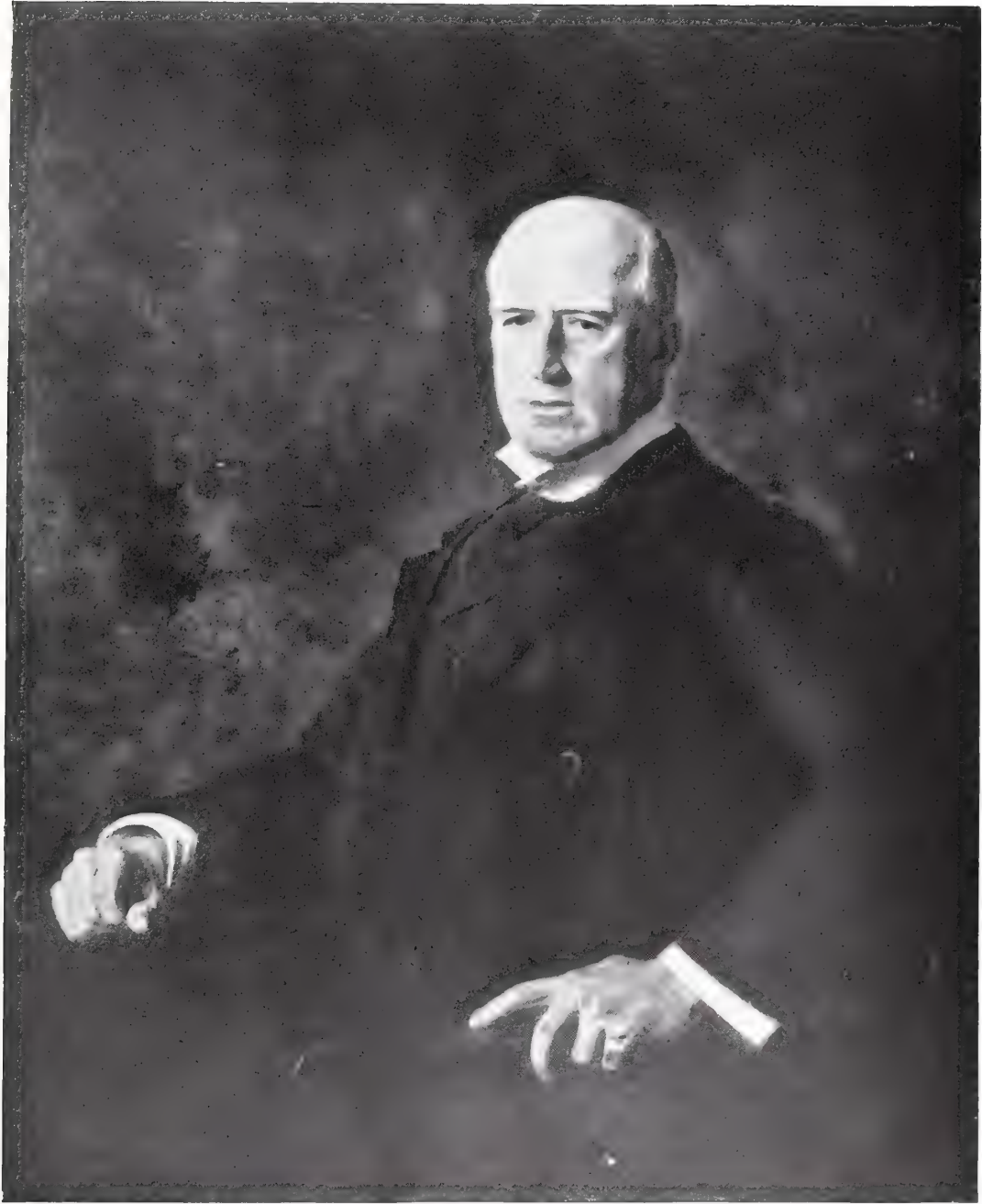
With this in view Mr. Hannevig conferred with J. W. v R. Quistgaard, a portraitist and miniaturist of international reputation, of Danish extraction, but long resident in this country and owning a fine estate at Oyster Bay, L. I. The unshot of this interview was that the commission to paint portraits of twenty-five eminent men was offered to Quistgaard, the collection to be donated to Washington as the nucleus of a National Portrait Gallery.

Quistgaard whilst duly appreciative of the honor accorded him, and of an opportunity that might not occur again in a lifetime, would only consent to co-operate with Mr. Hannevig on the understanding that the commission be divided between himself and

twelve appointed for that purpose. Accordingly a committee was formed consisting of Dr. Christian Brinton, art critic and author, Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of the *American Art News*, and Mr. W. H. Nelson, editor of the *International Studio*, with Quistgaard acting as chairman, in order to choose twelve American-born artists who in their opinion would be best qualified to accomplish the required task.

The difficulty of finding a dozen portrait-painters might at first thought seem negligible, but as a matter of fact reliable portraitists of first rank are not procurable in a like degree with accomplished landscapists. Then again, for various reasons some important artists, such as John Sargent, Cecelia Beaux, Gari Melchers and William T. Smedley, who has since died, had to decline. Those artists able to accept are: Wayman Adams, Louis Betts, George Bellows, Adolphe Borie, Joseph DeCamp, James McClure Hamilton, Robert Henri, DeWitt Lockman, George Luks, Leopold Seyffert, Eugene Speicher and Irving Wiles. Furthermore, to the Norwegian painter, Christian Abrahamson, has been assigned the portrait of former Secretary of State, Robert Lansing.

In the recent portrait exhibition at the John Levy Galleries a very large and influential public availed itself of the opportunity of seeing the work of Henri who has painted the portrait of Bernard M. Baruch; Speicher, J. McClure Hamilton, and Seyffert, entrusted respectively with the portraits of Dana Gibson, Col. E. M. House; and finally four canvases by Quistgaard representing George Creel, Robert F. Brookings, Judge Gary and Charles Schwab. Other completed but unexhibited portraits include Secretaries Baker, Daniels, Lane, and Houston; General Bliss, General March, and Admiral Sims; also two distinguished Americans of Norwegian birth, Senator Knute Nelson and Magnus Swenson. William G. McAdoo is sitting to Irving Wiles, and Betts has been invited to paint General Crowder; Pershing, Hoover, Tully, and H. P. Davidson have all promised to pose, likewise President Wilson. It will thus be apparent that the Foundation has been standing up to its job.



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DANA GIBSON
BY EUGENE SPEICHER



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB
BY J. W. v R. QUISTGAARD



PORTRAIT OF JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY
BY J. W. v R. QUISTGAARD



PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL GOMPERS
BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

CAMILLE PISSARRO. BY J. B. MANSON. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

CAMILLE PISSARRO was the greatest of the French Impressionist painters, even if he were not, as some painters have held, the most artistic. He was so much more than a painter; he was a great man. His art was the expression of his greatness as a man, which is why, to those who really know it and who have lived with it, his work is so satisfying and so inexhaustible. It conveys something of the elusive feeling of the infinity of life itself.

He was a pagan in his worship of nature, and keenly sympathetic in his love of humanity and his interest in any form of human activity. Even in his youthful days he had what amounted to a passion for expression, and in his endeavour to realize the utmost he went further and deeper than most artists, and, in some directions, further than any other artist. He may at times have strained his means in the attempt to give all that was in him to give; but no form of plastic art could adequately express the depth of his personality. He gave so much, and yet one is always conscious in his work that there was still so much in reserve. He never, as is the habit of modern painters, cultivated the means for its own sake, it was useful to him only so far as it achieved his end. Thus his technique, especially in his later work, is original because it is so intimately personal. His work is never marked by that facile brilliancy of handling which so takes the eye and gains the price. He made no compromise, and cared nothing for the ready applause given to mere cleverness and charm of paint. That is why it has been said, and wrongly said, that his work is less artistic than that of some of his confrères, Monet for example. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

He was supremely an artist, for his technique was always the most fitting method of expressing his intuition; it was inseparable from it, and there was, consequently, versatility in his method, for each mood, each vision was expressed in its own way. He was fortunate in having had no academic training; from the moment he first started to draw he went direct to nature and learnt for himself how to express what he felt. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Camille Pissarro was born at St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, in 1830. His father was a merchant who regarded an artistic career for his son with disfavour. After a general education in Paris, Camille, much against his inclination, was put into the office at St. Thomas. However, he followed the advice given him by his schoolmaster in Paris, and drew cocoanut-trees and anything else that was handy. As luck would have it, Fritz Melbye, a Danish painter, called at St. Thomas in 1852 while on his way to Venezuela to make studies of the flora there for the Danish Government. He met the young Pissarro, encouraged his aspirations, and finally suggested that he should accompany him to Venezuela as assistant. Leaving a note for his family, Pissarro eloped with his new friend, and some of the studies of South American plants now in the National Museum in Denmark are the work of Pissarro. In 1855 the family proceeded to Paris, where Camille joined them. Artistic matters were then, as probably they always are, somewhat lively in the French capital, for, in reply to a letter from Pissarro describing his experiences, Melbye wrote (in English) to him from Caracas in 1856: "I am very glad to know that you are in Paris . . . the romantic, moderate, and realistic or idealistic parties that you mention are fighting for the septer [*sic*] and disputing their rights, must give a most animating impulse to the artists when it does not corrupt or make them lose the peculiar primitive instinct that each has got from nature."

The most real painters in Paris at that time were Corot and Courbet, and Pissarro came, to some extent, under the influence of both. They appealed to two sides of his nature—his realism, his intense love of the thing for its own sake, and his sense of gracefulness and of the lyrical in landscape.

About 1866 he met Manet, Monet, Renoir, Sisley and Guillaumin—a group of ardent students who were all working more or less under the influence of Courbet. They studied nature and painted the life around them. Working in a spirit of simple sincerity, with the purpose of arriving at the ultimate truth, they could not fail to realize the inadequacy of the conventional brown palette to express the brilliancy of effects of light and atmosphere.

CAMILLE PISSARRO

decided to form a group and hold their own exhibitions (1874-1886), the first of which was held in a well-situated empty flat. ▯

On his return to France, Pissarro had taken up his abode at Pontoise (1872-1882), where he painted the simple life of the countryside with increasing luminosity of colour. In 1883 he settled at Eragny, a village not many miles from Gisors, on a charming trout-stream, the Epte. Here he devoted himself to painting the wonderful series of pictures of rural life, which includes some of his finest work. At Eragny his art reached its highest development. There he found subjects which were peculiarly congenial to him. He was pre-eminently the painter of the life of the peasant; he had great sympathy with the simple lives of the workers of the soil. He had no need, like Millet, to make them heroic or tragic figures; it was sufficient

for him that they were human beings living under conditions in which they could be simply themselves. The dreamy valley of the Epte with its low hills and willow-trees, and the peaceful villages of Eragny and Bazincourt, suited his temperament. He painted them under every effect of sun and shadow, and some of his most delightful landscapes belong to this period. ▯

In 1896 an affection of the eyes prevented him from painting out-of-doors to any great extent, and he was compelled to paint interior subjects and street scenes from his window. He moved to Paris where he painted from morning to night, the streets, the quays, the Boulevards, the Seine, under fog, sun, rain, and snow. Then he sought fresh windows in Rouen, Dieppe, and Le Havre, where he painted the boats, the river, the life of the markets and the ports, and, above all, the atmosphere and light.



"LOWER NORWOOD"
BY CAMILLE PISSARRO



"LA PETITE BONNE DE CAMPAGNE"
BY CAMILLE PISSARRO

He seemed as much at home in the towns as he had been in his beloved Eragny. His pictures of streets form a remarkable collection. The pictures, *Mi-Carême* (1897) and *Pont Neuf*, reproduced here, are examples of his work at this period. But one misses his delicate and vibrating colour and the sense of light, atmosphere, and movement which he seemed able to express by the subtle variety of colour alone. ▀

Pissarro worked in other mediums than oil paint. In his use of all of them his methods were decidedly personal. He tried etching in 1865, and made a thorough study of it in 1879. In etching he did not confine himself to pure line, but by ways of

his own he obtained unusual effects of atmosphere and texture. For a time he worked at lithography in 1874, and more extensively in 1896. His lithographs are not numerous. He understood the breadth and luminosity of water-colour, which he used to perfection, getting a subtle delicacy and freshness of colour apparently with the greatest ease. ▀ ▀ ▀ ▀

The story of Pissarro's friendships with most of the great French artists of the latter half of the nineteenth century would make an interesting chapter. His influence was widespread, and sometimes deepest where it is least apparent. Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cézanne were all at some

THE EDINBURGH GROUP



"AND THESE ALSO?"
BY CECILE WALTON

so far proved successful in the case of the nine Scottish artists of the younger generation, who have banded themselves together under the title of The Edinburgh Group, and held their first exhibition in Edinburgh last autumn. In their case, apart from considerations of publicity, there exists a common bond of union, since all with one exception have at some time or other been fellow-students of the same art classes, and though it cannot be said that their artistic aims are identical, they at least share the same sincerity in the pursuit of their ideals. ♦ ♦ ♦

Of the three women members of the group, the most widely known in Edinburgh are Miss Cecile Walton (Mrs. Eric Robertson) and Miss Dorothy Johnstone. From her very early days a distinguished future was predicted for Miss Walton. At the age of seven her uncanny imagination was expressed in drawings which were undoubtedly remarkable. Some five or six years ago the publication of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales, with her illustrations, evoked memories of her early sensitive line and thought, and in much of her present-day work there is a haunting

THE EDINBURGH GROUP



"WENHASTON IDYLL"
BY ERIC ROBERTSON

semblance of the same pure imagery grown more in touch with her impressions of modern life. Her *Grass of Parnassus*, for instance, is in reality a portrait group, in which she has endeavoured to represent the spiritual significance of her friends instead of merely copying their features. Technically she has no precisely conscious way of utilizing her medium, as only after the work is completed does she realize any unusual differences there may be. The idea of each subject often lies dormant for months until the opportunity to work at it arrives, and then it is painted very quickly. A unique and at the same time typical example of her personal procedure, is the picture entitled *And These Also* here reproduced. ♦ ♦

In much of the work of her husband, Mr. Eric Robertson, there is a strong affinity, combined with a certain psychological similarity of outlook. His special aim is to give pictorial form to any thing or scene in life that invades his consciousness with its mood of beauty. His *Dance Rhythm* clearly demonstrates his regard for his subject as far as representative painting and the reality of the actual dancers are concerned. In his *Wenhaston Idyll*, the same thoughtful arrangement predominates, and a more certain reality of landscape is sympathetically painted and composed. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The youngest of the group, Miss Dorothy Johnstone, is most remarkable as a skilful portrait and figure painter.



THE
STU-
DIO

"DANCE RHYTHM." FROM THE
PAINTING BY ERIC ROBERTSON.



"YOUTH'S HOLIDAY"
BY W.O. HUTCHISON

Technically she has little if anything to learn to equip herself further in that direction. Attracted by strong colour and contrast she favours large canvases to give delightful expression to her inspirations, most attractive being those outdoor figure compositions of hers, in which the broad simplicity of sea and rocks lends itself admirably to her personally constructive view-point, nor may one lightly pass over the delicate artistry in her elusive chalk drawings. The *Portrait of Mrs. Fred Turnbull*, reproduced with this article, though not one of her latest paintings, intimately suggests one of her favourite arrangements in portraiture. Many

such commissions have been executed by her within the last few years, her most recent ones of children being especially charming. One may also find her at stated intervals giving instruction in life-drawing and painting at the Edinburgh College of Art, where but a few years ago she was one of its most talented pupils. ▀

Another energetic member of the group is Mr. W. O. Hutchison. With him painting is a philosophy and a religion, in which he is constantly finding fresh colour harmonies intimately connected with all sides of mental activity and character, Nature's dramatic moments being those in which he is most widely interested, and



PORTRAIT OF MRS.
FRED TURNBULL. BY
DOROTHY JOHNSTONE



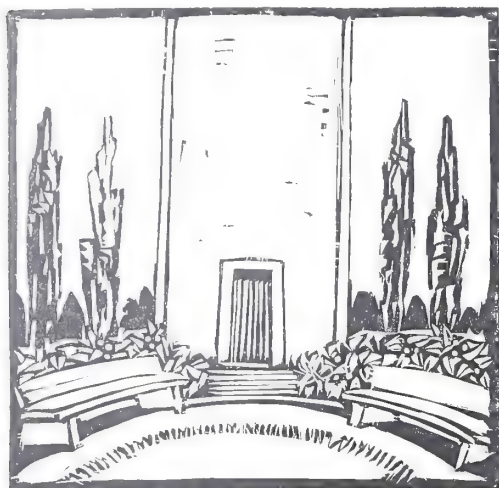
"OCTOBER SNOW"
BY A. R. STURROCK

which he oftentimes daringly personifies. Yet in his most extreme examples no affected under-current detracts from the joyous colour and dexterous refinement which characterize his work. ♦ ♦

Remarkable dexterity, too, is a quality personal to the outstanding water-colourist member, Mr. John R. Barclay—not that water-colour is the only medium by which he has already distinguished himself, but it is the one which seems to me to adapt itself most readily to his alert nature. Sketching grounds with their subject appeal as places or notable localities have no special attraction for him, as no matter where he is, it is the small and fleeting incidents in nature which call him; and the spirit of which he seldom fails to

attain with but a few delightfully spontaneous touches, gaining thereby the truer spirit of the open-air, which is generally lost by more laborious methods. In his figure subjects the same decorative characteristics are invariably to be noted. Young and no thoughtless idler on the artistic road, one may surely predict for him no uncommon future. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

To find the same joys that Mr. A. R. Sturrock interprets, one must seek for them amongst the wide expanses of open country; for it is there on the great plains of moorland with their wind-swept skies that he finds his happiest inspirations. Simplicity and a charming colour harmony are perhaps his principal key-notes. An artist with a happy outlook, he is in sym-



"THE TOWER." WOODCUT
BY JAN POORTENAAR

pathy with all new movements, and one thing is certain about his work—there is no searching after popular insincerities. Nor could one find any trace of such amongst any of the exhibits in the group's first exhibition, in which some one hundred and twenty-five works were shown.

Though unillustrated in the present article, I must not omit to mention the portrait and refined landscape work of Mr. D. M. Sutherland, the cheerful outlook on nature expressed in the landscapes of Mr. J. G. Spence Smith, and the work of the one applied art member of the group—Miss Mary Newbery (Mrs. A. R. Sturrock). Though attached to the Edinburgh Group, Miss Newbery's art education belongs principally to the Glasgow School of Art, which was made famous under the energetic organization of her father, Mr. F. H. Newbery, and one may hope that the already enthusiastic nine will further add to their number a few more who will realize the artistic influence of the room and its fitments, combined with the picture as a decorative unit in it.

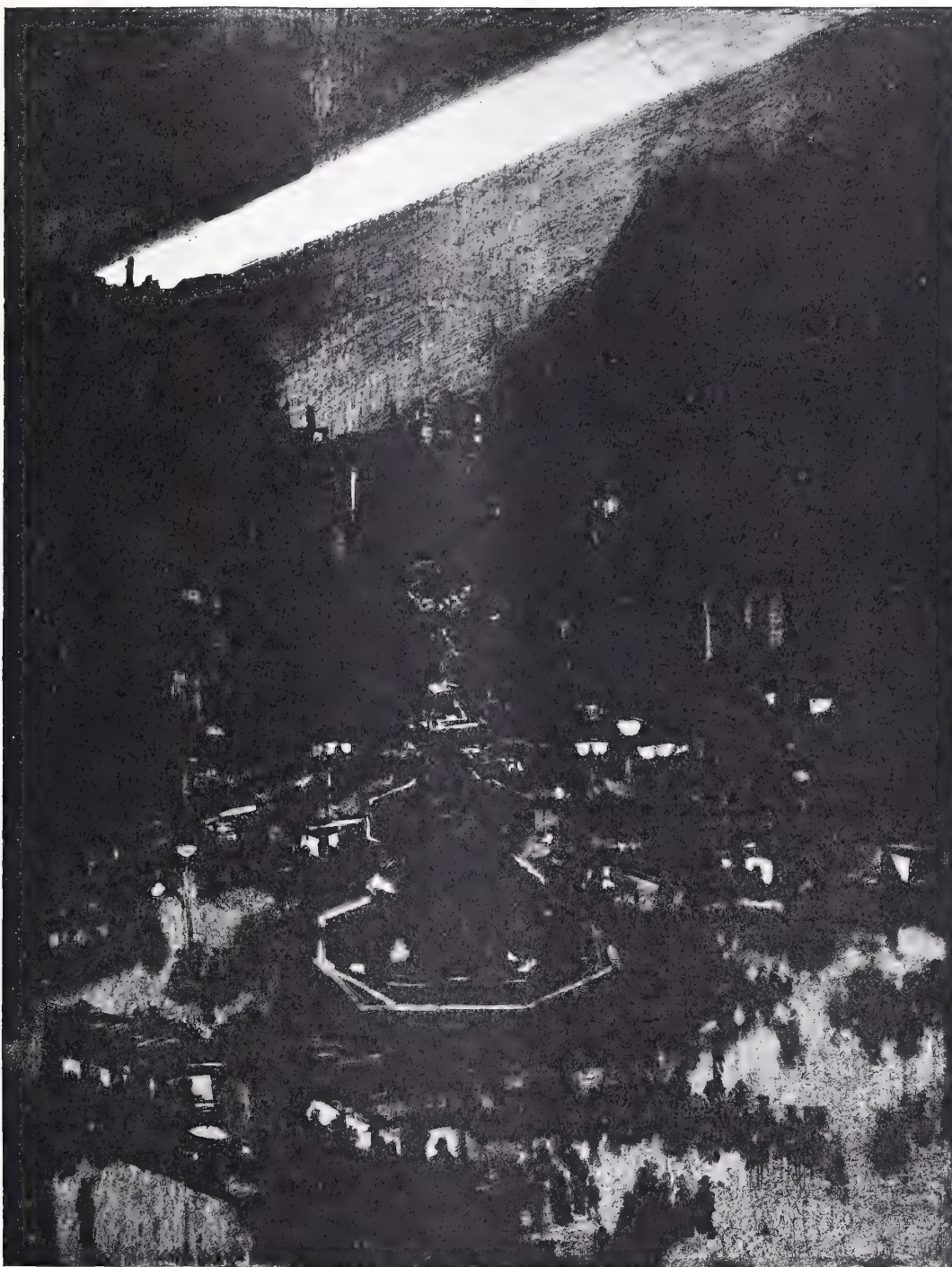
The National Portrait Gallery, after being wholly closed to the public since November 1915, has now been partially reopened, and as soon as the work of re-decoration and rehanging is completed the remainder will be restored to its proper use.

THE GRAPHIC ART OF JAN POORTENAAR.

THE first thing that strikes you in looking at the work of Mr. Poortenaar is his versatility; the second, the technical sympathy with which he uses the particular medium concerned. On the whole the second virtue is rarer than the first; and it is one of the things that remind you that Mr. Poortenaar, though he has practised art in England for a good few years, is not an Englishman. We have many virtues in art but, speaking generally, we are apt to regard the medium as merely a means to an end instead of as a technical process with peculiarities of its own. As is not uncommon with energetic and practical people, expressing themselves mainly in action, we show in our artistic and intellectual pursuits some lack of the very virtue that we display so eminently in life; in our government of "native races," for example. The English artist who practises several forms of art—painting, etching, and lithography, for example—is often "artistic" in all of them as regards the subject and the expression of his ideas and feelings about it; and he is often in all of them a good craftsman in the general sense of the word. Where he generally



"THE FIRMAMENT"
WOODCUT BY
JAN POORTENAAR



"PICCADILLY CIRCUS IN WARTIME"
LITHOGRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR

(By courtesy of Mr. A. Greateorex, publisher of the print)



"THE FARMYARD." ETCH-
ING BY JAN POORTENAAR

leaves something to be desired is in the translation of the subject into terms of the particular medium he is using at the moment, and in the adaptation of his craftsmanship to its peculiar capacities and limitations. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

That is where Mr. Poortenaar excels. Practising a wide range of crafts, he seems to approach every subject and problem from the point of view of the craft he happens to be using at the moment. In his hands they might be compared to different musical instruments in the hands of a composer. He might apply the same subject or theme to several of them; but in each case he would adapt it to the instrument concerned. ♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Poortenaar is represented here in

lithography, etching, and woodcut. All these arts, of course, are based on drawing, with modifications according to the resistance of the tools and materials employed in each case. The resistance is least in lithography, which is practically autographic, and greatest in woodcut. Now if you compare Mr. Poortenaar's practice of the three arts you cannot fail to be struck and pleased by his unusually nice recognition of the degree of resistance peculiar to each. Instead of trying to overcome it in the supposed interests of the subject or idea, he allows the resistance itself to become a part of the expression. Between his lithographs and his woodcuts there is an increasing scale of simplification and concentration. In the lithographs



"THE CHURCHYARD." LITHO-
GRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR



"SHEDS, HOLLAND." LITHO-
GRAPH BY JAN POORTENAAR

the facility of the medium is expressed ; in the etching, the responsibility of the acid, which demands a more closely selective and slightly more formal style of drawing ; and in the woodcuts, the toughness of the material and consequent need for extreme economy of statement. ▢

This technical sympathy, though it enables an artist to express himself with point and propriety, is not the whole of art, and Mr. Poortenaar has other claims to our notice. In his general outlook he might be described as an imaginative naturalist with an instinct for decorative design. If you will look at his work you will see that both the imagination and the decoration are more evident in proportion as the qualities of the medium are more pronounced. He is more naturalistic in his lithographs. Even here both his vision and his drawing are controlled by design—as witness the slight emphasis upon the pattern made by the tree branches

and the arrangement of the paths in *The Churchyard*—and the conception of the subject may be called imaginative ; but the facility of the medium for the close representation of nature is given full play. In the etching the treatment is still comparatively naturalistic, but the trees are reduced to their typical character, and the brickwork is dwelt upon for its decorative value. In the woodcuts, the vision is purely imaginative and the treatment is strictly formal. It might be going too far to say that he is most personal in his woodcuts ; for one thing it is obvious that he is less practised in that medium than in etching ; but there are indications in his work that the more completely the facts of nature are digested the better he will display his ability as a designer. Those who have seen his paintings will recognize that it is the decorative aspect of colour that appeals to him. ▢ ▢

CHARLES MARRIOTT



SITTING-ROOM IN MR. H. ANDERSEN'S WOODEN HOUSE AT HORNBEK. PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE. BY GEORG BRÖCHNER. ♡ SECOND ARTICLE.

IN continuation of the article dealing with this subject which appeared in the March number of *THE STUDIO*, illustrations are now given of a few additional timbered houses, all designed and built by M. Paul Richardt, B.A., Copenhagen, who, as already mentioned, has designed a large number of such houses in recent years. ♡

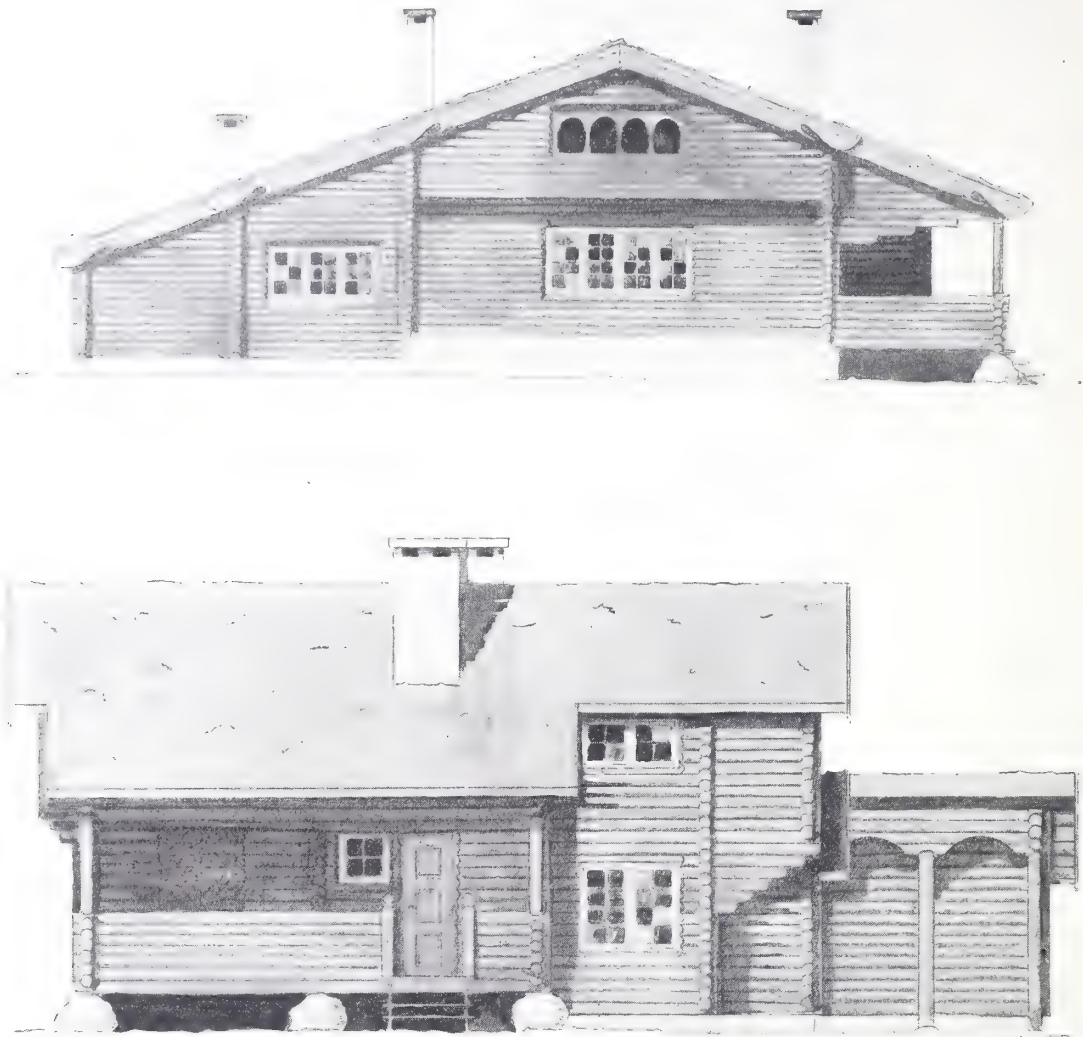
There is one point about these timbered houses which cannot help impressing an attentive and interested observer. They seem to grow from out of the soil in a direct, spontaneous manner, they appear to be part and portion of the land upon which they stand; they are, for choice, lowly structures which trustfully nestle on the broad back of mother earth. And living within them, somehow, brings their inmates in closer and more unceremonious contact with surrounding nature. The more or less hackneyed and trivial appurtenances of ordinary "civilized" towny existence, a possible surfeit of form, are forced more into the background, if at all

allowed to assert themselves; life involuntarily unbends a little, its trend is apt to move towards more simplicity, rather an advantage, perhaps, under present conditions. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

We must remember that the timbered house of yore, the prototype of our modern timbered houses, was the home of plain, hardy, and frugal people, that it belonged to an age, utterly alien to most if not all of the refinements and luxuries in which women of to-day, and men, too, for the matter of that, are wont to indulge, and these ancient houses preach, so to speak, their own useful sermon, not in stones, but in strong, sound timber. They are in their way perhaps even more Spartan than some of the work of a certain school of modern architects, but their apparent severity is more genial after all, though this may savour of the paradox. ♡ ♡

Of course there are means—and quite legitimate means—of beautifying the interior of a timbered house and which are in perfect keeping with its tradition and structure. The woodwork itself can be, and not infrequently is, adorned with carving which again may be treated with

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



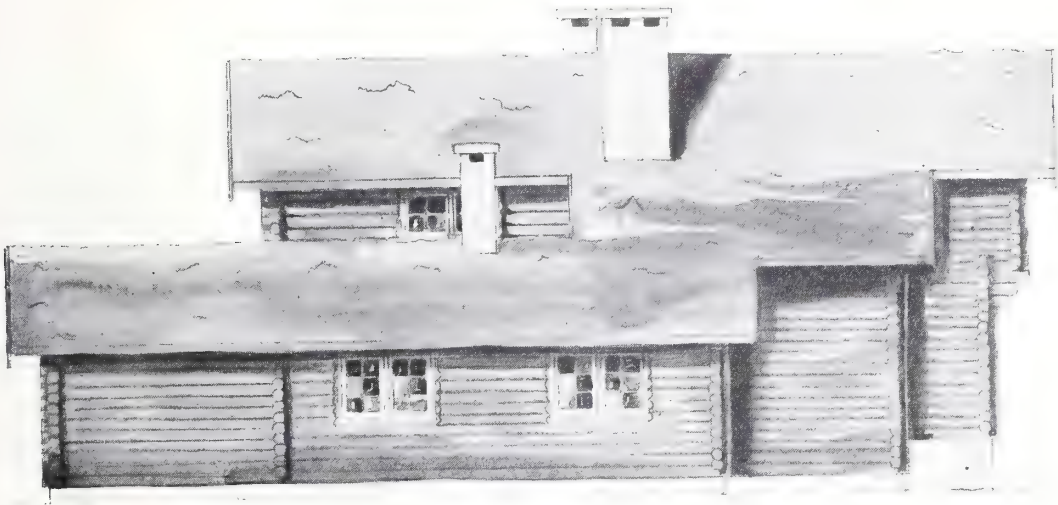
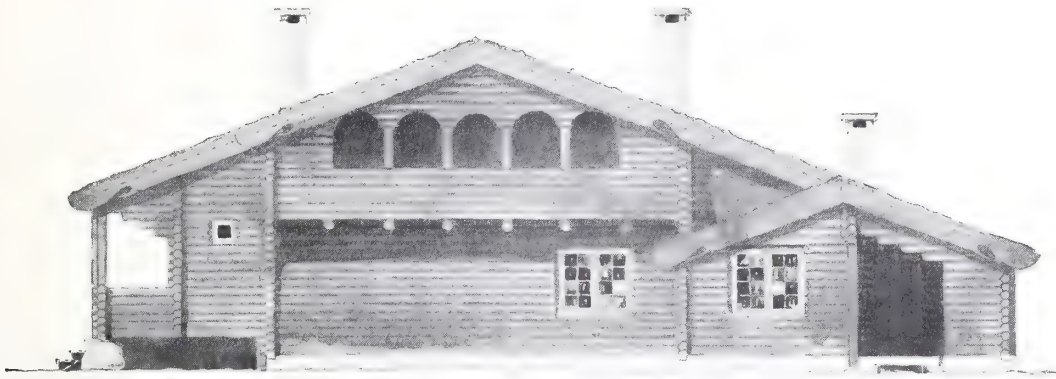
WEST AND SOUTH ELEVATIONS OF MR. H. ANDERSEN'S
WOODEN HOUSE AT HORNBÆK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

crude suitable colours. Woven hangings of a kind are used with capital effect, as they were in olden times, nor are some good heavy rugs by any means out of place. Rustic pottery may be made to furnish many a cheerful spot of colour against the mellow brown tints of the wooden wall or the white *pejs*, and the furniture, in many cases specially designed, should not clash with or offend against the solid sombre scheme of the room. A

certain kind of simple but high-class English oak furniture, which the modern English designer and craftsman understands how to produce to perfection, is admirably suited for the interior of a timbered house. But anything flimsy, anything too elaborate, should be ruthlessly discarded. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the garden round the house, if any proper garden there be, I would have some of the dear old-fashioned English flowers,

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



EAST AND NORTH ELEVATIONS OF MR. H. ANDERSEN'S HOUSE AT HORNBÆK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

which one does not see too often nowadays (although I am glad to say that they are gaining new friends), sweet-scented homely flowers and herbs, such as Thomas Hill discoursed upon in his garden books more than three hundred and fifty years ago, and such as Shakespeare sung:

Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping—

And there might be thyme and ox-eyes

and “nodding violets,” and the porch should be

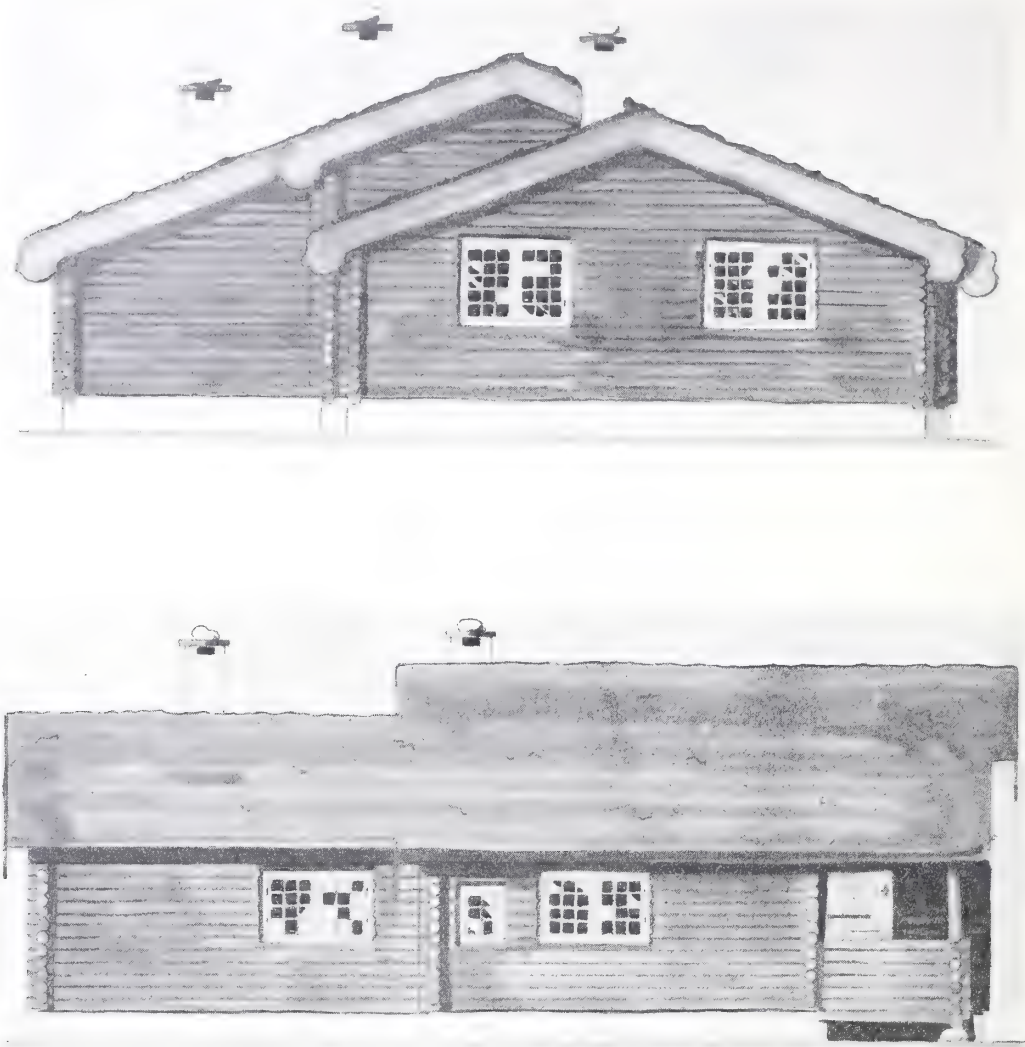
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine
and that little western flower,
Maidens call it “love-in-idleness.”

Rosemary and rue should be there, and, perhaps,

lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one—

wallflowers and balsam and southernwood.

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE



SOUTH-WEST AND SOUTH-EAST ELEVATIONS OF MR. ERIK ANDERSEN'S
TIMBER HOUSE NEAR HORNØEK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

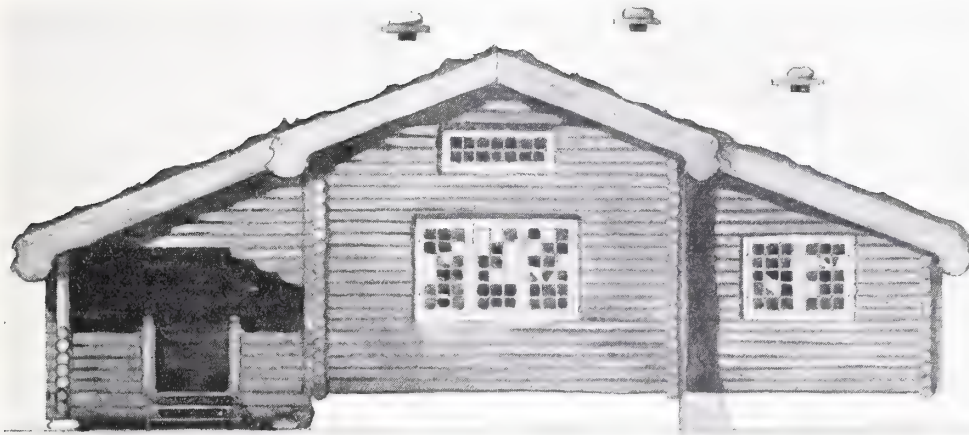
Under the beams I would place orphine, as maidens did of old on Midsummer's Eve to see whether they should be married soon, and on the roof the quaint and succulent aygreen (house-leek) which feels perfectly at home there. ♦ ♦ ♦

But I am afraid I am sadly digressing, through my love of old-time gardens; I only wish the excellent houses, here depicted, were shown in the midst of such gardens, and I must ask the reader to

make allowances and to conjure up in imagination what a sweet picture they will make in such surroundings. ♦ ♦

It will be observed that the three timbered houses, of which illustrations are given here from the architect's drawings, though differing materially in design and dimensions, have some leading traits in common. In the first place they are all low, with all or in any case the bulk of their accommodation on the ground floor,

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODEN HOUSE

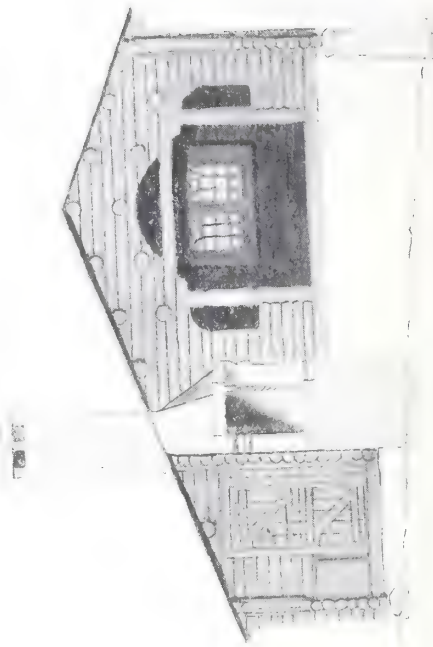
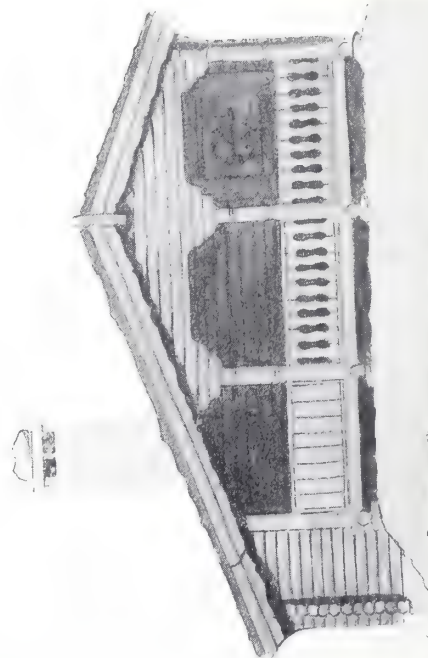
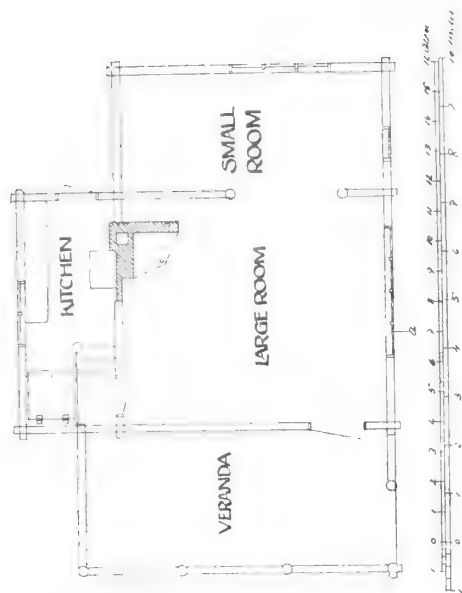
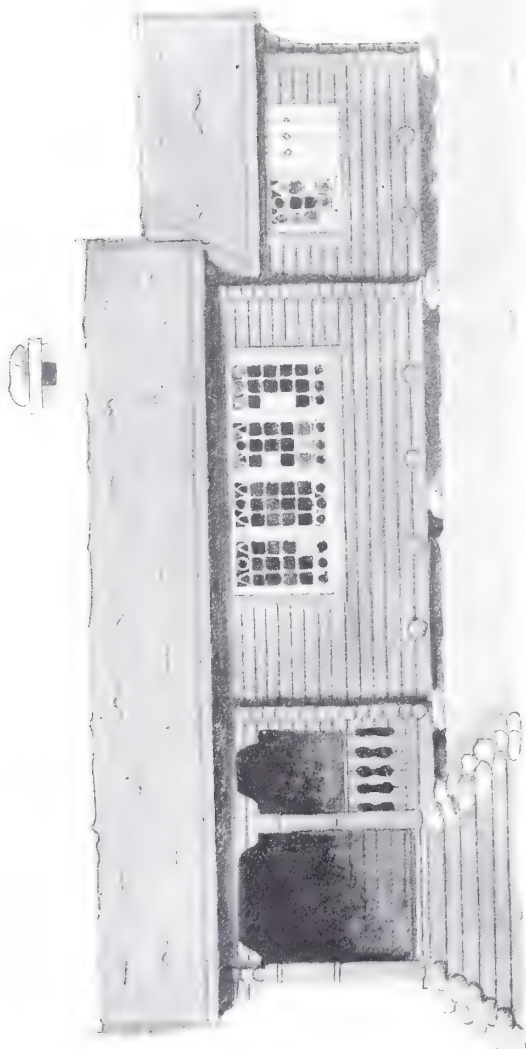


NORTH-EAST AND NORTH-WEST
ELEVATIONS OF MR. E. ANDER-
SEN'S HOUSE NEAR HORNØK
PAUL RICHARDT, ARCHITECT

in one story, and they are all comparatively broad, the veriest contrast in every sense to the new-world skyscraper. Further, they all have roomy, semi-open verandas, not as in most brick or stone buildings more or less loosely tacked on, a kind of haphazard addition or afterthought, but forming an integral architectural portion of the house. This, figuratively, raises the position of the veranda, and it becomes a decorative feature of the house itself,

instead of being the reverse, as is very often the case. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Another and kindred characteristic feature is the open balcony, the *Svalegang* of the ancient northern timbered houses, and these are either placed on the level of the first floor or on the ground floor, slightly elevated—sometimes carried almost entirely round the house. A *Svalegang* is shown in the picture of Mr. H. Andersen's handsome house at Hornbæk, Denmark. ♦



ELEVATIONS,
SECTION, AND
PLAN OF A
SMALL WOOD-
EN BUNGALOW
IN DENMARK
DESIGNED BY
PAUL RICH-
ARDT



COLONEL F. R. DURHAM, O.B.E., M.C.,
LEGION OF HONOUR, R.E. FROM A
DRAWING BY FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two gaps in the ranks of the Royal Academicians left by the death of Mr. A. C. Gow and Mr. Alfred Parsons were filled by the election of Sir Edwin Lutyens, architect, and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, painter. Both were elected Associates in 1913. Mr. Hughes-Stanton is Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, which has not yet elected a President in succession to Mr. Parsons. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The office of Keeper of the Royal Academy held by the late Mr. A. C. Gow,

R.A., has been allotted to Mr. Charles Sims, who became a Royal Academician in 1915. The appointment carries with it a residence at Burlington House, and the principal duty of the Keeper is the surveillance of the Schools of the Academy. ♦

The Academy has had to endure a good many kicks of late years, and it cannot be denied that there has been some justification for many of the criticisms passed upon it, though it seems to be overlooked that, as evidenced by the elections to its ranks in the last ten years or so, it has been gradually assuming a more modern complexion than its assailants give it credit for. There is, however, further room for amendment in



MAJOR HUGH HOLLAND, D.S.O.,
R.A. FROM A DRAWING BY
FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

this direction. Mr. Augustus John, whose resolution to allow his name to be put on the list of candidates has been much discussed in the Press recently, is not the only distinguished "outsider" whose election would enhance the prestige of the Academy, and in fact it would not be going too far to say that its roll of members and associates could be duplicated not only without damage to its dignity but quite the contrary. The constitution of the Academy, based upon an "instrument" framed more than one hundred and fifty years ago, when conditions were totally different from what they are to-day, requires recasting if this organization is to be adequately represen-

tative of all the best British art of the present time, but so long as its membership is restricted within the limits long ago imposed, its position as a national institution will be liable to assault. ■ ■

Mr. Francis Hodge, of whose work we give some examples in the accompanying reproductions, was for a short time a pupil of Mr. Augustus John and Sir William Orpen when they conducted a school in London some years ago, but his principal mentor was Professor Gerald Moira, under whom he studied for three years before going to Paris to complete his training. He has executed some decorative paintings, but his practice has been restricted chiefly to



"LILY." WATER-COLOUR BY
FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.



"A REFUGEE, FRANCE, 1918"
FROM A DRAWING BY
FRANCIS E. HODGE, R.B.A.

STUDIO-TALK

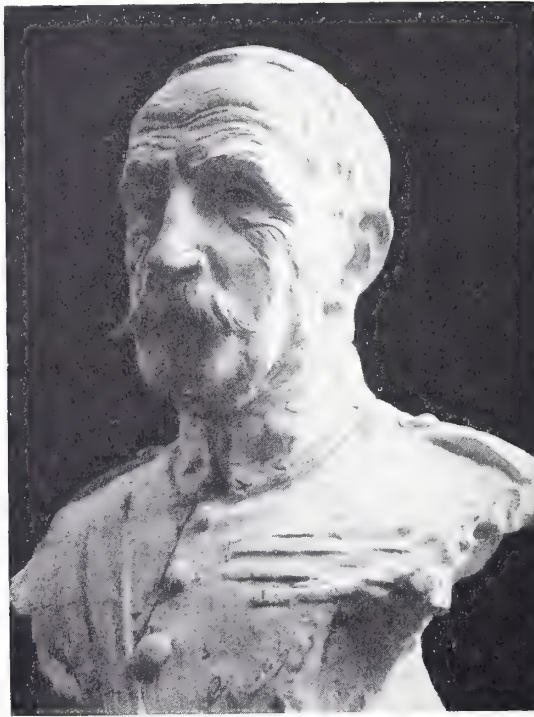
portraiture. During the war he served in the Royal Field Artillery, in which he held the rank of captain, and since its termination he has been occupied in making drawings for the histories of the Fourth Army and the Ninth Division. He is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the International, the Goupil Gallery, and other leading shows. ♦ ♦ ♦

New records were established for etchings by D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone, and James McBey at a two-day sale at Christie's late in March. Mr. Cameron's *Ben Ledi* jumped from £189 to £294, and four other prints by him were sold at record prices averaging about £125 each. One impression of Mr. Bone's famous *Great Gantry* realized 165 guineas, and another ten guineas less, while several other examples of his work changed hands at over £100 each. Four of Mr. McBey's prints attained record prices, ranging from 44 to 60 guineas—*The Lion Brewery* and *Gamrie* both reaching the higher sum. For

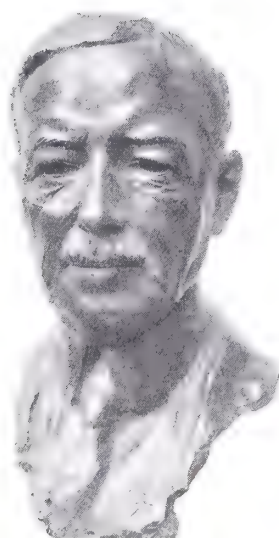
an artist who is still a good way off forty these figures are remarkable. The etchings of Anders Zorn are still much sought after, and several were sold at the same sale at good prices. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

PARIS.—Probably one of the most energetic, as well as one of the most prolific sculptors in Paris at the present time is Mr. Jo Davidson. For many years past his work has been well known in the various exhibitions in France and America. His thorough command of all mediums relative to the art of the sculptor, combined with his brilliant insight into character and his artistic creative ability, was during the war vigorously employed in executing busts of the most notable statesmen and commanders-in-chief of the Allied Armies, besides several of celebrated artists and literary men. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the summer of last year some fourteen of these busts were shown in the gallery of Messrs. Chaine and Simonson, and the exhibition evoked no slight manifestation



PORTRAIT BUSTS OF GENERAL
PERSHING AND MARSHAL FOCH
BY JO DAVIDSON



PORTRAIT BUSTS OF GENERAL
DIAZ, MR. ROBERT LANSING,
AND MARSHAL JOFFRE. BY
JO DAVIDSON

STUDIO-TALK

of public appreciation. To have within but a short time carried to completion over a hundred life-sized busts was certainly no light task, and considering the circumstances under which the work was accomplished it must be regarded as a very remarkable achievement. In many cases it necessitated his travelling over various parts of the Continent, England, and America, working in the strongholds of his models, or the corner of some busy commander's study. Apart from being excellent portraits, these busts are all delightfully characteristic of the vision and distinct personality of the artist. Fortunately some few among his models found time while visiting Paris to give him sittings either in his own studio there or in their own homes.

Amongst some of the finest results of his work are the busts of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, Marshal Foch, the Hon. E. M. House, Marshal Joffre, M. Clemenceau, General John J. Pershing, General A. Diaz, Hon. Robert Lansing, Mr. Paderewski, and Rabindranath Tagore the poet, and to this list should be added an extremely characteristic portrait of President Woodrow Wilson, which was executed at the White House in Washington. ■ ■ ■

Excellent, however, as Davidson is as a portraitist, he is nevertheless equally virile in that class of work which calls for the exercise of the more creative side of the imagination. His power in that direction will be immediately evident to any one who has seen his decorative panels in stone, his statuettes, or his large figure of *War*. And

it is again manifested by a work which he is now completing—a colossal figure for a cemetery in memory of the fallen soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force. It is, however, impossible in a short note such as this to do adequate justice to Davidson; his striking personality and his work require a little volume to themselves. ■ ■

Paris, besides being the home, at least technically, of the painter, is also the home both technically and artistically of the sculptor. Near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail, one will meet many artists and writers of all nations, and perhaps the little group most notable at the present time is that of the Jugo-Slavs, in whose number M. Branco Deshkovitch figures as a distinguished sculptor. Of a strongly marked poetical temperament combined with an equally pronounced patriotic fervour, one finds in him the complex character of a hard thinker and a dreamer. In his sculpture, strength is the predominating feature, displayed in conjunction with some mythological or very modern incentive. The very human side, too, of life attracts him, and not the least interesting of his work is the portrayal of animals in stone or wood, in which he always manages to capture the sadness or dignity connected with them. Some of his small "notes" in clay, as one might term them, which he did during the war are exceptionally expressive of the tragedies of which he had been a witness. Of the accompanying illustrations, *The Effort* is taken from the smaller sketch in



FRAGMENT FROM "THE EFFORT"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH



"THE VICTORY OF LIBERTY"
BY FRANCO DESHKOVITCH
(National Museum, Washington)

clay of one of his compositions on a large scale, as is also that of *The Victory of Liberty*. Conceived in a more symbolic vein, his Jugo-Slav legendary hero, *Kraljevic Marko*, embodies in it the strength and the decidedly poetical outlook and temperament of the artist. E. A. T.

Arrangements are on foot for holding a representative exhibition of Czecho-Slovak art in Paris—probably at the Louvre—at a no distant date, and a committee has, it is reported, been formed in Prague under the presidency of General Pellé to forward the scheme. The exhibition is to embrace in addition to the pictorial art, sculpture, and applied art of Czecho-Slovakia a collection of the peasant art productions for which this branch of the Slav race is famous. The influence of this rich peasant art is seen in the work of some of the leading painters of the new republic—notably in that of Joza Uprka, of which examples have already appeared in the pages of this magazine. A Slovak by birth, this artist has elected to live and work among the peasants of Moravia, which like Slovakia proper has been far less subject to foreign (i.e. German) influences than the remainder of the national organism, so that, as a well-known Czech writer has said, it is from Moravia that "we Czechs expect the strengthening and rejuvenating of our

national spirit and the purification of our national ideals." ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Beginning with March 1, a new schedule of regulations, approved by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Director of Fine Arts, has come into operation in respect to the hours during which the national museums will be open to the public. Under these regulations, which are at present introduced as an experiment, all the museums, including, of course, the Louvre, will open their doors each day, except Monday, at ten o'clock, and close at noon for two hours. In the afternoon the hours of admission will vary according to the season; from February 15 to March 31 they will be from 2 to 5.30; April 1 to September 30, from 2 till 6; and October 1 to February 14, from 2 till 4. The Administration has under consideration arrangements for enabling students, artists and others, to pursue their studies during the intervals when the galleries are closed to the public. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA. —Though smaller than the National Galleries at Sydney and Melbourne, the Public Art Gallery at Adelaide, which now counts Mr. Frank Brangwyn's painting of *The Bridge at Avignon* among its possessions, can certainly claim to be the best



FRAGMENT FROM "THE EFFORT"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH

selected collection. Prior to the acquisition of this work, Brangwyn was represented in the collection by a more modern and quite characteristic work, *Coal Heavers Going to Work on the Tyne*, which was presented by the proprietors of "The Graphic" through the late Sir R. Kyffin Thomas. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Among other works by notable modern painters, the Gallery contains three by G. F. Watts—*Love and Death*, *A Nymph*, and a portrait of Tennyson in his peer's robes; a strong impression of a fisherman by Emile Claus, and some good examples of the work of Clausen, Mark Fisher, La Thangue, Waterhouse, and other Royal Academicians. E. A. Hornel, who was born in Australia, is also represented, and there are three works by Blamire Young. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Though there is—or at all events was until recently—only one small work by George Lambert in the collection, Australian painters are generally well represented at Adelaide. South Australia has produced a number of able artists—such as Will Ashton, marine and landscape painter; Hans Heysen, landscape painter; Hayley Lever, who has made a reputation in America as a painter of sea and land; and H. Septimus Power, who was one of the Australian Official Artists on the Western Front and was formerly noted for his hunting pictures. These and others of South Australian origin are represented in the collection. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ W. M.



"KRALJEVIC MARKO (LEGENDARY
HERO OF THE JUGO SLAVS)"
BY BRANCO DESHKOVITCH



"THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON"
FROM THE PAINTING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.
(Copyright of the Board of the Public Art Gallery
Adelaide, South Australia)

REVIEWS.

John Zoffany, R.A. : His Life and Works, 1725-1810. By Lady VICTORIA MANNERS and Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON. (London: John Lane.) £7 7s. net.—Of obscure beginnings—even the year of his birth seems to have been a matter of uncertainty until recently—John Zoffany, who is believed to have been of Czech origin, came to England when a young man, and in course of time became one of the fashionable portrait-painters of his day. He was one of the Foundation Members of the Royal Academy, and enjoyed the patronage of the Court of George III. It was, however, mainly to David Garrick, the great actor, that he was indebted for his advancement after leading a very precarious existence as assistant to a painter who was very much his inferior. Garrick discerned in him a talent above the ordinary in the painting of theatrical compositions, and it is upon pictures of this kind that Zoffany's title to fame rests. Such, indeed, seems to have been the opinion of his eminent contemporary, Horace Walpole, who found little to praise in his portraits. His portraits, whether of individuals or groups, have, however, most of them sufficient historical interest to justify their rescue from oblivion, and in a still greater degree is this the case with those large spectacular groups which he painted during a long stay in India—*Colonel Mordaunt's Cock Match at Lucknow*, *Colonel Martin's Cock Match*, *Tiger-hunting at Chandernagar*, and *The Embassy of Hyderbek to Calcutta*. These pictures, which are all reproduced—each with a key—among the very numerous reproductions in this biography, display remarkable ability in depicting with animation a large assemblage of people, and must rank with his theatrical pictures as the painter's most important contributions to art. The authors of this massive volume, containing a comprehensive record of his life and achievements, have evidently been very thorough in their researches, which have involved great labour. ■ ■

The Practical Book of Interior Decoration. By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN, ABBOT MCCLURE, and EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY. (Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co.) 35s. net.—The

preliminary part of this elaborately illustrated volume is devoted to a survey of the art of interior decoration as practised in England, North America, Italy, Spain, and France down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The authors have, in fact, little sympathy with any but the so-called "Period" styles, and record their conviction that "with the decadence of the Empire style the art of great furniture-design died and we still await its resurrection." They do not, it is true, ignore the modern school, and have included a few illustrations of interiors as representing it, but of the really important work of the past twenty or thirty years hardly a hint is given, and we look in vain for a bare mention of the name of Ernest Gimson, recently deceased, who deserves to be remembered as a great furniture-designer. It is, unfortunately, true that we have not turned our backs entirely upon that odious phase of decorative art known in England as "Mid-Victorian," with its "rosewood fantasticalities," its "black walnut perversions," its "golden oak brutalities," its stuffed birds, "what-nots," and many other "mobiliary imbecilities," but there is unquestionably a growing sense of the need for a style of domestic equipment which responds more intimately to the needs of the time than either the "Period" styles or styleless style of fifty or sixty years ago. While, however, this scanty attention to the best modern work is, in our opinion, a blemish, it cannot be denied that the three authors, in conjunction with their publishers, have produced a work of great interest. In that part of their book which is devoted to practical decoration and furnishing, much sound advice is given on a variety of topics, such as colour and colour-schemes, walls, floors, textiles, illuminants, picture frames, and so on, and the illustrations number fully three hundred.

Fénelon's famous classic *Les Aventures de Télémaque* has been added to the series of authoritative reprints of "Les Grands Écrivains de la France," published by Messrs. Hachette & Co. The work fills two stout volumes and is edited by M. Albert Cahen, Inspector-General of Public Instruction, who contributes a lengthy introduction and a vast number of notes. The price in wrappers is 40 francs. ■

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

THE "LOST" PORTRAIT OF
LINCOLN
BY SAMUEL McCOY

A hitherto unknown portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted during Lincoln's lifetime, has been discovered. It is an oil painting, 25 by 30 inches in size. It was rescued from a pile of supposedly worthless furniture taken from one of Philadelphia's oldest taverns, an inn in which Washington often supped.

Complete mystery surrounds the portrait, in spite of indefatigable efforts, extending over the past two years, by its new owner, to ascertain its exact history. Authorities on historic American portraits and artists who have seen it are agreed that the canvas was painted during Lincoln's lifetime and that Lincoln sat for the portrait. But the exact date of the portrait; who painted it; who was the first owner—all these things stubbornly refuse to be disclosed.

Connoisseurs who have viewed the canvas are equally positive that it is the work of no "journeyman" painter. It is painted with a breadth and power which would lift it into the field of noteworthy portraits, even if it were not a portrait of so great a statesman. But since it is a *Lincoln* portrait and a canvas of unusual merit (and be it remembered that Charles Henry Hart, a foremost authority on *Lincolniana*, asserts that the discovery of even a new *photograph* of Lincoln is a red-letter event) its discovery is of prime interest to American art.

The story of its finding and a description of the portrait have never before been given in detail. The curious story follows:

The Red Lion Inn, one of old Philadelphia's most famous hostelries of Colonial days, stands at Second and Noble streets, one of the oldest sections of the nation's first capital. Washington and his officers used to dine there, before the days of Valley Forge, and the mess table used by Washington's staff was long one of the treasured pieces of furniture in the Red Lion. It is now preserved in Carpenter's Hall, scene of the Continental Congress which preceded that which drafted the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

The Red Lion Inn was originally owned by the Carver family and passed into the hands of the Huntingdon family, also well known in Philadelphia history, after the Civil War. It should be noted that the tavern did not come into the possession of the Huntingdon family during Lincoln's lifetime.

About twenty years ago a Philadelphia restaurant man named Cresap leased the inn and purchased, from the Huntingdons, the furniture with which the Red Lion was then equipped. The bill of sale included *all* the contents of the inn. Mrs. Cresap, helping her husband make an inventory of the building's contents, after the purchase, climbed to an upper attic one day. There, in the dusty, low-ceilinged loft, hidden behind a mass of broken-down, cobwebbed furniture which had been discarded, she happened to notice an old painting which had been ripped out of its original frame. She did not consider it of any considerable value, but tossed it on the furniture van which took the rest of the furniture to their living rooms over the restaurant conducted by Mr. Cresap in the downtown banking district of Philadelphia.

There she decided to hang it up. She placed a cheap two-inch moulding around it, but still did not consider it worthy to meet the eyes of the patrons of the restaurant, and accordingly hung it on a staircase landing at the second floor, out of general sight.

There it hung, unseen by any except members of Cresap's family, for years. Late in January, 1917, a young Philadelphia painter, Baruch M. Feldman, whose studio, in the quaint little byway known as Harmony Street, was near the restaurant, happened to hear of its existence. Feldman, besides being an artist of distinction—he has been a frequent exhibitor in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts "Annuals"—is a connoisseur of old paintings. He has restored, for old Philadelphia families, a number of portraits painted in Colonial times or during the War of 1812. He had visited the old Red Lion Inn in previous years, and, learning that its contents had passed into other hands, asked the restaurant keeper if any paintings had been among the property he purchased.

"Why, my wife has hung up on the stairs

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

an old picture we got from the Red Lion," said Cresap. "Come on up and look at it. It's about falling to pieces, though."

A single glance at the picture was enough to intrigue the artist.

It hung on a peg on the wall, by an open window, with the damp January breeze blowing over it—an exposure that wrung a gasp—and the canvas was indeed in a wretched condition. It was so begrimed with dirt, the accumulation of fifty years or more, that nothing except the highest lights in it were visible. It was recognizable as a portrait of Lincoln—but with difficulty. It had been coated and re-coated with varnish—crude varnish which stood out upon the canvas in beads, like varnish upon an old farm wagon—and the dirt was black in every coat. A rip, five inches long, ran along its upper left hand corner; and it had been charred all along the upper edge.

Wretched as its condition was, Feldman saw that it might possibly endure restoration, and be worthy of restoration. The Colonial portraits which he had handled had been, in some instances, in even worse condition. He told Cresap that he might be interested in purchasing it at some later time.

His next visit to the restaurant was a fortnight later. What was his agitation to learn that on the day following his first view, Cresap had brought the picture downstairs and hung it in the dining room, where many a wealthy Philadelphia banker lunched daily, and that for two weeks he had been in constant danger of losing his "find!"

Feldman hesitated no longer. He bought it at once, and carried home his prize to his studio in Harmony Street—on the eve of Lincoln's Birthday, 1917. Those who like to see significance in coincidence may reflect that this, too, was the eve of America's entrance into the world war and to fancy in the discovery of the portrait a visible sign of the return of the great Emancipator's spirit.

At his studio, Feldman examined the canvas with meticulous care. It measures 25 by 30 inches, a size characteristic in American portraiture for bust portraits, European artists usually using either larger or smaller canvases than this. His first examination showed

that the canvas was on the very brink of disintegration and that it must be relined if it was to be saved from falling to shreds. Had it not been found by someone who knew pictures it would inevitably have gone to pieces within a few years and there would have been an end to "the lost Lincoln."

When he had backed it with a fresh canvas and reinforced its frame, he began to clean it. It is noteworthy that this picture was not only restored—it was virtually *reclaimed*. As Feldman began to remove layer after layer of the grimy varnish, and saw the richness of the portrait, he realized that breathless care must be used. Here was a case, not of commercial restoring merely, but the important task of restoring a portrait of real historical value; and his work upon it consumed all his spare time for eight months following.

When the consecrated task was finished, the portrait stood out—clear as it had left its painter's hands and yet mellowed by the half century that had passed over it. There sat Lincoln.

The portrait is of the head and bust of Lincoln, the head turned three-quarters toward the spectator. Lincoln is shown wearing a beard; and the portrait therefore cannot antedate his presidency, because he wore no beard up to 1861. The Brady photographs of Lincoln show this, but none of them suggests the exact facial contours limned in this canvas.

In colour the canvas is golden toned, and, although the restoration has removed quantities of superfluous varnish, enough has been left to allow the canvas to retain the mellow patine of its age.

The hair and beard are very dark, almost black—and far more luxurious than as shown in any photograph of Lincoln—and their rich colouring sets off the flesh-colour of the face as in a cameo. The chair in which Lincoln is seated is upholstered in crimson, setting off the sombre blackness of his coat, and, in turn, the whiteness of his shirt-bosom. The rich lustrous blackness of his hair and beard is treated like a silhouette, against the background of olive. This treatment is one of the characteristics of the portrait. The unknown artist seems to have made of the dark tumbled



A NEWLY DISCOVERED
PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN
BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

The "Lost" Portrait of Lincoln

mass an arabesque, so to speak. Similar handling is not perceptible in any other Lincoln portrait, in Mr. Feldman's opinion.

It was remarked above that the background is of olive. In the restoration of the portrait, it was perceived that the unknown painter had originally painted a reddish or maroon curtain as a background to the right of the face, a conventional device, but, evidently coming later to the conclusion that this was too banal, glazed the background over with olive. This is only faintly beginning to show now. The observation may perhaps serve some day to help in identifying the portrait.

The watch-fob is a flat black ribbon; which may possibly furnish a slight additional clue to the date of the portrait.

The modelling of each feature is precise, done with the sure touch of a draughtsman. Their contours, and particularly those of the cheek bones, are masterly. The eyes are blue, though so deep in feeling that they seem black. The line of the lips is absolutely straight and unsmiling, and yet—so remarkably sympathetic is the portrait—there is an instant sense of gentleness in the expression.

The distinguished feeling of the portrait is that of *great dignity*. Though it may be an idealized portrait—the heavily massed hair, thicker than in life, hints that such may be the case—it is by no means "sugary." Strikingly, the portrait retains the *virility* of Lincoln's head.

Such is "the lost portrait." Its authorship became Mr. Feldman's first concern, from the moment he acquired the portrait, two years ago. His search has been fruitless. He first communicated, directly or indirectly, with the authorities in Washington; with the Congressional Library; with the Pennsylvania Historical Society, whose collection of historical portraits is large; with the New York Public Library; with the Union League, in Philadelphia, New York and Chicago; with the Newberry Library in Chicago, where are hung two of G. P. A. Healy's portraits of Lincoln; and with Mr. Meserve, the noted collector of Americana; but from none could he gain a clue.

Wherever he could learn that an original portrait of Lincoln existed, there he went to

compare it with his own. He examined a number of Lincoln portraits by the artists who are listed by Charles Henry Hart as having had Lincoln sit to them—Thomas Hicks, William Morris Hunt, E. D. Marchant, George P. A. Healy, A. J. Conant, Frank B. Carpenter, Matthew Wilson, Thomas D. Jones, Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, and J. H. Littlefield; as well as by B. Eggleston, mentioned by Meserve as having painted a Lincoln portrait from the life. He inspected, through the courtesy of R. A. C. Smith, the three Lincoln portraits which hang in the Union League of New York—those by Daniel Huntington, Carpenter, and the painter of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.

None of all these, so far as treatment goes, resembles the "lost" portrait. John Frederick Lewis, president of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, said of the "lost" portrait: "This is an extremely interesting Lincoln. It gains in interest with each repeated inspection. It resembles no other that I have ever seen, and I will not hazard a guess as to its authorship."

Artists who have seen the painting are agreed that the character of the picture is such that the suggestion that it might have been painted from a photograph is rendered absurd. It is wholly free, triumphantly free, from any trace of the spiritless presentation that results from the copying of a photograph. Here the general lines of the design, the robust modelling of the contours in shadow, the construction, the intimate characterization, the delicate half-tones in the light, the pervading melancholy of the eyes, all tend to convince anyone who looks at the portrait that it *is Lincoln*: the Lincoln that guided a nation through its greatest anguish.

And still—who painted this "lost" Lincoln?

There is no answer. The portrait's profound dignity, its gentle yet firm look, its tenderness and its melancholy, its deep inscrutable eyes—these are as baffling as the smile of the Mona Lisa.

One thing alone is certain—that this treasure, rescued from a dusty attic, and rescued once again by a young artist who made his task a consecration, makes American art and American history richer.



Inigo Jones, after an engraving made from a portrait by Van Dyck

INIGO JONES—PRECURSOR OF THE MODERN ARCHITECT

INIGO JONES, the first Englishman to raise architecture to the realm of fine arts, was of many-sided abilities indeed. Termed after the fashion of his day, "Surveyor" — or, as we would say, architect—with "three shillings a day for his pay," he was greatly in vogue as a "Devysor of Masks." He was arbiter of taste, too, to the England of his time.

Jones was fired by the touch of the Italian Renaissance, whose spirit—born of Rome's ancient ruins—was freed to the world of beauty by such architects as Bramante, Barbaro, Sansovino, Sangallo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Urbino, Scamozzi, and "above all, by the great Palladio."

To the last, particularly, was Jones indebted, and to the dreams achieved in stone by this supreme Italian architect may be traced the adaptations of the Englishman—which he harmonized to a single motif and bent to the spirit of his own conceptive genius.

So was conceived the Banquet House at Whitehall—his great work—which was to be but part of a still greater structure. No stone of this, however, was ever laid; for Jones had misjudged the purse of James as well as of his son, Charles—neither of whom was able to bear the burden of the architect's magnificences.

Inigo Jones made possible a large fruitage of British architecture. He emancipated it from Gothic tradition, touching with classic feeling all that he created and turning the previously unyielding rules of Italian art to British forms without sacrificing either the spirit or the principle.

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Continued from page 7.

Never since have artists referred to classical antiquity for a setting for contemporary events.

West further was one of the most important factors in the founding of the Royal Academy, for he, through his influence with the King, assured the royal patronage, without which it could never have developed, and upon the death of Reynolds, West was unanimously elected the second president.

So for all of these reasons West occupies a very important position in the history of our art. He stood at the point where the native American ceased to consider England the mother country and instead of making American art an offshoot of British, began to establish our own native school. So it is especially appropriate that in the room in Toledo Museum devoted to showing the development of American painting, Benjamin West should be represented, and this has been made possible by the installation by Florence Scott Libbey in the Maurice A. Scott gallery of a painting by him entitled, *The Hero Returned*. It serves to give an idea of the kind of work which West did even in his largest canvases, some of which were so huge that they required the erection of a special building to house them. It shows his mastery of drawing and of composition though this latter seems to him to be largely a matter of mechanical precision. It is a very satisfactory representation of West, exemplifying all of the characteristics by which he will always be known to students of American and British Art.

The above is written by Blake-More Godwin to commemorate in the Toledo Museum of Art News their most recent accession.

PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS

A GROUP of pictures by some of the early painters of Germany, Italy and Flanders, the predecessors of the painters of the Renaissance, may be seen during the summer months (in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts). By way of distinction from the later men, these painters are commonly called *Primitives*. The German School is represented by two panel pictures by Lucas Cranach the Elder (1472-1553), one of the outstanding masters of his time. Of the Italian primitives, there are a long panel by a very early painter, Simone da Cusighe (1380-1416) and a Holy Family by Lo Spagna (—-1530). There is also a Virgin and Child, with the Infant St. John, by Albertino Piazza (1450-1528). Of the Flemish painters the group includes a



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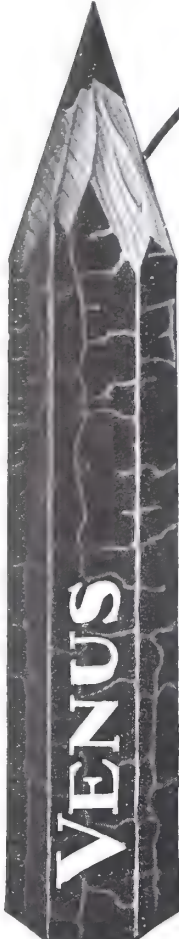
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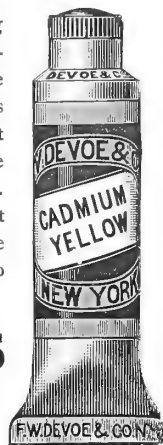


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Nativity by a close follower of Roger van der Weyden (1400-1464), if not by the master himself, to whom it has been attributed, it being almost an exact duplicate of his famous picture in the Berlin museum; a Crucifixion by Hugo van der Goes (1430-1482); a triptych by that rare painter whose name is unknown but who is called, from his most celebrated production, "The Master of the Legend of Saint Lucy" (1430-1494). In addition are examples of Albert Bouts (1476-1548) and Jan van Hemessen (1504-1566), and a Holy Family attributed to Henri met de Bles (1480-1550). Most of these early artists were occupied in the adornment of churches and religious houses, they almost never signed their work in any manner, and a few of them attained such reputation as to become known by name.

Who were the Primitives?

With the fall of the western Roman Empire, in the fifth century, was ushered in that long period of transition and evolution that ensued between the close of what is technically considered as ancient history and the first definite emergency of the thought and spirit that characterize and dominate what is known as modern history. The period of which we speak, conveniently designated as the Dark or Middle Ages, was not, as is so commonly assumed, a period of utter barbarism in which there was a suspension of all intellectual activity or progress—a hiatus between the old civilization and the new; but it was a time during which there were generated many of the ideas, the institutions and the aspirations that differentiate the modern from the ancient, and there are few of these that are not impregnated with its influence. Turbulent, crude and brutal in some of its aspects, it nevertheless produced and presents for our admiration, even for our emulation, great accomplishments in political, economic, literary, artistic and spiritual development. It was the time in which Charles Martel, Charlemagne and St. Louis acted; the time of the Crusades and the creation of the Feudal System; of the Chanson de Roland and the songs of the Minnesingers; of Saint Francis of Assisi and of the development of the universal Church; of the glorious missals of the cloistered monks, with their incomparable illuminations; of the frescoes of Fra Angelico, and of the flowering of that religious enthusiasm which conceived and gave to the world the noble and inspiring cathedrals of the Gothic Period (those monuments of an ideal relationship between God and His children that no succeeding age can ever

Concluded on page 16.



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Continued from page 14.

approach), with all their wealth of sculpture and their treasures of painted glass, the like of which the world will never produce again because the spirit that created them has gone forever. The end of the Middle Ages was not instantaneous, nor synchronous as respects all parts of Europe, but the period extended well into the fifteenth century, and, by way of fixing some specific date, it is variously said to have terminated with the fall of Constantinople in 1453; or with the discovery of printing, about 1450; or even with the Reformation, in the early sixteenth century. Again, it is broadly stated to have had its end with the beginning of the Renaissance, and, for the purpose of classification of the history of art, the last is sufficiently definite.

With the flowering of the Renaissance, there was given to the world such a heritage of splendour and beauty in the realm of art as will make the age immortal. That art, however, did not spring spontaneously into being. Like all things else, its development was gradual; its authors were the fruit of generations of forbears whose line stretches back into the unpenetrated mists of the mediæval times. As we approach the period of the new awakening of the classic influence, the names and something of the history of many of these progenitors of the art of the Renaissance are chronicled, yet the great company of them departed leaving no record of their identity, and of their existence, only the priceless evidence afforded by the surviving products of their genius. To those who thus developed its possibilities and laid its foundation, we give the name of The Primitives—the pioneers who discovered, and, little by little, generation after generation, pushed farther and farther into this alluring Country of the Beautiful.

In Italy, their name was legion, and of them were Giotto, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli and Francia. Perugino (1448-1523) marked, perhaps, the transition from the primitive period to that of the Renaissance, and his pupil Raphael (1483-1520) was the first, and, as many feel, the greatest, fruit of the latter age. In Germany were Albrecht Dürer, Schongauer, Holbein, Cranach, The Master of Frankfurt, and many more. The Low Countries present the rarest galaxy of names of this early time: Hubert and Jan van Eyck, Roger van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Hans Memling, Gerard David and Dirk Bouts among the immortals. * * *

Reprint from an article in the Bulletin of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts written by John R. Vanderlip.

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